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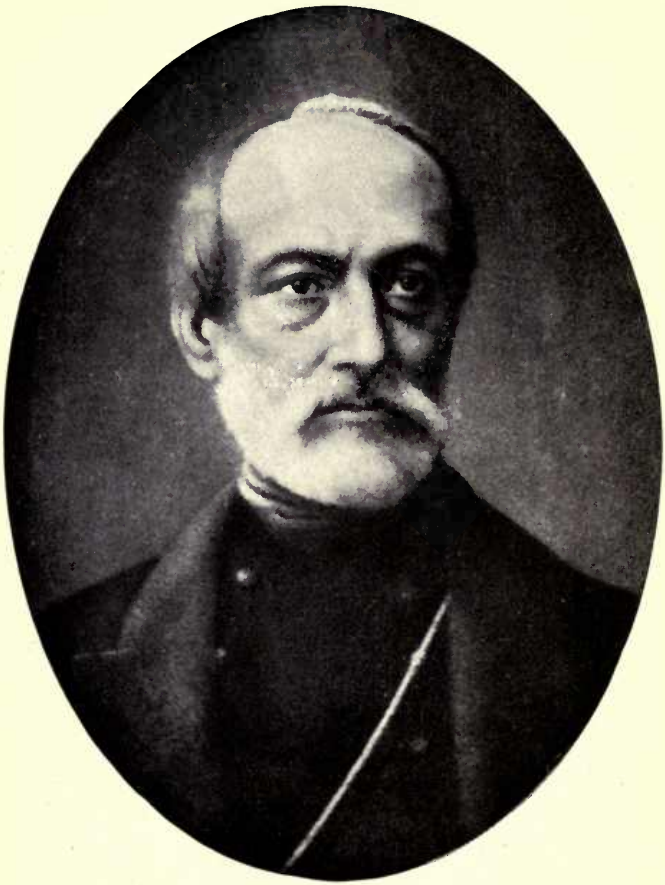
MAZZINI'S LETTERS



MAZZINI
From a photograph by G. Brogi, Firenze

MAZZINI'S LETTERS

TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY 1844-1854 EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. F. RICHARDS ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

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FOREWORD

THE letters from Mazzini here for the first time given to the public have been withheld from publication through a series of circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter. For some years before her death Emilie Ashurst Venturi had been engaged upon copying and annotating them; but her attention was too intermittent and her health too precarious for her work to be achieved. She left the papers in absolute confusion and they remained untouched until the beginning of the war. The present writer—trusted by Madame Venturi to compose an article on this correspondence, for the *Century Magazine* of November, 1891—has endeavoured to keep true to the original plan. That the work is less vivid and gripping than it would have been had it issued from the hand of Mazzini's personal friend, disciple and translator, is inevitable, although the writer has been given the most unstinted help by the few still living who knew the Prophet of United Italy.

Thanks are especially due to Mr. Stansfeld, Miss Maud Biggs, Signor Ernesto Nathan, Mrs. Hamilton King, Mr. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, Miss McKee, Mr. William Malleson, the late Mrs. Frank Malleson, Mr. J. Boyd Kinnear, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse and Mrs. and the late Mr. Felix Moscheles. Also to Mrs. Anthony, Mr. Harry Goodwin, Mrs. Osler, Marchesa Bice Pareto Magliano, Signor and Mrs. Italo Giglioli, Mr. Slabodan Iovanovitch, Signorina Chiama and Mr. Davis.

Notes signed E. A. V., are those left by Madame Venturi. In all cases fresh, accurate copies of the originals have been made, and no effort has been spared to secure accuracy in dates, or to throw light upon allusions to persons and events.

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MAZZINI'S LETTERS

MAZZINI'S LETTERS TO AN ENGLISH FAMILY

INTRODUCTION

THOUGH much is by this time known of the life of the great Italian who has earned the title of the Spirit of the Risorgimento, some details are needed to furnish a background to the unconscious autobiography presented by these letters to his "English family."

Mazzini's father, a doctor in Genoa, exerted a less marked influence over his life than did his mother, a woman of noble character, *née* Drago. Physically and intellectually the child owed much to his father's care, but it is evident that his moral force, his extreme tenacity of affection, his faith and self-devotion, were derived chiefly from his mother.

Born in 1805 (June 22nd), the year in which Napoleon crowned himself King of Italy with the old Lombard iron crown, Mazzini must have caught in his youth many an echo from the time when, to suit his own purposes, the conqueror encouraged the idea of Italian Nationality. The downfall of Napoleon, the break-up of his Kingdom of Italy, the restoration of the King of Piedmont, the annexation to that small kingdom of the free city of Genoa with the Genovesate; the re-establishment of Austria in Lombardy and Venice, the return of Bourbon rule to Naples, and the enlarged grip of the Papal power upon Central Italy, would be to him a story of vivid interest. He would be old enough in 1815 to understand the sorrow felt by many at the reduction of Italy to a mere "geographical expression." Napoleon's authority, though imposed by force, had brought progress, enlightenment, improved industry, better laws, a reduced debt, an

improved land system, and dissolution of the monasteries. So searching a mind as young Mazzini's would early appreciate the relation between cause and effect, and, pondering on what he saw around him, arrive at problems not commonly considered by boys. Nourished on Tacitus, Livy, Dante, and the republican talk habitual in his father's house, his proclivities were still further encouraged by the study of a bundle of French newspapers of the early days of the Revolution that he found behind the books in his father's library. The histories of the Genoese and Venetian Republics, their glories now crushed by Piedmont and Austria, must have fired his thoughts, while as his understanding grew, he could not fail to analyse an idea already current, namely the division of the Italian peninsula into three States which should expel Austria—then all-powerful in the north—fling off the temporal power of the Pope, which was stretching its mailed hand over the centre, and drive the Bourbons from the south and Sicily. The Papal rule, frocked as Religion, was no less brutal and, perhaps, even more feline than that of Austria and the Bourbons, for it exercised a special surveillance over what a police document of the period termed the "class of thinkers."

In 1821 an incident occurred which decided the course of Mazzini's life: the sight of an Italian refugee asking alms in the streets of Genoa. The suppliant had been captain in the National Guard during a brief effort at revolution which, in the previous year, had run the length of the land. The Neapolitans had, by a temporary success, wrested a Constitution from their King; but fatal dissensions broke out, the Sicilians, blind to the greater issue, complicated matters by the old question of their own separation from Naples and caused the squandering of all-important time. The hastily constituted Neapolitan Parliament broke faith, recommencing a quarrel that at once afforded Austria her chance. Defeated on their northern frontier, the Constitutionalists were doomed to see the Austrian general march triumphantly into Naples in March, 1821.

But, before this, hatred of the Austrians had fanned other embers into flame in Piedmont, Milan and Brescia, where it was determined to overpower the Austrian garrisons from which troops had been withdrawn, and extort Constitutions from the Piedmontese and Austrian crowns for Piedmont and Lombardy.

A great secret society, the Carbonari, started in the south,

had by this time gained much strength in the north, where three other secret societies came practically into line with it. The founders of the Carbonarism enunciated, in the beginning, fine moral and religious ideas, but were communistic in their principles and attracted to their ranks widely divergent minds, their picturesque rites and symbols appealing particularly to the less educated. A leading Lombard Liberal had long been preparing in Milan for some decisive blow which should link up with a similar movement in Piedmont for which the Carbonari were weaving the plans; and apparently the conspirators now won to their side Charles Albert, nephew of the King of Piedmont, for their schemes were by no means republican. They, in fact, cherished the idea of extending little Piedmont into a Northern Italian kingdom over which this prince would be called to rule. Charles Albert, probably through weakness rather than conscious treachery, betrayed the plot. The King of Piedmont, shrinking from a conflict with the rebels, abdicated, appointing Charles Albert regent until the arrival of his heir. The Regent seemed at first ready to act with the revolutionaries, then, terrified by a manifesto of the new King, who was, of course, invoking Austria, he fled. The Genoese, outraged and indignant, rose, but the city herself abstained, and all hope of freedom from a foreign yoke fell, crushed in the battle of Novara—April 8th, 1821. The city of Genoa unheroically surrendered to reaction, though many fugitives managed to escape by her port on the eve of her submission.

It was the pathetic spectacle of Captain Rini collecting for these fugitives that brought to birth in the mind of young Mazzini the idea that the conquest of liberty was not only a possibility but a duty. As Emerson might have put it, the feeling of "the ought" took possession of him and the lad became an ardent revolutionary patriot.

Destined at first for his father's profession, he soon turned from medical to legal studies, and was by-and-by eagerly sought by the poorer classes who named him "L'Avocatino"—"the little Advocate."

Among the more cultivated intellects in Liguria, as in Lombardy, there had steadily grown up a literary revolt against the old dry classical school of literature, the young men who led it being known as Romanticists. Mazzini soon joined them, and, together with a handful of elect spirits, began to give expression

to progressive ideas through articles printed in certain small trade journals. These articles finally drew suspicion upon their authors, and one day Mazzini found himself under arrest. He had upon him at the moment "matter enough for three condemnations: rifle-bullets; a letter in cipher; a history of the three days of July [in Paris, 27th, 28th, 29th July, 1830]; the formula of the oath for the second rank of the Carbonari; and, moreover, for I was arrested in the act of leaving the house, a sword-stick." In this situation he gave evidence of that coolness and adroitness in danger that characterized him all his life. "I succeeded," he says, "in getting rid of everything."

No incriminating proof rewarded the investigation of his person or of his home; yet the only satisfaction his father could obtain was the statement that the Government—apparently trying to vie with Holy Church—did not approve of thoughtful young men "the subject of whose musings was unknown to them." Mazzini underwent six months' solitary confinement in the rock-fortress of Savona, where from his window he could see nothing but a patch of sea and a patch of sky, his only welcome visitor being a greenfinch "full of pretty ways." He had a strange affinity with birds, who, however wild, always made friends with him and haunted his rooms.

During his imprisonment he thought out his religion and the manner in which it was to find practical expression. Until his death in 1872 it does not appear that he added to or changed his creed; and he never dissociated his actions from it.

He perceived in the solitude of Savona that the moral power of the doctrine preached by the Church is exhausted; that the regeneration of the world can only be brought about by the emergence of a new idea which, embodying all the truth that lay in the old conception of Christianity, but shedding the errors that had grown up around it, should conquer another step in mankind's progressive life.

The key to this new idea is to be found in a truer conception of the nature, function and destiny of Humanity. To him Humanity is a Collective Being, the "Infant of God," whose life is eternal as that of the Source from which it emanates; whose work, as servant of and fellow-worker with God, is the evolution of this universe, especially in its intellectual, moral and spiritual aspects; and whose nature has been proclaimed by that Son of

Man who could say of Himself "I and My Father are One." He saw that Eternal Life is Love; that the exercise of the faculty of loving, by each individual composing Collective Humanity, is the means of increasing the flow of Life into the Infant of God. He saw that one brief spell of manifest existence is totally inadequate to *educate* and raise the individual to the "measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ," who is the completest illustration of what our being can attain to in finite conditions, and who lifted the very conception of religion to a point far higher than any reached before. He saw that our life "here down" is but one out of an indefinite series of educative experiences gone through either here or elsewhere, the results of which are never lost, the aim of which is constant. "We believe," he wrote, "in the continuity of life; in a connecting link uniting all the various periods through which it is transformed and developed . . . in the influence of each of these life-periods upon the others; in the progressive sanctification of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and otherwhere. . . .

"We believe in an indefinite series of reincarnations of the soul, from life to life, from world to world; each of which represents an advance from the anterior; and we reject the possibility of irrevocable perdition as a blasphemy against God, who cannot commit self-destruction in the person of the creature issued from Himself; as a negation of the law prefixed to life, as a violation of the idea of love which is identical with God. It may be that we re-traverse the stage over which we have already passed if we have not deserved to ascend beyond it; but we cannot, spiritually, either retrogress or perish.

"We believe in the *transformation* of the body (which is naught other than an instrument adapted to the work to be achieved) in conformity with the progress of the *Ego*, and with the mission destined to succeed the present. Grace, as we understand it, is the tendency and faculty given to us all, gradually to incarnate the Ideal; it is the law of progress which is His ineffaceable baptism upon our souls." *

He saw life as a Mission—not as a search after happiness. "We can, through our action and endeavour, hasten or delay the

* In the above quotations and elsewhere throughout the Introduction, I have slightly condensed Mazzini's words, being careful not to modify any shades of his meaning.

fulfilment of the law [Progress] in time and space; multiply or diminish the trials, struggles and sufferings of the individual"—and, consequently, of the Collective Being, the Infant of God. He saw that the dualism, the severance between earth and heaven, existing in the religion of the Churches, led to the severance of thought from action; therefore to fatal hindrances in the fulfilling of the great Law. He realized that in Jesus mankind has an example, "hitherto unique," of that unity of action with thought by which alone the will of the Highest can be carried out; and he resolved to conform his own life, as far as humanly possible, to that standard. To him this world is at once the cradle, the home, the workshop of Humanity, and should be made the temple—should be looked upon as the scene for a continuous exhibition of *the* characteristic of that inexhaustible Life, which is Love in action. Accepting life as a mission; believing that the Infant has been sent forth from the bosom of God to accomplish an aim—an aim necessarily hidden from finite vision—he grasped the idea that, so to speak, each unit of matter composing that Infant, or, in other words, each individual comprised within Humanity, fulfils its own individual mission *only* when it presents all the powers of its triune nature (physical, mental and spiritual), as a voluntary offering to the service of the Collective Being, in the name of the Father. This reasonable service is the purpose for which each atom possesses its own *dynamics:* is the mode by which alone, in the exercise of individual responsibility, it can find adequacy, self-fulfilment, and illumination. Duty, therefore, is the method whereby the law of Progress is put in action; Love being at once the inspiration and the fulfilment of that law. The world, with its puzzles and difficulties, is accepted, not renounced, by believers; they study it and labour in it, seeking to do their part in purifying and rendering it ever more fitting to be the scene wherein Humanity will achieve its far-off, hidden destiny.

Such a creed constituted Mazzini the antagonist of all arbitrary rule, whether material, intellectual or moral; but it was equipped in conviction of its truth as in an armour, that stepping forth from his prison in February 1831, he accepted exile rather than bow his head to tyranny.

His first steps took him to Geneva, thence to France. At Lyons he found a number of exiles who were planning an invasion of Savoy (the original heart of Piedmont), under the

widespread though fallacious belief that the French Government would support them; in fact, the organizing Committee had put themselves into communication with the Prefect of Lyons.

Louis Philippe's position had not at that time been recognized by other crowned heads, and, as the revolutionaries did not suspect his motives, he was posing in their direction, intending to use their movement as a pawn that he could sacrifice once he should have achieved his end. This, of course, he presently did.

Many of the refugees were deported, some being taken in handcuffs to Calais and embarked for England; but Mazzini with a few others got away to Corsica. In April of the same year the throne of Savoy once more changed its occupant. The death of Charles Felix brought to it the ex-Carbonaro conspirator, Charles Albert, whose accession, in despite of all that had happened to shake faith in him, raised high hopes among the unthinking. Dreading the consequences of another disillusion, Mazzini addressed a letter to the new King: "By publicly declaring to him all that his own heart should have taught him of his duty towards Italy, my object was to prove to my countrymen his absolute lack of those qualities which alone could have rendered the performance of that duty possible." A few clandestine copies of this letter got printed and it soon became widely known. The King read it and at once decreed that if Mazzini ventured to return to Italy he should be summarily imprisoned.

It was a time of ferment throughout northern Italy, for the revolution that had established the "Citizen King" in France (1830) carried far-reaching consequences; but, although about two millions and a half of Italians uprose to fight, the revolts, important though they were, subsided for want of a guiding principle to co-ordinate them, and their quenching lent a considerable accession of strength to reaction.

It was after the collapse of what had at first been successful insurrection in the eighteen or nineteen centres of Northern Italy that Mazzini decided, on his return from Corsica to Marseilles, to found the Society of "Young Italy," his object being to put before the youth of his people an educative, unifying Principle: to raise within them faith in Progress as their destiny, in Duty as the means of its achievement and in Nationality as the condition in which alone it could be pursued. Education and insurrection were each vitally needed, but either without the other was

doomed to be sterile ; the problem, therefore, lay not only in procuring but in harmonizing them. The Mission of Italian exiles was, consequently, to constitute first an apostolate. "The one thing wanting to twenty millions of Italians desirous of emancipating themselves is not power but faith," he said. "'Young Italy,'" will endeavour to inspire this faith—first by its teachings and afterwards by an energetic initiative."

The manifesto of the new Society—destined to become the bugbear of tyrants—was issued about the end of 1831. Mazzini headed the association, was the first to take the oath, and for two years he, with a faithful band living hidden in Marseilles, laboured as, perhaps, few groups of individuals have ever laboured, disseminating their teachings by a dozen ingenious devices, getting "congregations" established in Genoa by the brothers Ruffini and in Leghorn through Carlo Bini and Guerazzi. The symbol of the association was a sprig of cypress ; all masonic signs of recognition were abolished ; and, in lieu of the old Carbonari blood-oaths and terrifying rights, the new society's members signed a clear statement of aims and an elevated religious programme which taught how faith should be translated into action. "Those two years from 1831 to 1833," wrote Mazzini, "were two years of young life of such pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know."

Of course the authorities became aware of the fact of their propaganda, and the King of Piedmont, Charles Albert, issued edicts commanding denunciation and, further, "condemning those guilty of *non-denunciation* to a fine and two years of imprisonment, promising to the informer secrecy and half the fine." In addition to these measures, the Piedmontese and other Italian governments enlisted Louis Philippe among the persecutors, and on the strength of a trumped-up charge, founded upon letters said to have been discovered by the police, Mazzini and his colleagues were ordered out of France. Mazzini denied the charges and demanded that proofs of the authenticity of the letters should be furnished ; but the Government maintained an obstinate silence. Mazzini simply remained a whole year more in Marseilles, as it did not suit his work that he should leave so convenient a centre.

Endeavours to capture or to trace him having failed, a charge of decreeing assassination was next bruited against Mazzini. One

of the Duke of Modena's grooms had been attacked in a French town by some Italian exiles. The men were arrested and sentenced, but shortly afterwards the groom and a friend met their deaths at the hands of another young exile who knew both these men to be spies. Mazzini had never even heard of their existence, but the *Moniteur* produced a pretended historical document bearing Mazzini's name and that of Le Cecelia as heads of a secret tribunal which had commanded the crime. The original of the supposed document was never produced, Mazzini's noble denial never appeared, and on the court of Aveyron shuffling out of the accusation on the pretence that it was *another* Mazzini, he let the matter drop—unfortunately, as it proved, for his enemies revived the indictment in 1844, and in 1864 in the British Parliament, for party purposes. But in spite of all drawbacks "Young Italy" rapidly attained such proportions and manifested so magnificent a spirit that Mazzini judged the time ripening for action. The reasons which presently led him to a decision and to the selection, as starting points, of "Young Italy's" two strongest centres, have been ably set forth by him, but, sound and interesting as they are, they are too lengthy for recapitulation here.

The valiant attempt failed—one of the causes being sadly commented upon by him thus: "It is strange but true that men who are ready, if need be, to shed their blood for liberty, yet shrink from the pecuniary sacrifice by which that blood might often be spared." But the immediate cause of failure was an ignoble quarrel between two artillerymen in the garrison of Genoa, the first of whom, a member of "Young Italy," had shortly before proposed that the second should join the association. Incautious words uttered by the latter, taken up and repeated, sufficed to put the authorities upon the scent. Mazzini heard of the untoward quarrel and sent immediate word to the leaders in Genoa to act at once or they would be lost. The message may never have reached them and the Government, given by their delay ample time to prepare, acted promptly.

"Court-martials, torture, twelve executions [of youths whose only offence was having read some publication of "Young Italy" without afterwards denouncing the writers: these youths being also tortured before they were shot], stamped out the conspiracy in blood" (April, 1833), writes Mr. Bolton King in his *History*

of Italian Unity. "The King egged on the judges to strike hard, and decorated them, while Europe was aghast at the cruel tale. Whether from fanaticism or fear, Charles Albert remains the real criminal of one of the worst pages in the history of Piedmont." *

Mazzini's dearest friend and chief agent in Genoa, Dr. Jacopo Ruffini, committed suicide in prison on receiving "proofs" that Mazzini had made a full confession, probably fearing that his own resolution might give way. It is now known that a Dr. Castignino, the only person in complete possession of Jacopo's secrets and of the cipher he used with Mazzini, and who, moreover, had received numerous benefits from the Ruffini family, revealed everything and was allowed to "escape." His treachery remained unsuspected until long after Mazzini's death.

Once more lies and calumny were used by the Government to terrorize or to induce revelations. It was declared that the conspirators—atheists all—would shrink from no method, whether poison, the dagger, incendiarism or gunpowder plots. Mazzini was destined sadly to learn that the infamous devices of falsehood would stand hard wear, for during the next forty years they were repeatedly resorted to, the intangible dagger of calumny being unhesitatingly used by men who unscrupulously accused him of promulgating "a theory" of the material dagger.

Small wonder that those members of "Young Italy" who did not fall into the grip of the royal "criminal," felt their souls fired anew with the resolution to free their countrymen from his clutch, reinforcing, as it did, that ascendancy of the Austrian Eagle—one had almost said Vulture—whose ruthlessness all Northern Italy knew. Yet the full story of the infernal ingenuities of Charles Albert and his Ministers only came to their knowledge by degrees, and partly through the few who escaped the doom assigned them.

General indignation meantime grew so great, and other factors in the situation assumed so favourable a turn, that "Young Italy" began organizing another attempt, and by the end of the year all was ready for a movement aiming at the liberation of Savoy. Once freed from Sardinian (Piedmontese) rule, Savoy would be able to assign herself to France, or to the Swiss

* Brofferio, in his *History of Piedmont*, asserts that Charles Albert complained of the humble station of his victims. "The blood of mere soldiers is not enough," he is said to have declared: "you must contrive to find some officers."

Federation, unless she elected to remain Italian. Mazzini believed in the enlargement of the Swiss Federation to form a barrier between France, Italy and Germany, in order that it might fulful its mission of a keeper of the peace in Europe.

The Expedition of Savoy has been severely criticized, and none realized better than Mazzini, upon the eve of its execution, how faulty were its elements and how almost certainly fatal was its leadership; but cogent reasons forbade the abandonment of the enterprise. A military man with a name had been clamoured for and the election had fallen upon one who appears to have been in almost every respect worthless—General Ramorino. But Mazzini's estimate of him was treated with scepticism, even after he had squandered on personal indulgence most of the money entrusted to him for the provision of arms and equipment.

Mazzini left Marseilles for Geneva in 1833, where he and a group of friends occupied the Hôtel de la Navigation, aux Pâquis. Among the most active in organizing were Giacomo Ciani, and a "clever physician, indifferent to fame, and, indeed, to all except the aim in veiw. . . one of the very few who have never changed" and who always remained a dear and true friend to Mazzini. His name, Gaspare Belcredi, becomes familiar in the Ashurst correspondence. Prince Belgiojoso and a rich Lombard, named Rosales, lent all their aid and influence; but nothing could stem the tide of disaster started by the conduct of Ramorino, who, won over to the French Government by their promise to liquidate his debts, undertook, if not actually to betray the insurgents on the field, to postpone, to hamper and to emasculate their action. The favourable moment therefore passed, further mysterious delays occurred and the process of disintegration set in—mostly unknown to, and the causes of it entirely unknown to Mazzini. At length, when Ramorino's promise to arrive had been obtained in writing and every possible preparation had been completed, a fatal start was made. It marked, as may be supposed, the beginning of a "terrible series of deceptions." Most of the German contingent walked straight into the embrace of the Swiss police; the Polish contingent were unaccountably separated from their arms; Ramorino suddenly reversed all plans and wore his men out by an aimless twenty-four hours' march. Mazzini, who had taken a musket and fallen in as a foot soldier, became aware that the direction of the march was wrong and rushed to question

Ramorino. He was answered by a reassuring lie and a "Mephistophelian look." Soon afterwards shots were heard and in the confusion that followed Mazzini, already delirious from anxiety and fatigue, lost consciousness. When Ramorino learned that the man who had always suspected him and whose force of character he feared, had succumbed—to all appearance mortally—he called for his horse and rode away. Had it not been for Scipione Pistrucci, Lamberti and Angelo Usiglio, Mazzini would certainly not have survived the horrors of that night.

For him a period of frightful mental suffering and physical inertia followed, shared to some extent by a group of exiles who managed to gather together and remain more or less hidden in Switzerland, bearing in silence the storm of vituperation loosened upon their heads. From Italy they got news of nothing but flights, desertions, imprisonments and general disorganization; but, on the other hand, the daring attempt upon Savoy had had a powerful effect upon proscribed men of all nationalities, and drew numbers around the Committee of "Young Italy"—among them the Scandinavian poet, Harro Harring.

It was at Berne that a cosmopolitan company formed the pact of "Young Europe," an association of purely educative value which rapidly gained adherents, much as "Young Italy" had done. Its symbol was an ivy leaf. "My only aim," says Mazzini in writing of it, "was to constitute an apostolate of *ideas* different from those then current, and to have them bear fruit when and how they might." It was at this time that the Abbé Lamennais entered upon a correspondence with Mazzini.

The year 1834 saw also the formation of "Young Switzerland," with organizing committees in the Cantons of Berne, Geneva, Vaud, Neuchâtel and others, the aim of the association being to combat certain vices and weaknesses inherent in the governmental systems of Switzerland, which undermined the country as a moral force although her situation and history constituted her the guardian in Europe of the Republican banner. As things were, she stood practically overawed by Prussia in Neuchâtel, by Austria in the smaller Cantons and by France, who had an Ambassador at Berne.

A year later Mazzini started a journal, entitled *La Jeune Suisse*, issued twice a week and printed in double columns, French and German, for the better dissemination of "Young

Switzerland's" ideas; and from the same modest press there also appeared an *Economic Popular Library*. The success of the effort was remarkable.

How deeply in need of moral lessons, of moral stamina, were the various Cantonal Governments, became evident as soon as the moral effects of "Young Switzerland" and "Young Europe" attracted observation from the powerful rulers of the Continent. A renewal of the campaign of lies, calumnies and accusations, upon vamped-up charges and informers' machinations, began to make itself felt, the Central Government of Switzerland giving credence to a number of absurd denunciations, and starting a system of mean persecution. The house where Mazzini and the two Ruffinis lived was one day surrounded by armed soldiers. Harro Harring, who had received, in France, one of the circulars sown broadcast to blacken the character and aims of the exiles, hastened to warn Mazzini, but, arriving too late and refusing to deny his acquaintance at the moment of Mazzini's arrest, was shut up in the prison of Solothurn with him and the Ruffinis. The young men of Solothurn, however, took matters into their own hands, and maintained so fine an attitude that in twenty-four hours the captives had to be released. All were nevertheless ordered to quit Canton.

In his *Histoire de dix Ans*, Louis Blanc has detailed a *complot* of the most sordid character, undertaken by the French Government at Berne to connect the Italian exiles with an attempted assassination of Louis Philippe. Though Mazzini unveiled this conspiracy and laid it bare to the Central Government of Switzerland, the latter, terrified of offending France and behaving with the insincerity of cowardice, began a steady persecution of *La Jeune Suisse* and of the refugees. Before long a *conclusum* of the Diet condemned Mazzini to perpetual exile from Switzerland. "But," he says, "I shrugged my shoulders and remained," until January 1837, when with the two Ruffinis, he landed in the only European country where no price lay upon his head—England.

It was while, from a sense of duty, he lingered hidden in Switzerland that he struggled through the most awful experience of his life—that "tempest of Doubt" of which he has left so noble a record that none who read it can fail to have their own faith stimulated, their own aspirations fortified and their soul prepared

against such a moment in their own history; for "all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed—once at least—to battle through such a tempest."

Overflowing with fervent affection, gifted beyond most men with the power of loving, intensely lavish of sympathy, intensely generous of help: moral, intellectual and material; loath, despite his keen intuitions, to suspect or to think evil; contemplating every question, every incident, in an impersonal light, this man, whose nature combined the tenderness of a mother with the most virile force, felt suddenly plunged into a desolation of loneliness comparable only to one other recorded instance—that which began in Gethsemane and ended in the cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!"

In that frightful spiritual darkness, every horror and sorrow of the past arose before Mazzini as a rebuke: the thought of blood-guiltiness hung over him like an inexpressible pall of crime. His life appeared as though given over to a gigantic, withering error. Had his Idea, his Aim, been indeed an illusion? Was it prompted by the demon of ambition masquerading within him as an angel? The moral edifice of faith and love from which alone he had derived strength, fell to pieces. He saw almost an entire lack of his own faith in every one around him and detected in them distrust, or worse, of his motives. Through the poignant anguish of his spirit he came to the extreme limit of sanity, and must have overpassed it had the condition lasted through another day. But, "one morning I awoke to find my mind tranquil and my spirit calmed, as one who has passed through a great danger. The first thought that passed across my spirit was: Your *sufferings are the temptation of egotism, and arise from a misconception of life.*

"I set myself to re-examine. I rebuilt my entire edifice of moral philosophy. In fact, the great question of a true or false conception and definition of life dominated all the secondary questions which had roused that hurricane of doubts and terrors, as the conception and definition of life is—whether recognized or not—the primary basis of all philosophy. The ancient religion of India has defined life as *contemplation*, and hence the inertia, the immobility, and submerging of self in God, of the Arian families.

"Christianity had defined life as *expiation*; and hence earthly sorrows were regarded as trials to be endured with resignation . . . hence the earth was viewed as an abode of suffering and the emancipation of the soul was to be achieved through contempt for earthly things.

"The materialism of the eighteenth century had gone back two thousand years to repeat the pagan definition of life as a search after happiness: hence the hateful spectacle of whole classes rising to do battle in the name of the happiness of all men, only to withdraw from the struggle and abandon their allies as soon as they achieved their own."

He saw that this pagan definition of life—a search after happiness—is the dominating influence of the age, and that until it is replaced by a truer conception no solid progress can be made either by the individual or by the race. He perceived the full subtlety of the prevailing error, and recognized it as the cause, within himself, of the shattering of his own temple of faith. He tells us he came now to understand that he, too, had been unconsciously seeking happiness in the joys that spring from love —worshipping the fruits of affection, instead of fixing his worship upon Love itself, which is God in the aspect that vivifies us. He had been misled by the fact that in his own case the grosser evidences of the false definition had vanished, leaving a spiritual fault harder to perceive and harder still to grapple with. He had been, all unwittingly, demanding affection, love, trust as a right and a reward, instead of seeing in them a benediction sent to cheer the struggling spirit and irradiate for it the rough path of earthly effort. He tells us that he had unconsciously made of the blessings of affection a *condition of fulfilment* of his duties, and so had been "false to that faith in the immortality of life and in a progressive series of existences, which, in the eyes of the believer, transforms our sufferings here into the trials and difficulties of one who ascends a steep mountain at the summit of which is God; a series of existences which are linked together and gradually develop all that on this earth is but a germ and a promise."

Here it may be well to underline the fact that this world being a school for the individual while at the same time the matrix for the great complex Being, "Humanity," who is constituted by the sum total of human individuals, he believed that egos, in accordance with the exigences of their development,

have to return to and re-traverse this earthly stage ; a thought that seems so logically inwoven with the fundamental structure of his religion that he seldom refers specifically to it, though we find it repeatedly inferred. To Mrs. Hamilton King he once wrote : "You may have to live again on earth under different circumstances, but you must reach [God] step by step. The voluntary soul-suicide taught by Brahminism, Buddhism, and in a transformed way by Christianity, is a fruitless, vain attempt to deny time, space, and difficulties which must, soon or late, be overcome through action of our own." He saw that, in surmounting these difficulties, our action develops within us faculties suited to *earthly* life ; and not until such faculties are developed to the point when they will transcend the powers of any dense physical organism to give them due expression can we pass on to be angels. "The new formula of life" [Progress], he wrote, "substitutes the conception of the slow continuous progress of the human ego throughout an indefinite series of existences, for the idea of an impossible perfection to be achieved in the course of one brief existence. . . . We are each and all of us bound to strive to incarnate in humanity that portion of eternal truth which it is granted to us to perceive ; to convert into an earthly reality so much of the kingdom of heaven—the Divine conception permeating life—as it is given to us to comprehend. Thus doing, we are slowly elaborating in man the angel ; failing to do this we shall have to retrace our path."

When he believed that Mrs. Ashurst had just been released by death from her terrible sufferings, he wrote to Emilie, "Whatever happens it will not be for ever. Here or elsewhere we shall meet." In a letter of February, 1849, commenting sadly on the unlikelihood of his being able to return to them for a rest, he said, "so leave me . . . beloved friends, to my fate . . . Do never set out schemes about me, only love me, trust me, help the cause and sow for my future life."

The typhoon of darkness and of doubt that swept across him left him anchored henceforth immovably upon the truth which his spirit had discovered in the fortress of Savona. Life, he reasserts, is a mission. "Were it not so, of what avail were movement, the Progress, which all are beginning to recognize as the Law of life ? And that aim is *one :* to develop and bring into action all the faculties which constitute and lie dormant in human

nature—Humanity—and cause them to combine towards the discovery and application of that law. In the comprehension of that mission and fulfilment of that duty, lie our means of future progress, the secret of the stage of existence into which we shall be initiated at the conclusion of this earthly stage.

"Life is immortal; but the method and time of evolution through which it progresses is in our own hands. Each of us is bound to purify his own soul as a temple; to free it from egotism; to set before himself the problem of his own life; to search out what is the most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded, then interrogate his own faculties and apply them to the satisfaction of that need. . . . Young brothers, when once you have conceived and determined your mission within your soul, let naught arrest your steps. Fulfil it with all your strength; fulfil it whether blessed by love or visited by hate; whether strengthened by association with others, or in the sad solitude that almost always surrounds the martyrs of thought . . .

"I came," he says, "to my better self alone, through the help of a religious conception which I verified by history. From the idea of God I descended to the idea of progress; from the conception of progress to a true conception of life . . . and having reached that faith I swore to myself that nothing in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it . . ."

Of his first years in London we possess a clear picture in his already published letters.* The extreme of poverty to which he and his companions were reduced tried in no small degree a constitution which had been heavily taxed by both mental and physical strain: and it rendered every difficulty more difficult. Dr. Bowring, who had passed through Italy in 1836, and who manifested much interest in the advancement of learning in that country, was one of his earliest friends in England; and Mrs. Fletcher, a Yorkshire woman married to a Scotch professor, helped him to the benefits of the British Museum Library. Her description of him is interesting:

"A letter was brought to me one forenoon, sometime in April, from Count Philip Ugoni . . . introducing to my special regard a young Italian exile, who at that time was a friendless stranger in London. . . . I found in the drawing-room a young, slim, dark Italian gentleman of very prepossessing appearance. He

* National Italian edition, still in course of appearing.

could not then speak English and I very imperfect French; but it was impossible not to be favourably impressed at once by his truth and his sadness. He told me he was an exile, and without endeavouring to excite my compassion, or dwelling at all on his wrongs or his circumstances by relating any particulars of his past life, he said his present object was to obtain admission to some public library, that he might give himself to literary work. He looked so profoundly unhappy, and spoke so despondingly of the condition of his country, and of the genius of Chatterton with such high admiration, that I foolishly took it into my head, after he had left me, that he meditated suicide, and under that impression, took the privilege of age and experience to write to him. . . . The answer which I received to this letter convinced me how much I had mistaken his meaning, and formed the basis of our future friendship." *

In November he paid a visit to the Carlyles, introduced by the husband of the lady who afterwards married John Stuart Mill. The acquaintance ripened into friendship and in 1840 Mazzini established himself in "their village," but, finding Chelsea too remote, he returned to London.

In 1838 he met the Craufurds, who afterwards became closely connected with Italy through their daughter's marriage with Mazzini's staunch friend, Aurelio Saffi.

The first mention of Grisi occurs in this year in a letter from Mazzini to his mother, dated August. Both she and Mario were often most useful to him as time went on. In the December of 1838 Mario made his debut in Paris, unconscious of the happy fate that awaited him across the channel where, though his own first appearance created no startling impression on the public, his beautiful compatriot produced an irrevocable impression on him.

Mario's career is full of romance. Born of an ancient family in Sardinia, he was sent at the age of twelve to the Military College of Turin, where the recent events of 1821 were current, though secret, talk among the students, and the seeds were sown in Mario's mind of his lifelong sympathy with the patriots. In 1829 he joined his regiment in Genoa and there met Mazzini, whose arrest in the following year fired him with indignation.

* *Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher of Edinburgh.* Printed for private circulation only. Carlisle, 1874.

One of his fellow officers suddenly disappeared, and young Candia, receiving warning that a mission on which he was to be sent would turn out to be a trap, appealed to the King to be excused from it. The interview with His Majesty proving unsatisfactory the young man sent in his resignation from the army. Then, but for a clever lady who concealed him for a whole month in the royal palace itself, he would have been court-martialled. As soon as the search for him began to subside he got away to Marseilles. There he was mistaken for Don Carlos and perilous explanations had to precede his escape to Paris.

Though he had rich and influential friends in the French capital, he found difficulty in supporting himself independently, yet for a long time he resisted the idea of utilizing his wonderful voice on the stage. When he decided on that career he took the name of Mario, and it was only a few chosen intimates who knew that the new tenor was the Marchese Giovanni di Candia. His home, after his union with Grisi, whether they were in Paris or in London, always stood open to Mazzini and other exiles, whom he helped also with the smuggling of their correspondence.

It was in the spring of 1840 that an incident occurred which exercised a marked influence over the next eight years of Mazzini's life. It resulted from a meeting held in commemoration of the Polish patriot Konarski, who, having returned secretly to his own country after the Savoy expedition, had been discovered and shot by the Russian Government in 1839. Mazzini at this gathering made a speech that produced so deep an impression upon a few Italian workmen who attended, that they sent a deputation to him begging him to help them towards obtaining instruction, for which they were willing to pay. Mazzini decided to start a paper, the *Apostolato Popolare*, and he devised means which should link these men up, not only with compatriots in England and Italy, but also with working men of other countries. The opening of his free school for Italian adults and for organ-boys and image-sellers was the immediate outcome of this incident.

It is almost needless to say that the *Apostolato Popolare* could only be brought out at irregular intervals and that its career (November 10th 1840 to September 30th 1843) was punctuated with difficulties. For instance, the first consignment sent to France furnished a bonfire for the Customs; while all the Governments

of Italy called upon their servants to watch and take the sternest measures in regard to it. It was the third periodical promulgating ideas which the reactionary Governments of Europe hated even more than they hated adverse facts; but despite every obstacle it obtained a wide and increasing circulation. It was in this paper that Mazzini began his admirable "Duties of Man," only finished in his *Pensiero e Azione* in 1858.

Among the English friends made by Mazzini within two years of his arrival in England, and who helped in the school, were George Toynbee, his brother Joseph (father of Arnold Toynbee) and William Shaen; Harriet Martineau, also, was one of his first supporters. But the school soon provoked ferocious opposition from the priests of the Sardinian Chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields; yet it flourished, obtaining even no inconsiderable degree of renown.

William Shaen, Mazzini's faithful assistant in this venture, is interesting in himself and because he helped to form that coterie of English friends from whom Mazzini derived his only solace, and the most conspicuous among whom were the family who became to him as his own—the Ashursts. Shaen formed a friendship at school with P. A. Taylor, afterwards M.P. for Leicester, and later, he joined Stansfeld's circle of mutual-improvement-essayists. One who knew, and admired both, wrote in subsequent years of James Stansfeld: "But the friend of his heart, the sharer of his inmost thoughts, the man who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in all future battles for reform, was William Shaen. His well-knit frame, the broad brow, frank eyes, delicate features and firm, resolute mouth, attracted at first sight; you felt that he was as good as he was beautiful, a man to be relied on in trouble." Before helping in the school Shaen had thrown himself into Mazzini's campaign against the employers of exploited Italian boys, helping to bring some of them into court, for he had begun practice as a lawyer.*

In the summer of 1844 Shaen's indignation and that of the Ashursts was raised over the violation of Mazzini's correspondence, and this led to the first contact of the Ashurst family with the Apostle of Italian Unity. The story of the letter-opening and of the Bandieras who, it was thought, had been betrayed to the Austrians through the instrumentality of the English Post Office,

* *Jessie White Mario.* Unpublished MS. in the possession of the writer.

can be found in such detail elsewhere, that it is only necessary to touch upon it here.

The ferment of discontent throughout Italy had never subsided * and rebellion worked in many places quite independently of Mazzini's teaching and generally against his entreaties. The two sons of an Austrian Admiral (Italian by blood), both also in the navy though stationed at different points, felt convinced that a movement for the liberation of Italy could succeed if well concerted. In 1842 Attilio Bandiera wrote to Mazzini and affiliated to "Young Italy." He had already been once betrayed but had managed to escape to Smyrna. His brother had escaped by a hair's-breadth to Corfu. At that time there was so much to be done in the way of securing unity of aim, concentration of means, etc., that Mazzini judged any attempt premature; it was, therefore, not till the next year that he took up the work of co-ordination for action. He then brought about a conference in Naples of those who, in various parts, were in touch with his coadjutor, Nicola Fabrizi, and the Bandieras were admitted to the secret.

Betrayal once more marred all plans. Mazzini, whose suspicions were aroused by a sudden change in the situation, warned the brothers, but his warning never reached them. At that period the policy of Austria was to enact the part of a maligned power, making cat's-paws of other governments that their severities might throw her own apparent leniency into relief. So when Lord Aberdeen's communications, and those of an informer who held the confidence of the Bandieras, had revealed everything to Austria, she arranged a snare which should lure them into the dominions of the Neapolitan King. The victims walked into it—and all but three of those who survived a short, desperate struggle, were shot at Cosenz on July 25th, 1844.

To the student the wonder is, not that plans for the liberation

* During the September of 1837, revolts in Sicily and Naples, repressed with iron severity, many executions, etc. Before 1841, other uprisings, then revolt in Calabria and the Abruzzi. In 1842, 1843 and 1844, futile risings and guerilla warfare in many parts, all put down, though sometimes with difficulty, by a ferocity that earned one General the name of "hyena." In the Roman States, perennial rebellion between 1830 and 1840. The prisons during those years held 743 political offenders, while there were twenty-four executions. In 1841 and 1842, the same partial kind of rebellion in different States incessantly called down repressive vengeance. In 1843, plans for a more general movement came to the knowledge of Austria and the Pope, but the leaders managed to escape. An attempt in that year to capture Cardinal Mastai failed, and was followed by savage reprisals.

of Italy did not succeed, but that success attended any of the patriots' efforts, such was the prevalence of spies and such their powers of deception. In connection with the Bandieras, at least three individuals stand out covered with infamy. One—perhaps the most vilely treacherous—died soon afterwards of blood poisoning in the practice of his nefarious arts.

Mazzini's belief in the English Post Office had been shaken with difficulty, but, in view of the terrible consequences that might ensue should his letters be violated, he had, earlier in the year, resorted to tests, and when his fears became confirmed he had prevailed on Thomas Duncombe to give notice in the House of Commons on the subject. A sensation resulted, but when news came of the shootings at Cosenz, Englishmen, to their honour, raised a storm that endangered even the Cabinet.

Sir James Graham's and Lord Aberdeen's denials are well known; also the fact that Lord Aberdeen was afterwards obliged to retract his word and own to the existence in the General Post Office of complete arrangements for obtaining the contents of any letter, a slight delay in its delivery giving the only hint of what had been done.

Expressions of indignation and sympathy poured in upon Mazzini; Carlyle wrote a noble letter to the *Times*, and the exile found that he possessed more friends than he dreamed. But the tribute that bore for him the greatest personal consequences was that of William Henry Ashurst, whose son and eldest daughter carried to Cropley Street their parents' hospitable message. A good deal of hesitation had been felt before the Ashursts made this approach to Mazzini, for "neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ashurst spoke any language but their own and they feared that Mazzini might be offended if invited to their house only by the junior members of the family. Mr. Duncombe had told them that Mazzini was very unwilling to go into English society and extremely busy with Italian affairs, so they were prepared to meet with the very courteous rebuff he prophesied. Great, therefore, was their satisfaction when Mazzini not only received them but accepted their invitation to dine at Muswell Hill on the following Sunday. Although he spoke with them in French, he said he would do his best to speak to their father and mother in English." *

* Letter of E. A. V. to the present writer.

Mr. Ashurst was one of those men who are a force behind the scenes, who labour that other men may enter into their labours. It was he who conceived the idea of the penny post and worked behind Rowland Hill for its achievement. But quiet and unostentatious as he was, his reputation spread even on to the Continent; in illustration of which he once received, with no delay in transit, a letter from a persecuted Russian, addressed, not to the Old Jewry where his office was, but to "The Old Jews' Advocate, London." His private house at Muswell Hill, a village on the Hornsey side, was not at the time very accessible. By night, no help could be obtained from rail or stage, as E. A. V. records, and, cabs being too expensive for most of the *habitués*, it was customary for the friends who had enjoyed Mr. Ashurst's hospitality to assemble in the porch at about half-past ten and journey together on foot as far as the *Angel*, Islington, where cabs and omnibuses were available.

The family at Muswell Hill consisted, in 1844, of Mr. and Mrs. Ashurst, their daughter Eliza and their only son. Matilda, the second daughter, had married Joseph Biggs, of Leicester, a manufacturer noted for his excellent treatment of his work-people. Caroline had become the wife of James Stansfeld, and Emilie had married Sydney Hawkes, with whom she had been on terms of comradeship while he was in her father's office; for she, too, had plunged in an informal way, into legal studies besides making herself a first-rate hand at engrossing.

Conventions that smacked of falsity were abhorrent to the senior Ashursts, who brought their children up to the habit of independent thought and action, reminding them that those who realized their responsibility before God need never shrink from responsibility before men.* All the daughters were remarkable women, but Matilda's powers are said by one who remembers her to have even transcended those of her sisters. She must, indeed, have possessed a rare intellect if it surpassed Emilie's. Emilie, the youngest and most delicate in health, appeared to the present writer to combine within herself the highest mental and moral endowments of both sexes. To the logical faculties of the man she added the intuitional gifts of the woman. Her mind was both analytic and synthetic, conjoining the nature of the artist with that of the higher type that lives from within. Unhappily,

* MS. of E. A. V.

her marriage became stamped for both husband and wife with disappointment, for though truly attached, she and Sydney Hawkes were not suited to each other in that special relationship; and Emilie only knew the true joy of conjugal love when, in 1860, her bond with Sydney being dissolved, she married Carlo Venturi. Sydney, who had formed a friendship with James Stansfeld at University College, London, entered into partnership with him in the Swan Brewery, Fulham, both young men feeling that the bar would be too engrossing a profession to allow them to follow their bent towards radical politics; but Hawkes seems to have managed his part of the business concern unsatisfactorily and the partners separated in the fifties, Stansfeld then taking over the whole.

Stansfeld's career is too well known to require comment here; but the fate of Eliza Ashurst may be briefly touched upon. Full of enthusiasm, faith in, and admiration for, George Sand's French genius, she fell in love, when on a visit to Paris in 1847 or 1848, with a Frenchman of the artisan class and married him against the judgment of her family and of Mazzini. She died—perhaps mercifully—in 1850, her infant having come into the world without life. Her loss seems to have been felt as irreparable by all who loved her.

William A. Ashurst, who, after his father's death, was offered the Solicitorship of the Post Office, married Elizabeth Ogle, a remarkably tranquil woman, brought up in France, and whose quiescent beauty caused Mazzini to name her the "little Madonna." This happy marriage proved childless; there are, therefore, no descendants of the family bearing the name of Ashurst.

Of Mrs. Biggs's daughters, who all distinguished themselves in the cause of Women's Suffrage, one alone survives: Miss Maud Biggs, known as an authority on Polish history. James Stansfeld left one son only—the little Joseph upon whom Mazzini poured a passion of affection; for of all the Ashurst sisters Caroline came nearest to his ideal of womanhood. To Emilie he writes as a comrade: as he would write to a loved male fellow-worker; but in his letters to Caroline there is a more tender touch, especially after the crowning glory of motherhood became hers. He speaks of her to her mother as "the Rose and her bud," and he is always at pains to make her understand political things, feeling that her type of mind requires them to be explained, as Emilie's

does not. He turns to Emilie for renewal of courage in his heart-breaking labours; to Caroline he would turn for rest. Her intellect is equal to following his toil but does not outrun it. She is not a spur to his spirit, her appreciation is rather a resting-place for his weariness. She is to him the symbol of all that woman, *qua* woman, should be in the world: a "ministering angel," able to soothe the aching of a mind ever on the strain, because her own is intelligent, cultivated, endowed with the genius of sympathy, and balanced by that practical common sense which is a compendium of intellectual and moral qualities. She seems to him to be within herself a summary of the past and the initiator of the future—therefore an inspiration. Mazzini knew and revered many women. His intensely affectionate nature, which seemed to comprise both the virile and feminine elements, would have craved association with them even if he had not held the conviction that comradeship between the sexes is indispensable for the progress of humanity; but perhaps Caroline Stansfeld more nearly illustrated his complex ideal than any other, and not only in herself, but in her circumstances as a happy wife and mother. She seems, indeed, to have excelled in all capacities if one may judge by the devotion she inspired in her sister Emilie's critical soul.

Somewhere about the time of his introduction to the Ashursts, Mazzini also made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Milner-Gibson, whose friendship stood for much in after years. Mr. Milner-Gibson, already a member of the Board of Trade, had married the only child of Sir Thomas Gery Cullum. Much of the lady's childhood had been spent in Italy, so that apart from her natural tendencies—freedom-loving and courageous almost to a fault—the "mother of nations" exercised upon her a strong appeal. It is to be regretted that we cannot to-day trace more details of her early intercourse with Mazzini, the influence of whose elevated ideas deepened the noblest traits in her already fine character. To the end of her life she called him her Angel—a name bestowed spontaneously upon him by several among the English friends who came to know him well. Not only did she work for the welfare of his school, but she made herself of great use in regard to his correspondence, her *entrée* into the diplomatic circles of the Continent providing her with opportunities to which her *savoir-faire* gave the value.

Among other friends made by Mazzini before, or because of, the letter-opening, were Peter A. Taylor, son of the President of the Anti-Corn Law League, who knew Mazzini through Stanislaus Worcell, the noble Polish exile; Mrs. Peter Taylor, *née* Clementia Doughty, a woman whom to know was to respect and love; the Mallesons, connected with Mr. Taylor by marriage; Frank Dillon and his wife—spoken of in the letters as Josephine, and W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver, whose eager advocacy of liberty of the press connected him with men of many grades of thought. Herzen, the Russian exile, only came to London in 1852. He started the *Russian Free Press*, and his comfortable home at Teddington became one of the resorts of *proscrits* of various nationalities. It was there, in the spring of 1864, that Garibaldi was entertained at a supper which has become famous.

As a revelation of character the following letters could hardly be more complete. The early ones show many traces of that sympathetic playfulness which lent so much charm to the society of the great Italian. The very few persons still surviving to whom he is a vivid memory concur in speaking of the fascination he exercised in conversation, owing to his extreme courtesy, his sense of humour, his play of always kindly wit, his vast knowledge and astonishing memory. The reflection of these qualities is very perceptible in his letters; but over and above them we see shining out his intense power of affection, his tolerance, his patience, and his almost unique steadfastness.

His disregard of personal danger—always far removed from foolhardiness—is strikingly evident in the letters of 1849 and after, while his anxiety for others, who, perhaps, ran less risks than himself, is equally clear. The indelible griefs stamped upon his soul for those who suffered at the hands of Italy's enemies are less visible, because it was not his habit to sadden his correspondents by dwelling on the acutely tragic features of Italy's struggle if nothing could be gained for the cause by doing so. Those who knew him saw only too plainly the scars imprinted by the agonies of heart he sustained. Most of the men who encountered death in its most horrible form were dear personal friends of his—friends whose places never were and never could be filled by others. He grieved over the brilliant careers hideously cut short by martyrdom, but, to him, the spirits of these witnesses to the faith in Italian Unity were still radiant with progressive life, though hidden by

that narrow pass "where two cannot walk abreast and where, for an instant, souls lose sight of each other."

It was his faith in immortality, his unshakable belief in the progressive development of each unit of consciousness, his absolute grasp on "the power of an endless life," that carried him uncrushed through an earthly existence that, for poignant suffering, can only be compared to Dante's, and that upbore the spirit of Italian Unity till it could reach the longed-for goal.

1844–1846

THE value of these early letters of Mazzini to the Ashursts lies in their exhibition of his character. This, in spite of the Memoirs and Lives that have already appeared, has never yet been adequately shown. His powers of statesmanship, his enthusiasm as a patriot, his literary gifts, have all received their meed of justice, but the great and tender heart of the man remains to be known. The late Mr. Felix Moscheles has left on record his own fleeting glimpses of the inner side of Mazzini's nature as well as of that extraordinary, unquenchable fire, that faith in certain ideas which amounted to a compelling certainty of their truth, which made of him "more than a prophet." "He was," says Mr. Moscheles, "grand in his wrath and grand in his aspirations. Whether he thundered with the withering eloquence of a Cicero, or pleaded for the Brotherhood of Man with accents of love; whether he bowed his head humbly before the power of God, or rose to preach the new Gospel, God and the People, the conviction that spoke from the lips of that man was so intense that it kindled conviction; his soul so stirred that one's soul could not but vibrate responsively . . . He would penetrate into some innermost recess of your conscience and kindle a spark where all had been darkness. Whilst under the influence of that eye, that voice, you felt as if you could leave father and mother and follow him, the Elect of Providence, who had come to overthrow the whole wretched fabric of falsehoods holding mankind in bondage. He gave you eyes to see and ears to hear, and you, too, were stirred to rise and go forth to propagate the new Gospel: 'The Duties of Man.' . . . The enthusiast would give way to the poet, the dreamer, as he would speak of God's Nature and of its loveliest creation, Woman; of innocent childhood, of flowers. I have heard much said about

Woman . . . It has often seemed to me to be said in beautiful prose; but still in prose. Mazzini spoke the language of poetry; not in hexameters or blank verse; but still it was poetry. He loved children, and they him. 'We often got into trouble,'" Roches' children told Moscheles, "'when Louis Blanc was there, but we were always good for Mazzini—because he was so kind, and never failed to inquire after the dolls; and then we loved to sit and listen to him. To be sure, we sometimes didn't understand a word of the conversation, but his voice was so beautiful that it fascinated us.'"

The early letters to the Ashursts reveal the natural brightness of his temperament. In spite of his tragic circumstances, of the griefs, the hardships, through which he had come, and the almost crushing anxieties of his actual life, burdened with sorrows, the response of his heart to the slightest evidence of affection was immediate, the vivacity of his sympathy constant, and his instinct to *give* of himself, in words of cheer or of appreciation, unfailing. His immense love for his own mother made him specially tender to Mrs. Ashurst, whose gentle nature unfolded even more than it might otherwise have done, under his influence; and his reverence for family ties—sadly ruptured in his own case—rendered him the link that held the Ashursts together at a time when difficulties and mutual misunderstandings could easily have broken up their circle.

Eliza and William called on Mazzini on behalf of their father in July, 1844. The first letter Eliza had from him was probably written in the August of that year. He did not trust himself to write it in English, but fell back upon the French which he wrote and spoke like a native. Eliza had sent him her translation of George Sand's *Spiridion*. It was so good as to call forth his praise and his hope that she would also translate the same author's *Letters of a Traveller*, difficult though the task would be, "because all the inner life of Madame Sand is there."

In reference to the violation of his correspondence by the [English] Government he says: "As for the shameful affair which is again to come under discussion, believe me that if this violation of hospitality had not had—at least indirectly—terrible results upon men worth far more than I am, the expressions of sympathy I have received from persons like yourself would largely compensate for the personal inconvenience it has occasioned me."

Following this first letter are many little notes in English answering invitations to Muswell Hill, which he often finds himself "in the impossibility of accepting, it is so very seldom that my dreams of leisure time can go beyond a few hours in the week; but of these few hours I will always, as long as you will allow, avail myself almost exclusively to visit Muswell Hill and its fair inhabitants. More than that *Dii irati* will not for the present allow."

The Free Italian School, opened by him in 1841 for the benefit of miserable Italian boys engaged in image-selling, etc., in the streets, absorbed his Sunday evenings, for though one or two friends joined in the work the whole responsibility rested upon Mazzini. He gave as much thought to the preparation of a lecture or a lesson to those poor ignorant little compatriots as he would have given to an address intended for a political audience; for he believed in basing all teaching on the principles, almost neglected, that show the solidarity of Humanity and its root in God.

Every year he managed to get up a concert to raise funds for this school. Of the best Italian artists who visited London he enlisted the free services, so that unlike many charity entertainments, these concerts were an opportunity for real enjoyment to the audiences. Many of his little notes afford glimpses of the difficulties and worries that used to crop up in connection with these affairs, and with the anniversary of the school (November 20th), which he always marked by a supper to the boys and tried to make the occasion for enlisting sympathy with the Italians and for spreading an understanding of their needs and aspirations as a people.

His letters to the Ashursts, owing to their ready grasp of questions occupying him, quickly pass out of the stages of "yours respectfully" (to Mrs Ashurst) and "yours truly," and we soon find a degree of intimacy between him and Eliza which apparently raised a happy dream in the minds of Eliza's parents. That such a dream could ever be fulfilled was, Mazzini knew, impossible; and the study of his letters arouses admiration for the delicate tact with which all the sisters are treated. That his heart was strongly alive is almost painfully evident; but there lay in the background of his life a love that exacted the utmost of his powers, and his entire loyalty: Italy, the Niobe of nations. His was doomed to

be "the sad unallied existence" of a genius devoted to Humanity; but to the everlasting credit of the Ashursts let it be said that they redeemed it from the barrenness that would have made it intolerable.

To Eliza.

Early in 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To your two sheets and postcriptum, I answer late and homœopathically: it is a "sign of the times." I have so much to do and find myself so behind in point of time, that sometimes I take my head with both hands and stop in despair half an hour without doing anything. Your letter was welcome: for that especially that caused you to hesitate after you had written it: the *laisser-aller*, the bird-chirruping, the unconscious melody, the gurgling of a little, clear, fresh streamlet through my barren sands; welcome like a recollection of bygone days: still, not without a dash of sadness to me. Ah me! that I could write such a letter! There is a thought somewhere, in Rachel von Varnhagen's writings, I think, amounting to this: that the innocence of the Soul only is beautiful, Virtue a plastered wound—and such letters as yours are a comment to the thought. However, to the matter: The article has been written in French: it is the first of a series [which he had been asked to write for the *People's Journal*]; only, I don't know how far I will be allowed to go; the second. upon Rights and Duties, will be handed over to Mr. Saunders * within three or four days; if it is inserted, the third will be headed "Bentham"; and "there's the rub."

You must go on with the *Letters of a Traveller*. I will do anything you like; but what help can you anticipate from me? I have been obliged to give up all hopes of visiting Sevenoaks [where Matilda Biggs, *née* Ashurst, then lived]: and I have written accordingly. Don't go to Vienna, unless it is for the sake of plotting against that horrible Metternich [Austrian Prime Minister]. How could you feel musical in the metropolis of European bondage? The very notes would appear to me stained with the blood of the Galician Poles. There's no need of you giving a "good character" to your sisters: I sympathize with them very much. Emilie fancies she is one of the Benthamite utilitarian tribe; not a bit; there is poetry enough in her to drive away to the realm of Hades a whole legion of Benthams; one of these days she will awake and find that she has been labouring under a dream: an ugly one. Would to God that I could contribute to help her out of it! Will you give a good

* Editor of the *People's Journal*.

cordial embrace "from a well-wisher" to your two little nieces? * And believe me, though to-day in a rather discontented and splenetic mood, still now and for ever

your sincere friend,
Jos. Mazzini.

Thursday.
19, Cropley Street,
New North Road.

To Eliza, then staying with her sister, Mrs. Biggs.

Circa June 20th, 1846.

Dear Friend,

Let the word crossness vanish from our letters as the idea has vanished from my mind. I was mistaken; that's all; and I am glad of it. But, although in this one case mistaken, I do not always want a fact, a real, palpable thing, to get aware of a feeling or of a thought . . .

The true cause of the English enthusiasm about the Pope's reforms or intended reforms is this: they do not esteem us; they commiserate us; they feel towards us imbued with Christian charity: charity, a sacred thing when Jesus first spoke of it; a thing of sin according to my own feelings now. They sincerely wish us to be better fed, clothed, lodged; made more comfortable on the whole. As to Unity, Nationality, a mission to fulfil in and for Europe, these are treated like dreams, things to which we have no claim. I speak, of course, of the generality . . .

[The new Pope, Pius IX., elected on June 17th, 1846, had aroused a passion of enthusiasm in Italy through his apparent understanding of the people and his lavish promises of reform: promises which, from the very fact of his being *Pope*, he could never have carried out unless by a preliminary destruction and reconstruction of Ecclesiastic authority.]

. . . I feel sorry at your not being conversant with our language, for I must tell you that supposing I should write something good, the only appreciation that can bestow upon me an infinitesimal comfort—still a comfort—is that of women: that is, of the few women I like. As to man, alas! I have been long an apostate of my sex. One of the great plagues of my life is, that the whole men's race [race of men] rising in applause can do nothing for me, as, rising in a curse, they can do nothing against me. Many of my friends, well aware of this feeling within me, have been commencing the speeches of Job's friends and taunting me with my "pride." I fear they are mistaken. I was thinking more highly of myself fourteen years ago than I am now; and still, approbation of my countrymen was then moving me even

* Lizzie and Carrie, daughters of Mr and Mrs. Joseph Biggs.

to tears as implying a sympathy with the ideal I was and am worshipping. But since then Hope is dead within me : faith and duty have survived, but cold, barren, skeleton-like. There are a few lines of Byron (Don Juan) beginning, I think, "No more, oh never more on me," that make my eyes wet whenever I happen to read them and which do portray much of my actual unchangeable feelings. Still, I repeat, woman's approbation, as springing, as I fancy, more from the heart than from the intellect—your sister Emilie would take this as another hint at inequality—can even now make me feel something like a faint recollection of bygone happiness, like the welcome sadness of the sunset, like—I could go on with as many likes, so vague is the feeling, as we have beads—is this the word? —on our Catholic Chaplets, . . .

Ever faithfully yours,
Jos. Mazzini.

It was about this time that one of America's noble sons made the acquaintance of Mazzini and recognized him for the champion of human progress that he was. Lloyd Garrison, in his beautiful introduction to an edition of Mazzini's writings, records that "it was in the summer of 1846, at the charming residence of my honoured friend the late William H. Ashurst, an eminent solicitor of London, at Muswell Hill, that I had my first interview with the great Italian patriot, when he impressed me very favourably, not only by the brilliance of his mind but by the modesty of his deportment, the urbanity of his spirit and the fascination of his conversational powers. There our personal friendship began, which revolving years served but to strengthen ; for though our fields of labour were widely different, and our modes of action in some respects diverse, we cherished the same hostility to every form of tyranny and had many experiences in common."

In the next letter Mazzini refers to Garibaldi, then at Montevideo. Garibaldi had been implicated, though not actively, in the "Savoy Expedition." He had undertaken to act at the right moment in Genoa, but news of the failure elsewhere reached him just in time, and owing to the help of an adroit fruit-seller, as quick as she was sharp-witted, he quitted the city in disguise and managed to make his way to South America. Throughout his sojourn there Mazzini took every opportunity of writing up his exploits and so helping his countrymen to form an estimate of Garibaldi's truly remarkable genius.

To Eliza.

Summer of 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Have I not "neglected" you long enough? Still, you don't owe it to intention, but to external circumstances. I do not believe that I have had, since I received your letter, a single day in which I have not been tormented, harassed, thrown in "fits of desperation" by friends and foes. My case begins to look desperate; you reproach me for telling people that I am not at home; and I—honestly or not—am actually dreaming on the possibility of deceiving them all, shutting myself up and pretending to be in the country, somewhere; and the only difficulty that I cannot overcome is that arising from my correspondence. Let us drop for the present about the "oh, never more, etc." It is the matter of a volume; and I will write it, perhaps, before dying, under the title; "Relics of an Unknown." . . . I must make you acquainted with one of my Italian friends at Montevideo, a military man who will, I hope, one day play an important part in our Italian affairs: a true "Young Italian" worth being made known to all souls, who, like you, are fit for appreciating him; but it will be the subject of a conversation. I met on Wednesday Miss H. Martineau for the first time: strong, healthy, preparing for a journey to Egypt, talking more than I anticipated, affirmative, and positive in all that she affirms, extremely good-natured, very clever, evidently bent to do good and doing it; still somewhat barren and unsatisfactory, like the Voluntary Principle.

I am glad that I was right in my recollection of Byron's opinion of *Don Quixote*. I feel that you will end, both you and your sister Emilie, by agreeing with me about the book. It is a prelude, from a wronged man of genius, to your *positivist* Smith-Bentham-Wilhelm-Meister's. Gia: a trap laid down, through the instinctive goodness of Cervantes, to your womanish poetical feelings.

Ever yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

The following letter bears out the statement found on an odd sheet among Madame Venturi's papers (Emilie's). Writing of 1846 she says:

"Before the year was out, however, the Ashursts were clearly dissatisfied with the Sunday visits which he had declared to be henceforth an institution, and proposed that he should take up his abode with them at Muswell Hill." Had there been no other reason

for his refusal, the inaccessibility of that pleasant suburb would probably have prevented him from accepting, for, as E. A. V. records, one omnibus and the Finchley coach with four horses—running presumably once a day only each way—afforded the sole means of transit on weekdays. On Sunday, she says, "church-goers had the omnibus to trust to; visitors were compelled to charter a cab."

To Eliza.

August or early September, 1846.

My dear Friend,

Alas! for all plans! Yours is a kind and beautiful one; but it cannot be realized. There are many more reasons than you can fancy against it, and besides, you forget what I am and upon what an undertaking I am bent. Next year, most likely, I will vanish out of England into the space; perhaps to come back, perhaps to never more come back. It may, too, prove the reverse and I may from next year go to the other; still uncertain from month to month. Build never up plans with me and for my benefit: they have always brought a sort of fatality upon those who did, and consequently upon me. Be good and kind and friendly and sisterly, if you can and if I deserve it, with me from day to day, from week to week; you will have done a real good to me, but leave future in the dark and never attempt to lift its veil, or to conquer it.

I can now only write a few lines. Since you wrote I have had two ominous arrivals: the one of Harro Harring, the author of *Dolores;* the other that of an Italian girl, who, through a series of incidents, found herself here in the hands of an old Italian lady who was ill-using her to such an extent that she ran away and was soon thrown upon me, the impersonation of a "General Protecting Office" in the eyes of the Italian people resident in London. The other, Harro Harring's, is a case more difficult to be managed. Here is a man, one of ours [Harro Harring, a Scandinavian poet, was one of the original members of "Young Europe," 1834] possessed with [of] real merit, but haunted, cursed by immeasurable vanity, morbid to delirium, enthusiastical more than I ever want; a real tormentor of himself and of all his friends, still, I repeat, possessed with real merit and moral, good qualities, who arrives here from New York, without any money, with four *Novellen*, translated into English in his pocket and one or two other, I believe, unfinished novels, upon which, on the ground of an introductory letter to one Schleicher of Paternoster Row, a bookseller or editor, he means to live, and in proper time to make a fortune. I had a first conversation with him yesterday,

and upon my having deplored his rash decision and given him an insight into reality, I have already two letters from him, the first inviting me to tea, the second, written two hours after, stating that had he in his possession a certain pistol missed [lost] at New York, he would merrily shoot himself. But, such not being the case, he will run back again to New York, on the same ship, the "Northumbrian," on the 28th (which would be a real blessing) *if* he can sell for a trifle the four English tales to a publisher, or the original German MS. of *Dolores* for an advance of a few pounds, or etc. May he succeed !

I have read the first volume and half the second of *Don Quixote :* and found nothing tending to alter my opinion ; but I will go on.

Ever yours,
Jos. Mazzini.

Mrs. Jessie White Mario, who in after years was closely associated with Mazzini, and who, in three campaigns, nursed the wounded in Garibaldi's forces, was given full access by the late Sir James Stansfeld to his own and to his deceased wife's papers and correspondence ; and, quoting from a letter of Caroline's, she says that already in 1846 Mazzini had become to the Ashursts "Mazz," and "the Angel"—names by which they called him as long as he lived.

In the August of this year Emilie and Sydney Hawkes arranged to go to Paris and to take Caroline Stansfeld with them, and Mazzini wrote to his mother that he was giving some letters of introduction "to the sisters of the one who brings me flowers." He took these letters to Lancaster Place after having escaped from a wedding festivity, but the Stansfelds insisted on his remaining to dinner and tea, as it had been a broken day, "and I did not get home till eleven, so you see how all these courtesies end in making me lose my time."

To Eliza, then at Manchester.

September, 1846.

My dear Friend,

I called yesterday on your sister Caroline, gave her some letters for Paris, met with your Mama and Emilie and the husbands ; was gently compelled to dine and to take tea ; was questioned and examined about the value of the word "sympathize," and was silently, by looks and imperceptible frowns, declared "unsatisfactory" by your sister and Emilie : produced a decided

but temporary feeling of repugnance by my wishing for the gentle emotion of an earthquake; discussed in the worst English I could manage—for I had been put "out of English"—about Bentham, Utilitarianism and happiness,—had the "emotion" of a good, reconciled shake, not of the earth but of hands, with Emilie, bade farewell to all and walked home at half-past ten with Mr. Shaen. I had in the morning assisted in St. Pancras's Church, to the wedding of Mademoiselle Moscheles with M. Roche, and saved myself from an excursion with them to Twickenham by concealing myself behind a pillar. I thought the day interesting enough to deserve a report, and accordingly I write.

Many, many thanks for your letter. Lizzie [Biggs] is a sweet little jewel of a child, and I fancy that her kiss will bring me good. Give her the most fervent blessing an exile can give—God and Love.

I am furious against your countrymen! I cannot meet with any one of my English acquaintances by the street, without being complimented, congratulated with—guess—the Pope! The Pope has *forgiven!* The Pope has lowered the duties on cotton and raw silk! Therefore go and feel happy! The bright days of Italian Regeneration have begun—and so forth in newspaper style. As if we could clothe our soul with cotton and forgiveness of other people's sins! If ever there has been a moment in which I could achieve a heroic-mad thing and walk there with a few companions like the Bandiera [brothers] for the simple aim of saying: "We scorn your forgiveness and despise you; take our life for it," it is now. Don't be afraid; I will not stir; it is a mere feeling and not an intention that I express . . . [end missing].

M. Antoine Roche, at this time about thirty-three, had, a year or two before, started a girl's school in London. He seems to have made several journeys to France in the interests of the "Young Italy" group.

The Ashursts were acquainted with the Moscheles family. In an interesting letter to the present writer, Emilie once described a musical afternoon passed with them, when she, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, was asked to suggest a theme upon which Mendelssohn and Moscheles could improvise a duet on two pianos. Though she had forgotten the subject she suggested, she remembered well the charm of the remarkable performance. The recent death of Mr. Felix Moscheles further reduces the small number of those living who came into personal contact with Mazzini.

To Eliza.

September or October, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND,

I write to say that one of my *two* troubles has vanished, and that you need not trouble yourself any further on account of it: the Italian girl has got a situation, at some Mrs. Roberts, of Nottingham Terrace, New Road: owing to my reading the "Times." The other case, that of the Scandinavian poet, looks quite alarming, *if* he does not sell his "four tales." Still, let us hope—— As for the rest, I most earnestly and decidedly request that you go on talking as much "nonsense" as you like with me: I am able to find more "sense" in it than in all the works of Bentham. It may be that from time to time, when I am in my "Oh, never more" mood, there comes out a flash of "desperation" from me to darken your sunshine; but depend upon it, it will be only a flash, and I will always catch on my soul—or on my "selfish[is]m" as your sister Emilie is *bound* to call it—a reflected influence of light and heat from it. So, never mind.

Ruffini and Lamberti have both "taken tea" with your sisters [in Paris]. Ruffini is over-delighted with them and with Mr. Stansfeld; Lamberti did not write. Your sister has been trying to persuade Ruffini, one of the most ardent believers in my own tenets, that "he has no soul," but only a "pleasure-and-pain engine" that nobody will take care of as soon as it gets rusty. What a comfort to a poor exile!

To Eliza.

1846.

DEAR FRIEND,

With my hat on, I answer your *angry* note. I could not answer the two others; and I don't know what to do with myself, so much I have to do. No; Miss W. *cannot* have the article, if any there is: nor you, I fear; I will explain the why to-morrow. At one o'clock, a few minutes before, I will start; should you come before, welcome of course; but do not come if there is the least inconvenience; who can talk in an omnibus? Of course, I do not go to Emilie's open evenings. I go on Tuesday night.

Ever yours,

Will this reach? JOSEPH MAZ.

To Eliza.

(Seems 1846.—E. F. R.) Dated by E. A. V. 46 or 47.

DEAR FRIEND,

Quite, quite, quite, as when I came. What made you fancy the contrary? Are we not brother and sister? Or, if you,

like Zoe, do not like these names, which I am fond of, are we not friends? In all purity and intimacy of souls? What then could I misinterpret?

I will be at Cesarini's at six precisely. Will these few words reach you before you leave Muswell Hill?

Ever yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

To Eliza.

Seems 1846.

DEAR FRIEND,

I do not think I could go and sit on Saturday. I will go therefore to-morrow. I write as soon as the decision has taken place within myself; and according to what you said yesterday night, my letter ought to reach in time for any decision of yours.

Ever yours in haste,
Jos. MAZZINI.

Thursday.

This is the first reference to Mazzini sitting for his portrait to Emilie. Mr. Ashurst, holding views about women that were far in advance of his time, believed in bringing up his girls to callings which would render them independent should fortune ever play them an evil trick. As Emilie displayed talent for drawing and painting she was "apprenticed" to Mr. Frank Stone, the painter, and developed considerable powers in portraiture. She had the pleasure of sending to Signora Mazzini a picture of her exiled son that afforded the old lady great joy. But, perhaps, because it depicts him as a dreamer rather than as a vivacious thinker, it appears less satisfactory than some of the excellent photographs that were taken at a somewhat later period.

To Eliza.

November 7th, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND,

To compare smoking—generally speaking—with eating-enjoyment is to compare moon-light with the fire of a baker's shop, the appearance of a forget-me-not with that of a gigantic onion, vagueness with the massive, aspiration with animal-downward-posture, the going-up to the falling-down, and so forth. To compare *my* smoking—in the special case—with repast-enjoyment is *à peu près* to compare me with one of those venerable Old-England specimens of the race, who—after having enjoyed their dinner—sit in a corner of the chop-house, light a

pipe, and go a-dozing for want of a better occupation. I smoke whilst reading or writing: never dominated, but dominating; transforming, not assimilating substances: producing, not consuming: perhaps looking unconsciously for a symbol, alas! to my thoughts and schemes, ending in smoke. Milton used to take a tobacco-pipe and a glass of water when going to bed: compare him to Charles Lamb's "enjoyments" on roasted pigs! How could you be so unjust! And what do you call enjoyment in my smoking? I pass indifferently from a sixpence Principle given to me to a Cuba—ten for a shilling—bought by me. When I was still a young man in Italy, I could not fall into a rage without running to a cigar: was I seeking enjoyment? I was only having recourse to something helping me to "consume my own smoke."

After this, I can candidly say, without endangering my position, that I have just ten minutes ago smoked a pipe of your Greek tobacco and "enjoyed" it, still rather from an association of ideas, than from the intrinsic—though incontestable—merit of the thing.

Thank you for it; and thank you for the envelopes; only, if you could go upon such a principle as that of sparing me the trouble of the sealing-wax, where will you stop?

I do not think I ever said anything about 7 or 8 days; but about writing between that day and the Anniversary: I never do describe space or time by two cyphers when I can do so by two facts. Should I be right, there would be a want of faith in you rather than a betrayal of truth or promise in me. The truth is that I was going to write this very night.

So I cannot be improved! I am too proud and obstinate for that. For that is evidently your meaning. It is worth being put together with the "Italian vulgarity and onionism" of your sister. I begin to be a lost man with you all!

Apropos of your sister—and though I recommend to Mr. Shaen to pacify her—I have been labouring under some remorses—is this not an improvement?—since last Sunday. I have been joking with her in a childlike, I could say childish, perhaps—mood, and all the while, as I perceived at the last moments, hurting and offending her. I was sincerely grieved and reproaching myself all the way long, and declaring to myself that I would never more joke. Will you tell her before we meet again, simply this: *that she was entirely mistaken?* I never joke except with those with whom I feel the most trusting and sympathizing . . .

If you come [to the school] ten minutes before eight, you will have a good place not quite by me—I am, that evening, on the pillory at the School—but near enough so as to have explanations.

I have been all these nights busy with examinations. I fear that Pistrucci will not come: he feels unwell, and has entirely forsaken me all this week. Miss Fuller will be there.

I am glad that you approve *Foi et Avenir!* I feared you would be frightened by the first pages, which were written in a defying tone, that has ended in bringing me to England.

I have a scheme in which you can and will help me. But I will explain when the Anniversary is over.

Ever yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Saturday—for it is after midnight.
19, Cropley Street,
New North Road.

P.S.—Spite of what you say, I must use sealing wax: the envelope will not stick.

2. P.S.—I do retract: it is only the first that will not; I think I will succeed with the next.

There were at this time two generations of Pistrucci living in London. One of the elder men, medallist in the Mint, had designed our fine St. George and the Dragon sovereign. His brother Filippo, artist and Improvisatore of considerable renown in Italy, came to England years before Mazzini, perhaps in order to join the medallist. He left his wife in Milan with his two sons, Scipione and Emilio. Scipione became the devoted friend of Mazzini. Exiled from France in 1833, he took part in the disastrous Savoy Expedition and was one of the four who, in the awful night of February 2-3, 1834, saved Mazzini from absolute collapse. During the fatal march, when rain poured down upon the little force which General Ramorino was betraying, Scipione, regardless of his own health, divested himself of his cloak and laid it round the unprotected shoulders of Mazzini. He seems to have escaped to England immediately after the failure of the expedition. When Mazzini opened his Free Italian School in Greville Street Scipione's father, Filippo, acted as its secretary, but was afterwards appointed its director. Several of the lessons which he gave upon history, literature, and moral subjects were collected and printed in volume form. He painted a life-sized portrait in oils of Mazzini in 1837 or '38, which the latter tells his mother seems to him to be a good likeness. The son, Scipione, also executed a portrait, probably in another medium and of smaller dimensions.

Margaret Fuller, an American woman, whose natural bent was not towards active revolution, changed her ideas about Mazzini and his mission when she witnessed his work in the Italian Free School. Deep appreciation of the man, his aims and methods, started a friendship which, in 1849, drew her out of the retirement of her Italian home—she married Count d'Ossoli—and from her adored child, to take part in the horrors of the siege and bombardment of Rome where, among other activities, she nursed the wounded. The Countess d'Ossoli and her little son were drowned as they were returning to America; a loss rendered greater to the world by the perishing at the same time of the diaries, notes and records kept by this devoted lady during the tragedy of the Roman Republic.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. [Afterwards bought by Dickens for his own residence.]

December 5th, 1846.

I will be out of town all the day to-morrow: gloomy and annoyed of course, and now much more so on account of the offered contrast. I hope these few words will reach you in time so that there may not be the least uncertainty about my coming or not: uncertainty—even in these trifling matters and even *à propos de moi*—is always uneasying: and I would spare even the shadow of it to you. Thank Mr. Hawkes for his kind thought, and believe me,

Your friend,
Jos. MAZZINI.

19, Cropley Str.
N. N. R.

The following letter is undated, but as Austria, in violation of the Treaty of Vienna, annexed the republican city of Cracow in 1846, it probably belongs to that year. Mazzini's feelings for, and foresight about the Poles, were such that he would not have let any great length of time elapse without an endeavour to arouse public opinion in so vital a matter as this flagrant "scrapping" of a Treaty Right. In a subsequent letter he mentions that the meeting "was bad," but it may have achieved something, for in January, 1847, Saunders, the editor of the *People's Journal*, asked him to contribute an article on the subject.

To Eliza.

DEAR FRIEND,

I send a note—and venture to insert a few words. I will not be able to come on Sunday; and as to the children, the great event remains as yet undecided. I have written to Miss Jewsbury. *They* will write to Mr. Ashurst requesting his presence on the platform for the Cracow meeting. Had you better mention the thing before and say that if it be possible as to health—I would be very grateful should he attend? You will be, I hope, at Lancaster Place [where Caroline and James Stansfeld were then living] on Monday. I did not ask yesterday whether and when a third sitting would take place, but I will write to your sister.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOSEPH MAZZ.

Tuesday night.

The children alluded to were the two little sons of his landlady-housekeeper, Susannah Tancione, to whom he sometimes gave the treat of visiting Muswell Hill at Mrs. Ashurst's invitation.

Soon after Mazzini came to London he found, one bitter winter's morning as he was leaving his lodging to go into the city, a poor girl who seemed benumbed by want and chill. She had collapsed not far from his doorstep. He took her to his landlady, whom he persuaded to take compassion on the unhappy creature. The girl, who turned out to be very good, and who was the daughter of an Oxfordshire agricultural labourer, remained on at the lodgings as servant. In 1839 or 1840, she married an Italian exile from Perugia, named Tancione. He seems to have had some education, for when Mazzini started the Union of Italian Working Men, in March, 1841, Pio Tancione was appointed Secretary. But though fairly good as a patriot he failed as husband and father, for he deserted his wife and children, leaving them in absolute want. Mazzini came to their rescue by arranging for Susannah to take a house in which he, the Ruffinis and another exile should board, sharing her table and calling her "Madame." The plan answered excellently. At the time the Ashurst correspondence begins the Ruffinis had left London and Mazzini had installed himself in the little house in Cropley Street, New North Road, where, I think, Susannah had no other boarder.

When the children grew old enough to require it, Mazzini,

who was even extraordinarily tender to and popular with children, charged his own slender income with their education. One was apprenticed to a watch-maker in Geneva.

To Eliza.

December 18th, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND,

What ails you? What torments you? I received your note when I was myself sad—sad—sad. But I must state that I have, since then, thought more of your sadness than of mine. Mine is a matter of course; and it is only a sign that, spite of all the efforts of my philosophy, there is still an *excèdant* of life within me revolting occasionally and reasserting its rights. But in you it looks a discord, something inharmonious.

It was almost well that you were not at the meeting: it was bad; still, if a few men like those of the *Clan* would feel that something can be done and act accordingly, I know that we should be able to do something. I will speak to them.

Yesterday I sat at your sister's. To-day, coming home at four, I find a copy of the engraving of her composition, for which I feel deeply grateful; a letter from Italy received through your sister Caroline, and Helen Stanley: this must be yours. Thanks to all and for all. I will sit again on Sunday morning; when, most unfortunately, I will not be able to come at Muswell Hill. I am overburdened with work; behind with my correspondence, with a little book which I am bound to write for our Young Italy; and with many other things. I will not see you all before Christmas eve. I am now doomed to go out again, and a little later to P[eter] Taylor.

Compose and strengthen yourself: you are good: be calm then.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOS. MAZZINI.

To Emilie.

December 24th, 1846.
Wednesday night.

I wish I could accept your proposal, but I cannot. I will have to write letters till four o'clock, when, if not later, I will start for Muswell Hill. I have never been so overwhelmed with—what shall I say?—*business* (I choose the word on account of its sounding utilitarian *), or else you would have had me coming for a sitting.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOS. MAZZINI.

* This was a sly poke at Emilie's Benthamite utilitarianism which he detested, and

To James Stansfeld. Seems end of 1846.

DEAR MR. STANSFELD,

I send Dante's little book.* You must, in reading it, go back to the thirteenth century, and plunge into it, and live in it: so that the Pope and the Emperor appear to you like the two great types of spiritual and temporal power; and Dante's Emperor or King, not as a man in opposition to the republican form, but as Unity of power, of Moral Authority, let it be vested [be it vested] in a single man or in a council. I really should wish that you could read as a sort of *manuductio* to the little book the article I wrote on the "Minor Works of Dante,"† for the Foreign Quarterly three or four years ago, but I have not the number, which is quoted, I think, in Leigh Hunt's.

The other little book is for Mrs. Hawkes, let her look to the illustration of the Poor-House fugitive especially.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOS. MAZZINI.

19, Cropley St.,
New North Road.

saw to be grounded on a fallacy; or rather, to be lacking in the moral basis that alone can sustain a reform.

* Dante's *De Monarchia*.—E. A. V.

† Reproduced in the volume of Mazzini's Essays, in the Walter Scott Library.

1847

To Eliza.

January 1st, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have only five minutes to dispose of; but the *initiating* day must not pass without two words of mine reaching Muswell Hill and uttering the most true-felt wishes and fervent hopes from thence as from the Monas of the Clan, to be scattered by good angels on the heads of all the members, first of the women, then of the men. The fact is I do not wish much for the latter beyond activity, strength and energy in the fulfilment of their duties; whilst I wish that the sky be clear and the wind soft to the women. Does not all happiness that men can enjoy upon earth come from them? And even for those who cannot be made happy, does not forgetfulness come from them; harm, no doubt, comes from them; but generally they are unaware of it; then there is something welcome in the feeling of unhappiness through women. So much to explain about the inequality in the distribution of my blessings. And now remember me to-morrow to your Mamma and to Mr. Ashurst; welcome you my blessing and—if you can—take upon yourself to pray that the year does not elapse without my finding an occasion for *acting* and proving worthy of your esteem and affection to the last.

Thank you for your letter, sweet and soft like a child's smile—no man could ever write it. The lady of the cab is *nothing*. With me you run no risk when speaking about woman, but do not meddle with comets if you ever speak on the subject with other men.* Suppose that one would begin a *contre-partie* to your comparison thus: "Comets are excentrical; changeable and not to be relied upon in their orbitual motions:—so are women. Comets are the lightest planetary bodies we know of:—so are women. Comets are heavenly bodies in a state of formation: seeds of worlds to come; and so are women. Comets, etc." But do not be afraid; individually speaking, comets too are the most interesting bodies for *me* among all the inhabitants of the Infinite; and I could never gaze on one without deep emotions and

* Eliza had sent him a witty comparison between women and comets by some unknown writer.—E. A. V.

thoughts. So that your comparison is welcome and accepted. I will see you on Sunday, and speak about Saunders, and ask for the translation from the German, etc., etc.

Hastily but affectionately yours,

J. M.

The following letter affords an amusing commentary on the solicitude of the Ashurst family in regard to Mazzini's health; a solicitude which in his gentle way he resented, because they were not "reasonable" about their own. Emilie was an especial sinner in this respect, her own health being quite a minor consideration to her, even up to the day of her death.

To Emilie, at Knighton [her sister Matilda's home].

Saturday, April 3rd, 1847.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I have to register a series of most important events concerning my health. First of all I was, the night I saw you last, over-reached by an omnibus just when approaching the Angel, and I took it; do not mention the circumstance to Shaen, the Whittingtonian;* but do not neglect to give a due appreciation to the influence that it must have exercised on my health. Secondly, I felt rather unwell next day—let me see—yes—from seven o'clock in the morning till twenty-five minutes and fifty-seven seconds after six p.m. Then, I began to feel better. At a quarter before eight (Friday morning) after a dream in which I thought you had come back and were feeling my pulse—I awoke, and felt still better. I was decidedly *saved*, and the prophecy of Lord Jeffreys may still be fulfilled. This morning (Saturday) I can venture to pronounce myself in a state of perfect convalescence. There is still, on the left side of the head, just on the middle point between the organ of Reverence and that of Courage a sort of faint reminiscence that something has been wrong there; and there is, on the right side of the same very foolish head, a little blue devil hammering occasionally some sort of infinitesimal idea of an headache in; but it is only enough to give one the idea of the occasional *volto-faces* of an army in full and speed[y] retreat.

You will see me at Muswell Hill next Sunday week as strong and brilliant as ever. All this, of course, owing to homœopathy, that is—taking nothing.

* The Whittington Club founded by Douglas Jerrold. Women were admitted to full rights and privileges. Mazzini was elected a Vice-President in the summer of 1847.

The four volumes of Byron came yesterday, very late, and I thank you again for the thought. I have been reading here and there ; wondered at Caroline's scepticism, felt that I could lay my life down for his having been one of the most thoroughly virtuous and calumniated man [men] of these last fifty years, and been raging at my not knowing where to insert some fifty pages that I would write about him. Shall we never be able to start a Review of our own ?

It is and has been very cold ; there was rain on Thursday, and some absurd snow yesterday, for a minute. God knows how many colds you have superadded to the one you had before starting ! I still hope that the weather is better at Knighton.

Will you remember me to your sister Matilda, with my best wishes for her, her two daughters and Mr. Biggs ? Coming through you, they will certainly be welcome.

Give all my friendship to Sydney, and keep a corner—however little—of your heart opened to your

most humble, grateful and submissive convalescent,

JOSEPH M.

To Eliza, in Manchester.

Seems early April, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

I am myself living in such a whirlwind of *little* things to be done that I scarcely have time for writing. Italy, the League [the proposed People's International League, which was Mazzini's idea], visits to be paid, etc., etc., are driving me right and left, east and westward in a manner that makes me giddy. The League is prospering ; the Committee is forming and thank God, I hope it will, ere the month finishes, start.

Seventy-six arrests have taken place towards the end of February in Tuscany, many of them friends of mine, political friends, I mean of course : sons of high families, bankers, etc. It is an exceptional thing for Tuscany, the mildest government we have in Italy ; and it is owing to the sojourn in Florence of an Austrian prince, Maximilian, the brother of the late Duke of Modena. I do not anticipate any very serious consequences for the imprisoned. The Government there is too weak. So that, politically speaking, I look upon this as upon a rather fortunate event. Tuscany was slumbering in deep conviction that the Government was the beau ideal of tolerant despotism. She will now be cured. I was yesterday at Muswell Hill till half-past ten . . .

In an odd fragment of MS. Emilie alludes to the gossip set afloat among folk who, like an old friend of her mother's, had little

sympathy with "foreigners" and who complained to Mrs. Ashurst that she could never go to her house without finding "*that* Italian." The brothers Ruffini, who during the early years of their exile in England lived with Mazzini, were largely responsible for certain rumours that found currency in circles where scandal is manufactured. That they were indelicate and not loyal to Mazzini is now generally known, though how much discomfort they spread into his life can never be known. They judged him, who had nothing petty about him, by a petty standard and read meanings into his actions that had no foundation. The present writer has heard E. A. V. speak of the truly absurd, sinister reports that somehow got into circulation and of which he was usually quite ignorant. But the following extract from a letter of E. A. V. refers to a sort of crisis of calumniating gossip that came about this time. It eventuated in good to the slandered one, for the Ashursts became from that moment his "English family," and he, one of themselves:

"When I remember how Mazzini, when first told of the things said about him and us, gave one quick, half-agonized look round—first at father's and mother's faces and then, seeing their smiles—with happy, triumphant certainty to all of us! And father spoke a tiny homily, looking *stern*: 'If I could think my girls capable of shrinking from *you* for what the world might say, I should disown them,' and mother: 'William, there's no need to look at *our* girls so.' And the dear Angel took possession of us once and for ever. He was forty-two, and as beautiful a creature as ever walked the earth."

The People's International League was instigated by Mazzini with the objects:

1. To enlighten the British public as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries.

2. To disseminate the principles of national freedom and progress.

3. To embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in favour of the right of every people to self-government and the maintenance of their own nationality.

4. To promote a good understanding among the peoples of all countries.

W. J. Linton, the well-known wood engraver, who was the first Secretary, gives, in his "Recollections," a quotation from the

Address written from the draft prepared by Mazzini, which is full of interest to-day, plunged as we have been in a struggle to uphold the national rights of small peoples and the duties of great nations :

"In the division of Europe among the several powers at the Congress of Vienna an immense error, not to say a great iniquity, was committed. The natural peculiarities of character, the indications of different destinies, the diverse natural tendencies of various peoples were altogether overlooked or disregarded. Questions of the balance of power, of imaginary equalities, calculated by ciphers representing square miles or millions of men, not human ideas, human wants, human tendencies, were the considerations that decided the partition of Europe. It was a hurried, ill-advised, and improvident work, concocted on the one hand by Powers that had nothing in view but their own despotic interests and aggrandisement, on the other by politicians looking no further than their own time, seeking only for present peace, frightened at and weary of the convulsions through which Europe had just passed, and without faith in the future—men anxious merely to reconstitute the old system which Napoleon had broken down, and who had given neither time nor sympathy to the study of those vital elements out of which a new system might be constructed, and upon which alone permanent peace and progression can be established. . . . The question now at issue throughout Europe, at the bottom of all European movements, is the question of nationality, of national rights and duties."

The League started to life on April 28th, at the *Crown and Anchor* in the Strand. Dr. Bowring took the chair at the inaugural meeting and a strong committee was elected for the year.

Linton records that the League was favourably noticed by at least fourteen foreign papers and that the Address was translated into five languages. In Switzerland, public demonstrations of sympathy celebrated the birth of the movement, and the Council of the League published a pamphlet of Mazzini's on the question at that time agitating Switzerland, namely, the separation of the Catholic Cantons from the Swiss Confederation. In 1843 these Cantons had formed themselves into a Union called the Sonderbund. The Sonderbund refused, in September, 1847, to obey the Decree of the Diet expelling the Jesuits. Mazzini's pamphlet, at once translated into French and German, obtained a considerable

circulation and may have influenced Lord Palmerston, for at this rather critical juncture he sent a strong advice to the Swiss Diet that was quite in accord with Mazzini's views. A great danger was overcome, for the French and Austrian Ministers, as well as the King of Piedmont, were covertly supporting the forces that would have broken up Switzerland—not only with advice but with arms and money. But the Diet stood firm, and won in the fight that ensued. In a letter home Mazzini wrote: "Father is right in saying that these peaceful valleys have been devastated by civil war ever since the Jesuits set foot there. But the Jesuits are not the only cause of the trouble; the despotic powers cannot tolerate a Republican State in the heart of Europe. A great general war is drawing nigh between the principles of progress and reaction, of liberty and despotism." Words that have proved true!

To Eliza.

Almost certainly April 9th, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

I write a few words only, I have neither time nor disposition to write. I feel, since two or three days, without any definite cause, dreadfully annoyed with myself: feeling my life a complete failure, myself—as you said once most shamefully of yourself—a great humbug, and repeating mentally oftener than wanted the forbidden "Oh, never more—oh, never more on me," etc. I cannot give nor receive happiness. This accursed word has come under my pen—do good, I mean. I can feel affection, perhaps inspire it too; but in *my* affection, there is a shadow of everlasting sadness, a consciousness of impotency, as I said, to do any good, very often a fear to do evil. In affection towards me, there is no doubt a great deal of charity, which spoils the thing. Writing annoys me; besides, I cannot write what I wish; I *must* write things, for which I entertain the highest contempt possible, for *Lowe's Magazine* and so forth. I feel that the only good thing for me would be to act; to close this useless, wearisome career of mine with a manly protest and fly away. You all would love me in the same way, perhaps more; and I fancy that I would love you all more effectually. But this too is idle talk, I cannot act. And after all, I think I had better hold my tongue and keep quiet till the "blue devils" choose to leave me, which will be the case perhaps very soon. Only, I wanted to justify my silence or laconism, by giving you an insight in the present unsettled state of my mind. Do not trouble yourself in the least about it. It is a frequent condition of mine; then, transitory, and likely to be

removed by the least thing. But, while it lasts it turns everything to worse. . . .

To Eliza, in Manchester.

Probably April 13th, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

Did you not think my silence decidedly ominous? . . .

Why do you take to despondency? Why do you speak about yourself such a word as the one I cannot take upon myself to repeat? You are esteemed and cherished: that is a matter of course; you cannot give back all the affection you awake, or rather—for that is the meaning—you cannot repay it with the happiness you should wish to give: that, too, is a matter of course; who can? but that, too, is a matter of course. Affection here down is nothing but a *promise* of happiness elsewhere. Do not analyse feelings: do not calculate the possible consequences of affection in Sta . . . or anybody else. Who knows what an amount of sadness my own affection may one day confer—I do not say to myself; *that* I do not mind at all—but on you and all of you? Am I to run away, on that account, from Muswell Hill and its Sunday inhabitants?

I have had a long letter from Miss Fuller. She has been three days at Genoa; visited my mother, been delighted with her and left her in raptures. She visited all my house; and sent me two leaves of a herb growing on the window of my library.* She was welcomed by everybody at Genoa, but stopped only three days. The article on *André* is published, I think. *En revanche*, I am forgotten. An article of mine on Communism lies since one month in the hands of Saunders, with a great deal of discussing between him and James on account of a passage in which I blame the theory of Owen! The League is adjourned after Easter. Did you see the second statement of Saunders? And the letter of Mrs. Howitt at the end? What an unutterable contempt I do feel for them both!

Emilie has been more ill than usual with her heart these last two weeks: she seems better now. I don't know what I would not give of my own health and life to have her stronger and safe. Give me your address if you mean to stop longer where you are; and believe me always, dear Eliza,

Your very affectionate

JOS. MAZZINI.

* The scented verbena, called *erba luisa* in Genoa, which grows tall in Italy.—E. A. V.

To Emilie. On miniature pink-edged paper, two inches by one inch, and enclosing a written Admission to the Bazaar at Mrs. Milner-Gibson's for the benefit of the Free Italian School.

May 12th, 1847.
Wednesday.

In the hypothesis that you may have friends willing to visit the Bazaar, and with plenty of engagements, I enclose two admission tickets: for those who do not stand in need of a very long notice, you will have as many as wanted the first time I will have the pleasure of seeing you.

And concerning this first time, I should wish to be enlightened beforehand as to the consequences of the League-meeting of to-morrow. Shall I be summoned anywhere afterwards? Through various causes and possible engagements, I ought to know by to-morrow evening. Let it not be taken as a hint; and let me not be considered by Caroline, or Sydney, or James, or you in the light of a fatality, or, more vulgarly, an unavoidable bore, which sometimes, I fancy, might begin to be the case. I enclose two tickets more for Caroline; in case I would not see her to-morrow evening.

Ever affectionately yours,
Jos. Mazzini.

To Eliza, at Knighton. On the same miniature paper in envelope to match.

May 12th, 1847.

Dear Friend,

And so, after a very long silence, I reach you at Knighton with these few words, that you may not have to scold me too much when first you see me. And as to my silence, let the responsibility fall on the League, on the Bazaar, on the Concert [also held for the benefit of his school], on Emilie, Caroline, the Clan in *solidum*, and besides on a certain dreamy, vague state of mine, between good and bad, that does not allow me to have or express two rational ideas. The Bazaar—why you come just in time; it is to be held on the 22nd of this very month, at the residence of Mrs. Milner-Gibson! "L'homme propose et la femme dispose," and whilst I was just writing to the four winds that it was postponed; and whilst I was busy about the concert, which, by the way, will take place on the 15th of June—there comes a note stating in the coolest manner possible that the Bazaar *will* take place etc., etc. Objects from Rome are actually on their way to London on some merchant ship: objects from Genoa and other points are in active preparation; still, what is that to Arethusa? [Mrs. Milner-Gibson]. The Bazaar will take place, etc. Doors opened from one o'clock till seven; tickets of admission and so on. I suppose I will have

ELIZA ASHURST
From an unfinished sketch

two little Bazaars instead of the Grand one; the first almost exclusively English, at Mrs. Milner-Gibson's, the second almost exclusively Italian towards the end of the year, perhaps at the School at the time of the Anniversary—I have had the League ticket for Miss Jewsbury; and I will give it myself on Sunday, at Muswell Hill: where I will stop till ten if I do succeed in finding out a Lecturer [for the Sunday evening lecture at the school]—I was there on Sunday, too, only till seven. To-day I will have plenty of copies of our Address [of the People's International League] with the names of the Council, etc., but as the time for seeing one another is now so near, I will not send a single copy to Manchester, before we have talked the matter over with you and Miss Jewsbury.

I have *heard* Staudigl * at Emilie's the day before yesterday—and I liked him of course—that is, he made me suffer, he being in a state of perfect happiness all the while. In these few words there is all my praise and all my blame, and a whole theory upon Art and Artists which I reserve for a number of the future Review. I would gladly insert this homœopathic-sized letter in its appropriate envelope; but I fear it will glide through the rough hand of the postman; so I enclose it, as a safeguard, in a large one. God bless you and believe me

Ever affectionately yours,

Jos Mazzini.

To James.

Seems May, 1847.

Dear James,

Did you see the article against the League in the *Times* of this day? If not, read it. I don't know how it will affect our friends Taylor and Co.; but to me it looks a very favourable thing. From the *Times* we could not expect any help; and an attack in a leading article, when there has scarcely been any publicity given to the League, means that we are a more important body than is admitted in the Article. Still, somebody, Douglas Jerrold, for instance, in his paper ought to

* An Austrian singer who achieved considerable success in London. A romantic story, that he had escaped from a monastery, somehow obtained credence, though it could have had no foundation in fact. "Staudigl was engaged at the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, which is not only a State-subsidized theatre but also enjoys a special subsidy from the Emperor's privy purse. It is most unlikely that under such circumstances the Opera House would engage an apostate priest: the staff of the Imperial Opera was considered as being Government servants—singers, orchestra, every one of them. They have the standing of Civil Servants (something like the Societaires of the Comédie Française); the Government and the Emperor himself exercise full control and the expenses of the upkeep went down in the Civil Service estimates. The 'Intendant' (*i.e.* chief director) holds his appointment direct from the Emperor and must therefore be a Roman Catholic."—From a private letter of the Baroness Orczy.

mention the article, just as a good omen for the League: one could find articles of the same kind in the *Times*, on the first beginnings of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which he [the *Times*] ended by patronizing.

Try, when occasion is given, to insist on Saunders for the immediate insertion of my answer as it is. I am entitled to it, attacked with such a levity of tone as I have been. Two weeks have already elapsed since the last attack. You may tell him, that even if I was re-answered, he may rely upon my silence.

Try to get an answer, too, for Miss Glascott's poetry. Give my brotherly love to Caroline, believe me, dear James,

Ever yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

Did you write to Mr. Biggs about the League? We must really display all our activity for getting as large as possible an amount of members and subscriptions so as to be enabled to start up before the public at large with a great meeting or in any other way.

The League did actually "start up before the public with a great meeting" in November.

In explanation of Mazzini's doubt as to how the antagonism of the *Times* might affect Peter Taylor and Co., it must be remembered that the men and women in England who most sympathized with his passion for liberty were those who created what has subsequently been known as the Manchester school—ardent believers in the free trade which had then, for nearly a year, been the accredited policy of England, and it necessarily coloured the Liberal minds of the country. The idea that each people should settle its own affairs without interference from another, apparently inhered in the belief that if all commercial barriers were removed prosperity and peace must naturally accrue. It is this alone that explains the strange fact that a man so singularly kind and of such liberal tendencies as Richard Cobden should have evinced no sympathy in the passionate strivings towards freedom which he must have witnessed in the cities of Italy that he visited in 1846–47. Wherever he went the opportunity was taken to slide in a patriotic meeting under cover of the compliments paid to the great Englishman, or of striking the note of freedom in the banquet-speeches made in his honour. At Rome a celebrated improvisatore threw out a daring, passionate appeal to him. Cobden records the appeal, but comments merely

on the admirable general way in which the dinner went off! In 1859 he seems to have failed to realize the meaning of the sacrifice of Nice and Savoy to France, preoccupied as he was in negotiating the Treaty of Commerce with that country, the emperor—the man of the *Coup d'État* and the destroyer of the freedom of Rome—having "warmly embraced the principles of free trade."

It was owing to the slowness of Peter Taylor, a sincere admirer of Cobden, in approving the full programme of the People's International League, that the project hung fire from 1845 to 1847. Mazzini's view that the oneness of Humanity entailed the duty of intervention was, to these Free Traders, who for the most part had thrown off definite religion along with orthodox trammels, a distasteful doctrine. To them the essential principle of Mazzini's gospel was a matter, so to speak, of non-apprehension, round which they worked without contradicting it in any positive way; for, as James Stansfeld used to say, "Mazzini carried us completely out of ourselves, and transferred his convictions into our hearts and heads." But, when not under the immediate spell of his immense faith, the faith of his hearers was apt to droop in the atmosphere to which they usually returned.

Very unacceptable to the *Times* would be Mazzini's plain speaking as to England's "abdication" of her place—or in other words, her duty—and his reckoning up of the elements with which the absolutism of Austria would have one day to reckon. Already, in 1843, he had declared that "In Austria there is a Slav movement which no one troubles about, but which one day, when united with our work, will wipe Austria off the map of Europe."

In no case has Mazzini's prescience proved more remarkable than in this; and, confronted as we are to-day, with the actual fulfilment by the Czecho-Slovaks of the process he foretold, it seems not inappropriate to glance over the Address of the People's International League which was designed, among other aims, to point the way to it. "The insularity of England [her adoption of the non-intervention attitude at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and at Troppau and Laibach in 1820–21], her concentration on the affairs of her own country, encourages absolutism to interfere with national rights in a way it dare not do were England to object, but she has not hitherto cared even to understand the

workings of absolutism in Europe. But now the virtual abrogation of the Treaty of Vienna by the recent suppression of Cracow,* has opened a new era to Europe, especially as the political system established and guaranteed by that treaty had already undergone modifications and changes by the rejection of the elder branch of the Bourbons, the severance of Belgium from Holland [1830], and the upspringing of a new kingdom of Greece. Now that the three absolute Powers [Russia, Prussia and Austria] have shown by their usurpations that *they are not to be restrained by treaties however solemnly contracted*, † is not the professed respect for those treaties a farce and a sham? In any case the people never accepted them, and are daily giving evidence that they intend to substitute living nationalities for the arbitrary divisions imposed by the Powers. Whether the struggle will be fierce and prolonged or brief and comparatively bloodless will depend much on England's conduct. But that nothing can avert the struggle is as clear as daylight—proved by never-conquered Poland, by the rebirth of Greece, by Switzerland who intends to unite in one federal bond the general Swiss interests, disdaining the constitution imposed upon her in 1815; by Germany, still bent on National Unity. In Italy, no local remedies nor partial improvements can stay the agitation. Italy wills to be One. Hers is a national question; twenty-four millions of men, tried and disciplined by three hundred years of common bondage and martyrdom, mean to unite in one compact body, to have some recognition of their part and mission in the life and destinies of Europe.

"A race of eighty millions (including the Poles and Russian Slavs), spreading from the Elbe to Kamtchatka, from the frozen sea to Ragusa; five million Chekhs in Bohemia; two million Moravians scattered through Silesia and Hungary; itwo million Slovaks in Hungary; two million Croatians and Slovenes in Styria and Carinthia; the Serbs, Bulgars and Bosnians in Turkey; the Dalmatians, Illyrians and Slavonians in Austria—they, too, are looking to a new era in Europe; they, too, have risen from a literary movement unknown to England to a political one equally unknown, and are demanding the common life and unity of

* By the Congress of Vienna, 1815, which gave Poland to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the city of Cracow was erected into a free republic under the guarantees of the Powers, but in 1846, Austria, disregarding the protests of France and England, took possession of the city on the pretext that it had become a hotbed of Polish disaffection.

† The italics are mine.

nationality. From all this the position of Europe, the volcano on which it sleeps, may be discerned. Will not England try to bring on a calm and peaceful evolution?

"There are three Powers representing absolutism leagued together for any foul deed that may serve their design; and none are leagued against them. England having abdicated her place in Europe, has no hold upon these Powers except through their interests, which may or not be the same as ours. Besides the atheism and selfishness of the abdication, is it a wise one, even from the point of view of her future influence and material prosperity?"

These words, cried as it seemed in a wilderness of ignorance, were nevertheless not quite without effect, as first little Switzerland, and afterwards Italy came to know; for English political weight told in the one case; and English political influence, plus some individual English valour, in the other, certainly did something towards converting Metternich's "geographical expression" into the Italy of to-day.

In an article which he was invited to contribute to the *People's Journal*, Mazzini puts the position even more forcibly, and the words carry such an intimate meaning for us, paint so clearly the picture of the world as we remember it in the distant days of 1914, that we may well reperuse them. After speaking of the movement of the Slavonian races as a "renovating element in Europe," he proceeds:

"There is no longer at present any Public Law in Europe. The Treaties of Vienna formed the basis of international transactions among the European governments: they are no more. There exists now between the despotic states in Europe a league in order to accomplish Evil, whensoever that can serve their interests. . . . There exists no alliance for Good, for the protection of national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceable evolvement of the progressive principle. In the heart of a Humanity which calls itself Christian, there is absolutely nothing *collective* to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity, the common mission of everything that bears upon its brow the sign of human nature. Hate reigns, for only Hate now *acts*: it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts, its right is Force. Here, it organizes and accomplishes with atheistic *sang-froid*, the butchering of one caste by another; there, it combats beliefs by torture, it crushes down the human soul by the knout; elsewhere

it says *the independence of this territory hinders my projects*—and it suppresses it. . . . Brute Force says to Switzerland: '*You shall have neither Compact nor Nationality, but so soon as civil war appears in the midst of you we shall occupy your territories with our armies.*' Brute Force says to the Italians: '*Remain disunited, hostile, feeble; we will it so, and our armies are there to maintain our will.*' There is not a single government which dares interpose, in the name of God, and of Immortal Justice, not one that appears to feel how immoral, how impious, how atheistic is this inertness.

"Such is the actual state of Europe; such is the lesson unfolded by the occupation of Cracow. It is the throwing off the mask on the part of the despotic principle, a gauntlet of defiance flung in the name of Force at all peoples or governments who maintain that the law of the world is the principle of liberty in love.

"Shall the gauntlet be taken up? It shall, without doubt, in an hour more or less remote, by the enslaved peoples. But for those who already rejoice in their liberty, are there not henceforth duties? Can they not, even now, accomplish them in part?"

Do we not see here, pictured in Mazzini's mind, the conception which has to-day found birth in the League of Nations? Had the People's International League lived, had the men who consented to start it held the *religious* views of Mazzini, had they possessed his faith in progress, had they perceived as he did that progress is *achieved*, not passively allowed, who can tell how much sooner the "ramshackle Empire" might have been broken up?

To Emilie.

July 24th, 1847.
Saturday.

Yes: the two [copies of a Daguerreotype] must be sent; but why not the twelve in Mr. Claudet's * possession? Is it not very important to posterity to have mixed in one all the transient momentary expressions of Joseph Mazzini's face? The one taken with the little book—Paley's *Ethics*—must reveal some secret of my soul which ought not to be left unheeded. Between ferocity and incipient madness there are so many transitionary steps, to be put on record! Posterity will be so cross at missing one! Think

* Claudet Antoine François Jean, F.S.A. and Knight of the Legion of Honour, was a famous French photographer who settled in England, in 1797–1867. He wrote much about photography.

of this and ask Mr. Stone if I am to go to Claudet's and have some few dozen more taken.

I receive—through Caroline—an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes which made me look bewildered—I wish I had had Mr. Claudet at hand—before I had ascertained from whom it was.

It was decreed yesterday, that I should not dine. After having walked from Lisson Grove to Circus Road, I found—owing to some man having forgotten to communicate with me, as ordered, no one at home.

A Lundi, au revoir, till then and after, and always

yours,

JOSEPH MAZ.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House.

August 7th, 1847.

Suppose that a letter should come for me during your sojourn in the country, what would be its fate?

I will call on you on Monday morning and give you my paternal blessing.

The news from Italy are such that I have my head almost unsettled through the many things that *ought* to be done, *could* perhaps be done, etc. But I have not a minute left to speak about the subject; I must write letters and other things. I will speak on Monday morning.

Ever your

JOSEPH M.

The state of confusion in which opinions and currents of thought were whirling in Italy was at this time particularly "unsettling." There had been established in Brussels, as a counterblast to "Young Italy," a society known as the "Società dei Veri Italiani," whose members, all equally determined to expel the Austrians, presently divided themselves into two distinct sections. All were "moderate" Liberals—men earnestly looking to reform their country but who for a variety of reasons—traceable to want of a sufficiently wide outlook and of sufficient daring—would not accept Mazzini's gospel. One section, following the lead of Gioberti, a Piedmontese priest, hoped for the salvation of Italy by a reformed and reforming Pope whom the King of Piedmont (Charles Albert) would second. Gioberti almost echoed Mazzini's teachings on independence, the duty of fighting, Rome's mission to give the world the new, regenerating Word; but he

put aside as a dream the goal of Italian Unity and preached a Federation of States. Scores of "Young Italians" went over to him, his gospel seeming less discordant with the faith they had been professing than it actually was. The second section was led by Cesare Balbe, who, instead of looking to the Pope, centred every hope in the King of Piedmont; but they, too, were Federalists, not Unionists, and though they preached a stern, inspiring, optimistic gospel of action not wholly dissonant with Mazzini's own, they turned the public mind away from the all-important aim—Unity. They did not see the full import of the principle of Nationality. They did not conceive of a United Italy as an Individual among nations, they aimed rather, at a closely associated group of three peaceful neighbours who should possess certain common interests to which they would attend—presumably each in her own way, and without undue rivalry.

Another current of thought, perhaps a blend of both the above, resulted in a rising in Rimini with the object of forcing a programme upon the Pope: momentous, as giving impulsion to the Piedmontese policy and bringing into definite relief the "Albertists,"—as believers in Charles Albert were called—of whom the Marquis d'Azeglio became the ensign-bearer. Mazzini saw the possibilities that might be developed out of these cross-currents of policy in Italy, and assured the leaders that the question of a republican form of government should remain entirely subordinate to the supreme need of unity if they on their side would work for unity instead of federalism; and a not inconsiderable group of Royalists, accepting the idea, aimed at a policy which would drive Charles Albert onwards until the Piedmontese crown should become the crown of Italy. The character of Charles Albert—whose health was wretched—teemed with every kind of contradiction, and may almost be said to have lent something of its own impress to the impending struggle, for in it were exhibitions of weakness where strength was most needed, a partial outlook when circumstances demanded a grand survey, retail measures in situations that cried for wholesale, and the want of direction when direction became the tragic need.

The accession of a reforming Pope, June 17th, 1846, had infused new courage into Charles Albert, who now felt that Liberalism was justified; and for a time the Jesuits seemed thrown into abeyance. But Pius IX. furnished a spectacle of ineffectiveness

that was paralysing in its influence, and the Moderates took the contagion badly. "Over-confidence from the seeming triumph of their programme, trust in the Pope and unwillingness to force his hands prevented them from driving their policy home." The Jesuits, with their far-sighted and settled aims, knew how to turn every delay, every vacillation to practical account, in scotching if not killing measures that would confer power on the people ; and by the summer of 1847 a state of popular exasperation, leading to belief in a great conspiracy to stifle liberty, began to find vent. Some citizen guards were formed, and certain press-laws in Rome and Tuscany had to be abolished. Metternich, stirred with angry alarm, went so far in his threats as to provoke Lord Palmerston and the French Minister into counter-threats should he venture on a policy of aggression. Thwarted as to the big, overawing move that he desired to make, Metternich sent a large extra force to the garrison of Ferrara within the Pope's dominions, over which Austria possessed some treaty rights. Presuming beyond these rights, on August 6th the military patrolled the streets of the city, and on the 14th they took full possession of it.

Not only Italy was roused by this aggression against His Holiness : Garibaldi and his heroic legion in Montevideo, thrilling with indignation, offered their aid. The sense of a common danger hurried political adversaries into making common cause. The Pope appealed to Charles Albert, the Giobertists and the Albertists drew together, and the King drew nearer to both. Citizen guards were authorized and armed not only in Rome but in Lucca (September 1st)—whence, a few days later, the reigning Duke fled, having first abdicated—and in Tuscany (September 4th). Hatred and fear of Austria sent forward the national cause with a great bound. It was a moment big with opportunity, but needing a co-ordinating mind to deliver it to a supreme purpose.

To Emilie, then in Paris.

September 17th, 1847.

DEAR EMILIE,

I received, after due delay, through Shaen, your letter to Jos. Mazzini, Esq. I had not a single moment of rest, all these days, to answer it. Fresh events are starting up in Italy every day, just on purpose to unsettle my head, make me write ten letters, and feel more unsettled after. Still, on the whole,

things are improving. Our *moderate*[*s*] are left behind by the people. Our tri-coloured flag [the Italian colours, taken by the republican party] was never in this programme; nor the system of popular *émeutes* substituted to petitions. Never mind what *they* print or shout: never mind what they act. Depend upon me; there is no danger that we conquer too little of liberty; "wait a little longer." The danger, the real danger, that which unsettles me, is the one concerning Unity; Unity, not a political crotchet, but the thing upon which every other depends, our power of doing good, our mission in the world, the dream of all my life, the condition in which alone the Word may come to the World again from Italy. There is real danger for that. Between our princes yielding, our "moderate" leaders preaching, our having never been *one* country, our hopes, our fears, our absolute political ignorance—for all that is done springs from instincts, not from thoughts, just now—it is rather difficult to see one's way clearly to *that*. To such an uncertainty you can attribute the enthusiasm of Lamberti [a trusted friend of early days and a worker for Young Italy]—even Lamberti—for the Pope. I do not grumble much at it now: the Pope is a man, and not a dynasty. And as to the Thought of Truth, the Pope-President of the Italian Commonwealth would rise a man and sink the Pope. I consider this as the last agony of Popedom-Authority. And in my own way of feeling, I would (or should) not be sorry at a Great Institution dying for once in a noble manner, transmitting the watchword of the future era before vanishing, rather than sinking into the Crockford—or Tuileries—mud, like English Aristocracy and French Monarchy. A moral Power, like a Great Man, ought always to die so: with the words of the dying Goethe in his mouth, "let more light in." Of course, Pius IX. is, all the while, an unconscious Goethe.* His coming may prove a great providential fact, without his having to claim a great merit for it. But as I see that you begin evidently to feel cross at my writing nothing to you but Italy and politics, I pass to other far more important objects, viz. the portrait, *my* portrait, and Staudigl.

"There is a tide, etc." We cannot be completely happy nor unhappy in this sublunary world of ours. The portrait, alas! is almost disfigured—but oh! Staudigl has been *aux petits soins* with

* No one has, perhaps, appreciated Goethe better than Mazzini, who saw the reason of his limitations. In his wonderful essay on Byron and Goethe, Mazzini says of the latter that he is "the pagan poet of modern times. His world is above all things the world of forms. Like the pagans he parcels out Nature into fragments, and makes of each a divinity; like them, he worships the sensuous rather than the ideal; he looks, touches, and listens far more than he feels. Goethe is the poet of details, not of unity; of analysis, not of synthesis. He has felt *everything*; but he has never felt *the whole*. He was incapable of tracing all to a common source, or of seeing, with Herder, in 'every creature a numerator of the grand denominator, Nature.'"

me last Saturday. Posterity will lose my hands; but Staudigl has been laughing during three minutes and three seconds—I have a watch—at my comparing a Sun-flower (black and yellow) to "an omelet with a thought of crime in it." I could now die in peace, were it not for that portrait; no; I could knock my head—not my hands, they are too beautiful—against the wall were it not for Staudigl's applause. After all, "la France est-elle Reine du Monde?" No; well then: Evil is still parading the world; all sorts of strange things happening, Jenny Linds fail in the province[s], Lintons write *services*, and portraits—portraits of Jos. Mazzini, Esq., as you call me on the cover of a letter enclosed in another—be spoiled. The worse has still to come, I fear: how many dozens of Daguerreotypes am I to submit to?—I have not given your best love to Goodwin Barmby: * the traitor has been *conversing* against me in Mr. Baynes' chapel. I merely contented myself with stating that you had an immense admiration for his talents and beard. He means to send you a copy of the *Promethean;* which you will read after having re-read three times *Dombey and Son*. I am writing literally without seeing; I have been writing letters all the day, which I am to give to-morrow morning at nine o'clock—won't you pity me?—to Mario [the Tenor]; and my eyes are quite troubled. I think sadly of posterity and wonder whether you will chose this very—unintelligible it must be—letter for an autograph on the first page of my Life. I like your sketch of Calamatta; † it is an argument composed of two premisses—looking rather incongruous—still wanting a consequence or corollary, as learned people say. I have made acquaintance with Miss Camilla Toulmin: a great event; she is a good eater. I like her very much. Will you be so kind as to not smoke too much, by-the-by? Tell Sydney that—ten to one—we shall have the first Great Meeting of the League next week? We are to settle about it to-morrow evening; that is *this* evening, as Stolzmann ‡ would not fail to say. James has been one day in town: I saw him. Ask Lamberti to show you a copy of the number of the *Conciliatore* in which a letter of mine is printed:

* Linton says that in his callow days Barmby was a very earnest itinerant all-on-his-own-hook preacher of a sort of socialism; but settled down as a Unitarian minister. He was eccentric, and often filled South Place Chapel with a congregation of men and women of advanced thought. Mazzini disagreed with his socialistic tenets.

† Calamatta, the distinguished Italian engraver, undertook to engrave the portrait of Mazzini which Emilie had painted for the Exile's mother. Many months elapsed before he either sent the engraving or answered Emilie's inquiries on the subject.

‡ An officer in the Polish army implicated in the rising of 1830. He joined Young Italy at its start; filled a command in the Savoy Expedition and came to England in 1837. He went to live with Linton at Coniston, in the house afterwards sold to Ruskin, and tutored Linton's boys. In 1854 he was elected to the Polish Democratic Committee, but died suddenly before he could take up any active work in connection with it.

must you not read everything I write? You will have, too, from him in due time, the letter to the Pope. I give him special instructions on the subject. I know nothing of myself; I am still the *coming man*; but uncertain about the time. God knows that I should wish very much to come directly. Remember me to Sydney. I will write again very soon. Be careful about your health; remember that you are to come back a little stronger. And believe me, dear Emilie,

ora e sempre,
affectionately yours,
Jos. Maz.

To Emilie, 4 Rue d'Olger, Paris.

September 18th, 1847.

Dear Emilie,

Will you give or send as soon as possible, the enclosed to Lamb[erti]? Your address is *now* the best I have, because it is a *new* one. As for the rest, be calm and strong and healthy as much as you can: and have my deep thanks for the manner in which you expressed yourself. If confirmatory news comes, you will see me very soon: if not—I will write again. I am now in a dreadful hurry; but ever

yours,
Joseph.

The confirmatory news awaited by Mazzini may have been expected from Leghorn. Excitement in Italy was leaving no section of the populace untouched; but under cover of enthusiasm over the establishment of citizen-guards and the *rapprochement* of the diverse political parties, there bubbled a furious hatred of the foreigner coupled with suspicion of the governments. At Leghorn so serious a riot took place that it seemed as though nothing short of a Constitution would appease the people. Mr. Bolton King speaks of the situation as follows: "Confidence and distrust struggled for mastery. The friends of the old system filled the civil service, and threw a thousand obstacles in the working of the new laws. Popular demands were growing in ever-increasing ratio, and the Press, which had leapt into active life in Tuscany and the Papal States, was likely to force the pace still more; while riots at Leghorn and demonstrations at Rome pointed to forces which might hurry reform into revolution. Already civil blood had been spilt in Calabria. [Reggio and Messina rose September 1st, 1847.] But on the

surface Italy seemed as one against Austria. Everything pointed to an early war; the only question was whether the governments or the revolution would lead the nation to the field." *

To Emilie, then in Paris.

September 22nd, 1847.

DEAR EMILIE,

A few words only. God knows, and you ought to know, that I should wish to write pages and pages to you, but I cannot: you must guess and feel them. There is a sort of *revirement* in the news about Italy: still, I would not feel astonished at the first advice proving, in a short time, correct. We shall see. Thanks for the thought of drawing Lamberti for me.

I did not ask for it, because I cannot help anticipating, as almost impending, a moment in which we shall plunge again where portraits will not be of much use, in whatever way the conclusion is brought on. Still, delays may take place; and at all events it is good that, either in mine or in your hands, some feature of a thoroughly good and honest patriot remains . . .

I am collecting as far as I can from my Italian people here for the National Italian Fund, and you must, if you see Ruffini; scold him severely for not exerting himself at Paris as I do here.

Remember me,

ever affectionately yours,

JOSEPH.

The address of the city is the best one. Spite of Lord Palmerston's favouring our Pope, I do not feel quite sure that my letters here are safe. The interference † is for the Moderate Party, against the *rabid* one.

* Condensed from *A History of Italian Unity*.

† "Incalculable are the services rendered to European liberty by the English statesman. When it appeared that Austria meditated an invasion of the Sardinian territory should the King of Sardinia, in the exercise of his indisputable rights of sovereignty, make certain organic arrangements within his own dominions which would be displeasing to Austria, Lord Palmerston instructed the Earl of Minto—whom he sent on an informal sort of mission to Italy to take cognizance of the situation—to place himself in communication with the government of his Sardinian Majesty. 'You will assure him of the sincere friendship and goodwill of the government of Great Britain. You will say that Her Majesty can never forget that the crown of Sardinia has been the faithful and steady ally of the crown of Great Britain through periods of the greatest difficulty, through trials of extreme severity, through trials the most painful and distressing, and that His Sardinian Majesty may at all times and under all circumstances rely upon finding in Her Majesty a true and disinterested friend.' When Prince Castelcicala, the Neapolitan envoy in London, begs him to prevent communication between the Italian exiles in Malta and Joseph Mazzini in London, 'as they are meditating an expedition from Malta to the continent,' he, having ascertained that no such project existed, answers 'that no military expedition would be permitted to start from Malta for an

To Emilie, at Tavistock House.

October 8th, 1847.
Friday.

Shall I find you at home to-morrow between half-past twelve and half-past one? I will call and spend half an hour with you before my going. I will endeavour to see Caroline for some minutes this day or to-morrow.

Ever affectionately yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

Mazzini, on this journey went first to Switzerland, then to Paris, then to La Vallée Noire to visit George Sand; thence back to the Swiss frontier, and in December he returned to London.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. Postmark Boulogne, October 14th, 1847. Written on the 13th in a disguised hand.

DEAR FRIEND,

The *traversée* has been beautiful. You will hear from me very soon. With plenty of affectionate things to all, believe me, dear Emilie,

Ever affect. yours,
S. MORAIS.

To Emilie. From Paris.

November 14th, 1847.

DEAR EMILIE,

First of all—Posterity! No sketch from Calamatta. Does he work? Does he forget me and the Millions? Shall I be obliged to set Notre Dame on fire for celebrity's sake? I really begin to despair. My portrait—that is a portrait with my name under it—has been *inaugurated* in a coffee-house at Leghorn, the *Caffè Ferruci*: there is some consolation in this: but the wide-and-far Posterity lies in Calamatta's hands. My cold is not over but I think I feel an imperceptible improvement. I take all possible cares, you may depend upon it: applying cigars; are they not a narcotic, depressing thing?—and never forgetting my cognac [Mrs. Ashurst had given him a little flask of cognac for the

aggression on the dominions of the King of Naples,' but urges the extreme gratification that Her Majesty's government would derive from learning that the King of Naples was following the praiseworthy example set him by his neighbouring sovereign the Pope, 'because such a course would lead far more completely to secure the internal peace of the kingdom of the two Sicilies than can be accomplished by any orders which it can be in the power of Her Majesty's government to give to the government of Malta,' "—J. W. Mario. Unpublished MS.

journey] ; is it not an exciting thing ? The one or the other must do me good.

I would be back already were it not for the Swiss affairs. [The civil war between the Sonderbund and the other Cantons broke out in this month and lasted eighteen days.] France and Austria had most positively decided to interfere : they will not dare to realize the scheme if the Cantons of the Sonderbund are quickly conquered ; still, I must see from this place how things turn, for should an invasion take place there would be something to be done on our part. All will be decided very soon. In my country things are going on. Concessions from our Princes, which would be bad enough if spontaneously granted, are working well because, being the produce of popular agitation they give to our masses the consciousness of their strength. When our princes will stop in the career, then will be the turn of the people and of our National party. It shall [will] not be long before that moment arrives. I have letters from Madame Sand that will make you like her more and more. I have done all that I could to persuade her to a journey in England ; but I doubt the results. She cannot go now to the expense of journeying ; and when her difficulties are conquered she seems bent on another journey to Italy. By her, by Lammenais, etc., England is still viewed in a strange light ; partly true, but exaggerated : it is still for them the land of aristocracy and utilitarianism ; the first bad, the second unpoetical, leading to a calculating, egotistical spirit. The only protestation to be found [is] in Byron—by the by, Madame Sand is as enthusiastic an admirer of Byron as a *man*, as I am : tell this to Caroline—and he could not live in England.

The best account of the Sicilian Vespers that you can find is in the "Storia dei Vespri Siciliani" from [by] my friend Michele Amari ; to be found at Rolandi's [Library]—two volumes. I have no time to write to-day and I knew it when I began, but I felt an irrepressible impulse towards sending a few lines to you. How are M^rs^ Ashurst and M^r^ Ashurst ? Many kind things to Caroline, Eliza, Bessie, Sydney, James, and William. Take care of your health, or I will carry my cold with me to England.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOSEPH.

Lamberti, Ruffini, etc., send their homage. Scipione Pistrucci wrote from Leghorn on his way to Pisa. Don't forget the Anniversary. [The Anniversary (November 20th) of the opening of his Italian School of which he had already spoken in a letter to William.]

To Emilie, from Paris. December 3rd, 1847.

DEAR FRIEND,

I think that I will reach London on Sunday, and consequently—see you on Monday. I have your note, and will try to find the guitar. Still, I cannot vouchsafe for it. I am obliged to be more prudent these last days than I was on the first. I will explain the why. Yes, Lucerne is conquered and the Sonderbund at an end; but Diplomacy is at work, to what purpose we shall soon see. With all sort of affectionate things to all sisters, brothers, etc., I am, in haste,

ever yours,

JOSEPH.

December 2nd.
Thursday.

1848

To Emilie.

January 25th, 1848.
Tuesday morning.

As I always make it a point, dear Emilie, to advertise myself, I write just to inform you that, amongst the probable things is an *ex*cursion of mine between Cromer Street and Homer Place to-morrow; in which case you are threatened with half an hour of *in*cursion within your own precincts.

They have risen in Palermo, with what success, we shall know, I suppose, before I see you.

Ever yours,
Jos.

The year 1848 opened with every augury for the advancement of the People's Cause, although, in Lombardy, Metternich was on the pounce to stifle it in the "three days of blood" which he believed would extinguish popular aspirations and bring all refractory cliques to heel. The Milanese decided to strike a blow at Austrian revenues by abstaining from tobacco, and on the first two days of January scarcely a person appeared in the streets of Milan, smoking; whereupon the authorities distributed immense quantities of cigars, etc., to the military, who at once swaggered about offensively, puffing their smoke into the faces of women and non-smokers. Feelings naturally ran high, and led in many cases to blows. Radetzky promptly seized the pretext. "Cavalry charged at the unarmed crowd; workmen returning to their homes were bayoneted; several citizens were killed, over fifty wounded." Although excitement and rage rose to boiling-point, the Milanese were not fully ready for the crisis which most saw to be imminent, and for another two months they bided their time. Meanwhile, in Sicily, revolution broke out on January 12th. After eighteen days of struggle the islanders convened their

Parliament, deposed the Neapolitan King, and proclaimed the Constitution of 1812. It was a startling triumph for a mere handful of men against the might of organized oppression, and it profoundly affected not Italy only, but Europe. It constituted the opening act of that great, tragic drama which shook every throne in Europe save that of England.

To Caroline Ashurst Biggs ; * then a child of seven. From a copy.

January 31st, 1848.

At last, my dear little friend, I answer your very good and kind letter. I could not before ; and your aunt Eliza has explained it to you, days ago. I do not know if you can now understand fully what I am going to say, to explain to you how it is that I have been so long silent with you ; but I think that I must speak with you about what I have the most at heart. You know, dear Caroline, that Italy is my country, that land in which I have been born, where my mamma still lives and my father and my sister, and many good relations and friends whom I have not seen since sixteen years. Now, in Italy, there are two sets of people : the good people and the bad people. The good people, thank God, are many : they are almost all the Italians ; the bad people are very few ; but they are supported by thousands of foreigners, called Austrians, all soldiers, with muskets, cannons and cavalry, who have possessed themselves of one of the best provinces in the land, and from there are always ready to march through the other provinces or counties of Italy. Now the good men maintain that what reason they have has been given to them by God, so as to make use of it, and work freely with it for the good of all Italians and of all men : they want to speak out freely all that God suggests to them, and to print books like the one that your mamma gave you for your last birthday ; † and so forth. Is not this their right ? I am sure it is. Well, the few bad men, supported by those Austrians, say *no ;* they say that the people are not to think, to speak, to print, or to do except what they, the few bad men, like. And just on the beginning of the New Year, they have killed many, and wounded many more of the people at Milan, and they muster up in large numbers threatening and saying that they will do the same anywhere, where the people will presume to speak or to ask for their rights. Do you see now, my dear little friend, why I have been so busy without answering your letter ? And how my head and my heart must be filled with sorrow, and with the wish of helping in their just cause

* Caroline Biggs became a protagonist in the early days of the struggle for Woman's Franchise.

† *A Story of the English Parliament.*

those good men, my countrymen, who are tormented and persecuted! You, too, must pray for them, and ask Lizzie to do so. I wished very much to come to you on Christmas, especially when I was told that your mamma would not come this year to London; but it was impossible. Still, I keep the wish, and if news from my country do not take me away from England very soon, I will come one day or other, and see your Album and re-read "Les exiles en Siberie" together with you and Lizzie. Meanwhile, you must, when you write, give me more detailed news about your mamma's health; and about your studies. We speak very often with your aunt, about you all, at Muswell Hill. Be always good and charitable and loving, and believe that you will always have a good friend in

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

P.S.—How did you like Mr. Emerson? Tell me something about him. Remember me to Lizzie, Mamma, and your Papa.

19, Cropley Street,
New North Road.

Mazzini started for Paris on February 29th.

To Emilie, Tavistock House.

February 28th, 1848.
Monday.

Will you ask, dear Emilie, Frank Dillon for his passport? That is, will you ask him to have it signed at the French Embassy, for Paris, immediately? I am sure he cannot have any objection. If Boulogne was Paris I could go without any passport. But, my celebrity having not yet conquered the dull obstinacy of the Boulogne's people, it is better, to avoid bothering, that I have one. It shall be given back in one week.

I think that I will have to go, if possible, to-morrow night. I will see you to-morrow morning. If Dillon *urges* the Embassy to sign it, it will be signed to-morrow. As for the rest, any passport will be equally good for me: only if it is signed for Boulogne. All this is the consequence of another letter received just now from Paris.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

Mazzini had conceived no favourable opinion of French politicians, but he took immediate advantage of the proclamation of the Republic to cross openly to Paris.

It will be remembered that harmony during the eighteen

years' reign of the "citizen king," had been punctuated by at least seven attempts upon his life, and that many riots had broken out in various parts of the country for the purpose of dethroning him, and re-establishing the Republic. The year 1847 had been marked by a deficit in the revenue, by a short harvest, by inflated prices, by proved corruption in some of the Ministry, and by a general and increasing discontent. Public exasperation reached a climax in January, 1848, when a certain private banquet of reformers was forbidden by the authorities. Workmen in formidable numbers rose in protest, the whole of Paris participated in the commotion over this infringement of private rights and of the public constitution, property was damaged, barricades were thrown up, and the military had to be called out to restore order. Early on the morning of February 23rd, crowds overpowered the soldiers and seized their arms. The National Guard—consisting of ratepayers, whose services were also requisitioned—sided with the people, now loudly shouting for reform, and "Down with Guizot." Guizot's swift resignation did nothing to appease the general wrath, nor to hinder a sanguinary outbreak. The passion of the people terrified Louis Philippe into abdication—February 24th—but it was not until after much contention that a Provisional Government could be formed. It made its centre at the Hôtel de Ville, the old headquarters of democracy in Paris. The Republic was proclaimed on February 26th. From that moment until the election and session of an Assembly (May 15th), three men were principally responsible for the government: Lamartine, who exercised a quieting influence on the turbulence of the masses—as upon February 27th when his wonderful voice and speech alone quelled a dangerous, new insurrection—and who conceived the happy idea of converting the most troublesome popular element into a *garde mobile*; Ledru-Rollin, whose views were Republican; and Louis Blanc, who represented the Socialists.

To Emilie. From Paris; written on Wednesday and Thursday, March 1st and 2nd, 1848.

DEAR EMILIE,

Here I am, at last, after a *traversée* of three hours, nearly dangerous, in which I have, at least one hundred times, been completely showered by the waves: they were regularly washing the deck from one side to another. I kept my place to the last on deck, knowing that if I had gone down, I would have been

prosaic. But it was a battle. The wind was furiously raging; the water from both sea and heaven streaming down all my body. If I had been half an hour more, I think I would not have been able to detach myself, frozen as I was, from the rope which I had entwined myself to. Mr. Collett was sick all the time. Linton, after having struggled on deck during half the *traversée*, went down to the cabin; a true relief to me. We arrived late at Boulogne; and were obliged to lose the night there. We left to-day for Paris, and arrived here only half an hour ago: at midnight. I am well, and with very little toothache or neuralgia, owing, no doubt, to the cure at Muswell Hill. The wind is raging here too, and it rains. The town was at midnight at perfect rest: heaps of stones to be seen here and there; and a few patrols of the National Guard, half in uniform, half in *blouse*. I will see friends, acquaintances and town to-morrow. Meanwhile, I have an Odysseia of little annoyances, from Collett's continuous singing to Linton's inflicting upon me a common two-bedded room. I felt gloomy and low-spirited all the day; but I will emancipate myself to-morrow. I am at your Hotel, of course.

The Provisional Government seems to work very actively. You will know by this time that all distinctions and titles of nobility have been abolished. No one knows anything about Louis Philippe and Guizot.*

This unusually long journey will perhaps cause me to stop one or two days more than I wanted. Besides, I must, if I can, come back alone, and leave *them* to go before.

I will write again as soon as I will have been able to gather something about the real state of the affairs. Be my interpreter with all. Take care of your health; and bid Caroline to do the same. I go to bed, and will post this to-morrow, Thursday.

Ora e sempre,

Yours,

Jos. Maz.

Through an improvised suggestion of my friends here, I find that the "National" has already announced that the "People's International League" has taken the initiative of sympathy with the French movement, and is preparing to send delegates with an Address: tell Sydney and James to make haste, and send an

* Louis Philippe, his wife, the Duchess of Nemours and her children, had escaped by an underground passage from the Tuileries during a furious assault upon the palace, and made their way out of Paris in the direction of St. Cloud in two plain, single-horse carriages. Guizot got out of the city in disguise and followed the deposed king to England.

Address, appointing me as delegate; Linton will be here till Sunday.

G. Sand is here: Lamennais publishes a Journal, *Le Peuple Constituant:* Michelet, Béranger, etc., being contributors.

Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

Thursday, 9 o'clock in the morning.

In his "Recollections," W. J. Linton says that the Chartists—with whom Linton was in sympathy, but with whom Mazzini had nothing to do—seeing in the popular victory in Paris a prospect of reinvigorating their own movement, sent him and J. Dobson Collett, Secretary of the Association for the Abolition of Taxes on Knowledge, to carry the first Address of congratulation to the Provisional Government. "We travelled to Paris in company with Mazzini: and Collett returning almost immediately to England, I remained for more than a week, sharing lodgings with Mazzini." Mazzini furnished him with an introduction to Lamennais, whose *Modern Slavery* Linton had translated into English; "a man truly of the stuff of which heroes and saints were made." "Very strange," he continues, "was the appearance of Paris; the barricades not all cleared away; before public buildings cannon, watched by lads of the *garde mobile;* the anterooms of the *hôtel de ville*, where the Provisional Government held its sittings, guarded by men in blouses, the place having the aspect of a mediæval incomplete revolt; and strange and strangely impressive the funeral procession of those who had fallen in the Three Days, as from the balcony of the *Café du Grand Balcon* I saw it defiling along the Boulevard, the Provisional Government on foot as chief mourners, the roadway kept, not by soldiers or police, but by a single tri-colour ribbon; every regimental or other band taking part, one playing the *Marseillaise* and the next the song of the luckless Girondins—*Mourir pour la Patrie*, even in that day of solemn triumph sounding like an ill omen. For already it was plain that French policy was separated from the nascent Republican hopes of revolutionary Europe."

To Emilie, in London. From Paris, 1848. Probably March 5th.

Sunday

I do not know, dear Emilie, Calamatta's christian name; the address too I have forgot. But you had better send what you

have to send to Lamberti, 5 Rue Gaillon, or to Accursi : it will give us a reason for going and verifying the state of the engraving. I am well ; but tried with people calling to an extent not to be described. I have seen Mad. Sand, Lamennais, etc. There is a great deal in this Republican concern that I do not like ; but there is a will in the people that is unconquerable. I shall be back—but I fear for a short time—at the end of the week. Linton will leave before me. Remember me to all ; I wish I could write to them ; but I have not a single moment of rest. The Address of the League has been presented ; and every English manifestation of sympathy is welcomed here with enthusiasm. Take care of yourself, and believe me

ora e sempre your

JOSEPH.

Mazzini returned to London as he intended, but only for a very short time, during which he arranged his affairs preparatory to a long, or, perhaps, permanent absence. His first letter from across the Channel shows that James Stansfeld was with him, probably in an official capacity in regard to the People's International League. One of Mazzini's objects was to gain the adherence of Italian exiles in Paris to the "Italian National Association," which offered a neutral camp between the Republican "Young Italy"—then no longer in active existence—and the monarchical societies.

The following quotation from an article published by Mazzini in the *Spectator* of March 3rd, 1849, explains his intention in founding the "Italian National Association." "But as soon as the movement commenced by us had forced from our Governments some degree of liberty and of freedom of the press—as soon as the country began to bestir itself, to express itself—we abated somewhat of our boldness of expression, which might appear to partake of too exclusive a spirit. 'Young Italy' gradually resolved itself into the 'Italian National Association.' And in its programme of the 5th May, 1848, the word Republic did not once appear. It was henceforth for Italy herself to speak. The Republicans felt that the country must be their judge in the last resort. Nationality, one, free, independent—war to Austria—fraternization with those nations already free or who are struggling to become so—such is the object of the National Association. All its acts will henceforth be public. It does not propose the triumph of any *predetermined* form of government ; it proposes to

aid the free development of the national sentiment, and to hasten the moment when the Italian people shall be able to give a solemn decision upon the political, social and economical conditions best suited to its wants.

"The Republicans have never abandoned this programme."

To Mr. or Mrs. Ashurst. Seems March 24th, 1848.

Friday.

I send, dear friend—for you allow me to call you so—what you ask for. I have no words to express what your affection makes me feel; but you know that it will be treasured in my heart and help to keep it pure and good to the last. I feel assured that somehow I shall see you again in London; but, were it decreed otherwise, I believe in the immortality of affections, and do firmly hope that we shall meet elsewhere.

Ever yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

To William Ashurst. 1848. Probably March 25th.

Saturday.

DEAR FRIEND,

No; I do not need the £50 so kindly offered, but if I should, I would certainly apply to you rather than to any other person in London: and besides, should I ever have some poor countryman of mine worth being helped here, or any other good work to be done, I will, from afar, apply to you, as to one of my best friends.

God bless you and those you love.

Ever yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

Postmark of Boulogne, March 26th, 1848.

Sunday.
Alas! *not* Muswell Hill.

DEAR EMILIE,

Scatter to the four winds the *fact* that we write from Boulone (English pronunciation) without any visible inconvenience for the individual or for the collective: in fact, with an almost complete reconciliation between society and nature. You may add to that fact the other of James having—of course, owing to my presence—suffered less than on the preceding times.

P.S.—"Nous sommes cernés."
2nd P.S.—"Le tocsin sonne."

3rd P.S.—Une des filles de l'hotel a arboré des jupons rouges.

4th P.S.—"Remember"! Be good and strong—Sleep! Many things to Caroline and Bessie, and to the inferior sex.

Je céde la plume à James pour les dépêches ulterieures. A-Dieuu.

I think that it is now out of doubt that the traveller from Doullers told a story.*

E. A. V. recorded that: Mazzini had been but a few days in England after leaving the Republican France in which he found "much that I do not like," when the news of the splendid revolt of Milan and other Lombard cities against their Austrian rulers compelled him to leave us under circumstances far more alarming. He started for Italy, being condemned to death in every part of the peninsula, and contrived to reach Lombardy in safety, owing chiefly to the extraordinary indifference to personal danger which enabled him to pass unnoticed, though always undisguised, through places where a price was set upon his head by the authorities, his sole security being a false passport obtained for him by some English friend. Calmly smoking a cigar, he would quietly converse with the officials, who not infrequently apologized to him for the inconvenience and delays to which he was subjected, by explaining to the "Englishman" whose sympathy with law and order they took for granted, their anxiety to arrest the "conspirator" for whom they were on the look out.

To Emilie. From Paris. March 28th, 1848.

Only one word, dear Emilie. I am here, very tired; and most unhappily baffled, I fear, for the present, of my hopes. My countrymen in Lombardy have done wonders; but, as soon as they have nearly conquered, Ch. Albert goes [will go] in and will gather the fruits grown up through Italian blood. I do not know what I will do. The entering of the Piedmontese Royal army into Lombardy * changes entirely our position. I shall within two or three days go somewhere, but where I cannot

* The phrases in inverted commas are quotations from the letter of an absurd Frenchman who had represented himself as a Republican exile and having been shamed into starting for Paris on the proclamation of the Republic and having obtained money for the purpose from the Ashursts and other English sympathizers, wrote to them that he and his fellow-traveller were surrounded by the police at Boulogne and compelled to re-embark for England. It was afterwards discovered that they never went further than Folkestone.—E. A. V.

say. I will write when I have taken a decision. Remember me to all.

Ever yours,
JOSEPH.

The vengeance taken by Austria for the tobacco riots in Milan had brewed a storm which nothing could allay. From the beginning of the year the crowds in Milan had not ceased to elude and annoy the police. In the cities of Padua and Pavia riots ending in bloodshed broke out in the streets. At Venice, Manin and Tommaseo, representatives of the people, lay in prison—living spurs in the flanks of the popular determination to throw off tyranny. In Sicily, in the island of Sardinia, in Genoa, Turin, Alessandria and Spezia, even in Naples and Rome, the Jesuits, who added so much to the strength of Austria and reaction, had been compelled to depart. Not even the Pope could protect them. In Milan, where the police had become thoroughly alarmed, a statute was promulgated by the Austrian Government which would authorize "assassination of an arrested person within two hours after his arrest." The usual life of the city came almost to a standstill. Revolution seemed a mere question of days; and at length the leaders of the people determined to act without waiting for the King of Piedmont, whose habit of letting "I dare not wait upon I would" drove even the Moderates or Albertists to realize that no argument remained to them but action; for, though an anti-Austrian Ministry had been installed in Piedmont, they had been scattering instead of concentrating their forces and had not welcomed proposals from Rome and Tuscany to enter into a defensive alliance against Austria. Charles Albert having now wavered round again to the Federalists, so far as to send an informal message to the Milanese assuring them that if they rose he would rush to their aid, these latter only awaited some determining incident to hold him to his word. It came in the form of surprising news from Austria, Hungary and even Germany, who were all in movement. At Vienna Metternich had been compelled to resign and flee the city, while the Emperor had been forced to concede liberty of the press, citizen guards, etc., and promise a convocation of the Estates of the Empire.

* Thirty thousand of Charles Albert's troops crossed the Ticino into Lombardy on March 25th.

In Milan this last edict was placarded on the walls during the night of March 16th, but as it convoked the Estates only for the following July the Milanese plastered the words "Too late" over the notices and forced the Mayor to head them in bearding the Vice-President and in extorting from him the disbandment of the police and the enrolment of a citizen guard—for the latter concession had not been made by the Emperor in respect of the cities of Lombardy. The Mayor of Milan was all for a middle way and for awaiting the King of Piedmont, but the popular leaders, reading the situation more truly, refused all thought of compromise and precipitated action. Strike now or never was their temper, and, although they knew they would be pitted against about 20,000 disciplined soldiers, they struck, and so effectively, with tiles, stones, empty bottles, boiling water, scalding oil, etc., and the few regular arms that could be commandeered, that, beginning on March 18th and continuing through five incredible days, they reduced the Austrian commander, Radetzky, to proposing an armistice. But the brutalities of the Austrians—great enough to appear unbelievable in days when few suspected that the German mailed fist held every weapon of cowardice as well as of prowess—had put the people's blood up; and when Radetzky's message was read to an improvised War Council, Carlo Cattaneo, an eminent educationalist, writer, and political economist, persuaded his weaker colleagues to hurl defiance at the ruthless old Marshal. Cattaneo knew that it was the high tide of popular enthusiastic might. Had the Milanese found in that crucial moment a leader inspired with the fervour of a sacred mission, the history of Italian Unity would read differently to-day. Cattaneo, strong as he had always shown himself, was not that inspired leader. He afforded a marked contrast to Mazzini in that he saw first, if not solely, the material blessings which freedom from the Austrian yoke could induce under a Federal scheme. His view did not stretch beyond Federalism; as it embraced no fresh religious synthesis it did not show him the Pope as a danger but as a symbol of beneficent authority, making for enlightenment in education by means of certain reforms. He hated Piedmont only less than he loathed Austria, and, although he had hitherto shrunk from any step that could expose the youth of Lombardy to the talons of Radetzky, he now, sooner than appeal to the King of Piedmont, stood out for an independent

continuance of the struggle. But at the critical moment a message from Charles Albert, promising assistance if the most prominent citizens formally asked for it, turned the scale. Cattaneo could not take the responsibility of refusing the aid of a force which every one believed would complete the rout of Austria.

Victory, however, without Charles Albert's troops, was to rest for a time on the unconquerable populace. To clinch Radetzky's decision to retreat, volunteers from all round came pouring into the city through the gates which the Milanese fought like tigers to throw open to them. A more magnificent triumph of will, of right over might, it would be impossible to conceive. Phenomenal daring, skill and dogged determination had won a well-nigh incredible advantage which it remained for steady valour to consolidate.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lugano 8th April.

DEAR EMILIE,

I am in Lugano, about leaving for Milan. I have been travelling day and night; crossing the Alps on the St. Gothard, with real danger and amidst the sublimest scenes one can ever see or fancy. You will receive some day the "Scritti d'un Italiano." I send the first *viola dell' Alpi* I saw. I will write from Milan if I can remain there. I am well. I hope you are so. Remember me to all; blessings on you,

Ever yours
JOSEPH.
7 Aprile.

Can you (all) find out some Englishman at Milan—Consul, Agent or other—and introduce me to him? I could perhaps find some English paper to read in that way.

From William H. Ashurst to his mother.

18 P. V. West,
April 18th, 1848.

Mrs. Ashurst.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

Capt^n. Stolzmann brought with him last night a copy of part of a letter from Mazzini to Mrs. Tanzione, his late landlady in Cropley Street, and it seemed so interesting that I copied it for you—and now enclose it. We should like to have it back or the opportunity of making a copy of it again.

To-day Caroline, Emilie, and Mrs. Nathan called and took lunch with B. and left her the enclosed letter from Mazzini which we were directed to send on to you, and you are, please, forthwith

to send it to Shaen at the Old Jewry. Emilie hopes to have it back early enough to take to Leicester on Thursday morning. Tell him therefore that he is to post it to Emilie *immediately*. . . .

. . . Read the copy extract first because it is first in date.

Yours ever most affectionately,

dear Mother,

W. H. Ashurst, Jr.

From copy in writing of one of the Ashursts.

Friday, April 7th, 1848.

I am in Italy, at Milan. At the frontier the custom house officers knew me; they quoted to me words from my writings. At Como, half-way from Milan, I was surrounded by people, priests and young men with shouts, etc. At Milan, entering the town after nine o'clock in the evening, I heard a voice in the street crying *Viva Mazzini!* All this is very good: but in this large town, full with nobles and rich people, things are not as I should wish. There is a republican party; but a strong one also for Charles Albert. We shall see. I felt moved, deeply moved, when I entered Italy; but strange, and, sad to say, without joy. Never mind. If I am, as I fear, dead to joy, I am not dead to duty. I write by night before going to bed, tired as I am. To-morrow, I will plunge in the midst of all sorts of men and try to see clearly through the state of things.

Saturday.

I am surrounded with people. I begin to work and with some chance of succeeding.

Sunday.

This morning I have had the first emotion that has moved me to tears. Two thousand Italian soldiers in the service of Austria, having been ordered at Cremona to fire on the people, refused; caused the Austrian officers to fly, and passing to our flag, have come to Milan: they have passed with their arms, surrounded by the people, happy as children, with *Viva l'Italia*, under my windows. It was really a moving scene.

This night another scene: whilst I was taking a cup of coffee, there came in ten or twelve officers asking for me: then I heard shouts of *Viva Mazzini*. They led me to the door: the Square was crowded with people. Then they presented me with a flag. I spoke a few words. Then I was led up to the window with torches and the flag. The people were shouting like madmen. I spoke again. Then there came a deputation from the Provisional Government to ask me to go to them. I went; talked a great deal to them. Then, at half-past ten, there came another crowd with music. I was obliged to come out and speak a few words

from the windows of the Government. Then I had some forty or fifty Genoese coming to me, kissing my face and snatching my hands, etc., etc. All this showing how strong the republican feeling is.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Milan, April 11th, 1848.

From Milan !

It has been impossible, dear Emilie, to write a word before : I have been these forty-eight hours continuously surrounded by people of all descriptions. I send a paper containing some account of my reception here ; it was such that I wished you all here, because I know you would have felt happier than I did : I had felt far more in the morning in seeing some two thousand of our Italian soldiers belonging to the Ceccopieri Legion, and who had left *en masse* at Cremona, the Austrian flag, passing under my windows in the midst of the people frantic with joy, they themselves looking intoxicated with the feeling of being [for] once in their life loved by their countrymen. Still, there was an importance in my own reception : it was a republican manifestation. At the frontier, the custom house officers quoted to me bits of my writings ; at Como, priests and men of the people came around the coach to greet me. The manifestation at Milan was such that, five minutes after, there came a Deputation from the Provisional Government to invite me to go to them. This very night, crowds came under my windows, whilst I was out, shouting for me. I tell you all these things, because I know that you will be delighted with them. As for me, alas ! It is evident that the power of rejoicing for myself is dead within myself. I found myself crying like a child at the sight of the soldiers of the Ceccopieri Regiment ; and I feel almost frightened at these demonstrations, and very much disposed to run away. . . . I crossed the Saint Gothard ; there was danger ; but the scene is sublime : godlike. No one knows what Poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point of the *route*, on the *plateau*, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps, in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible in the Alps.

The Milanese have been sublime, beyond all conception : far superior to the Parisians. The question of independence is solved. The other questions are pending. The Government is here composed of heterogeneous elements, a majority under secret engagement to Ch. Albert, a minority belonging to our men ; but rather timid and wavering. The Ch. Albert party is intriguing very actively, and availing themselves of every skirmish to conquer the sympathy of our fervent meridional people. Still, our republican party is strong and I am trying to organize it publicly. Perhaps, I

shall succeed ; perhaps not. We shall see. At all events, it is a mere question of time. It will be impossible for me to write long letters for a while ; but read attentively the papers : you will be able to detect what I do.

And you—my sweet friend—you all, my best friends, what are you doing ? I know that you are thinking of me very often ; I feel full with faith in you. I thought of you on the Alps, of you, when the soldiers passed under my windows ; and I will think of you whenever I feel most deeply, "à la vie et à la mort." What is Caroline doing ? I will never forget the last moments I passed with her. And Eliza ? and my queenly-calm-looking Bessie ? and your Mamma ? and Shaen ? To James, William, and Sydney, I will one of these days write a political letter. Meanwhile tell them all how much I love and esteem them. Remember me to the Dillons ; and to Mrs. Gillman. Work steadfastly, take care of your health, think of me, when you meet at Muswell Hill. By the bye, do not think that you are never to think of me when you are alone. Write here to my name : if you have State secrets, to Pietro Speranza. Farewell—not for ever.

Your

JOSEPH.

Tell your Mamma that I shall have no fighting unless a defeat occurs.

Milan.

Could you know the *gâchis* [muddle] ! I have this morning an *ouverture* for an alliance of the Republican party with Ch. Albert on certain very liberal terms, and for a "*rapprochement personnel.*" They must feel us very strong to come down to such a proposal after fifteen years of relentless war. I have answered : that I do not wish for *rapprochement personnel ;* let Ch. Albert break openly every diplomatic tie, every connection with other princes : let him sign a proclamation to Italy for *absolute* unity, with Rome as a metropolis, and for an overthrow of all other Italian princes : we shall be soldiers under his banner : *se no, no.*

April 11.

I have never seen a single English paper. What do they say about our affairs ?

To Emilie. From Milan.

May 30th, 1848.

DEAR EMILIE,

I have refused to be a M.P. for Genoa, and for I do not know what place in Piedmont : refused to be more than that *

* A message was sent to him from the camp to the purpose that he should constitute himself patron of the royal scheme of uniting Lombardy to the Piedmontese Crown,

with the man Ch. Alb.; refused all the offers of the tempter; and I remain the republican Joseph you know. Do not believe (this is not for you, but for my male friends) that it has been owing to pride, reaction, or any other narrow feeling; no; I told all tempters the same words that I address to Ch. Alb. in my manifesto of the "*Italia del Popolo*." * Was I not right? Meanwhile, I am here, disliked, dreaded, suspected, calumniated, threatened more than ever: and my writings are burnt in my native town, Genoa, almost under the eyes of my poor mother; and threatenings of death are uttered here at Milan. How the reaction has been produced—how they have spread among the lower classes calumnies against me—how they contrive to make me appear a sort of an ambitious Catalina—would form too long a chapter for me to write it. I feel quite strong and unmoveable and smiling at all this; but I cannot deny my feeling entirely an exile in my country; feeding my soul with its own substance, like the Pelican with its little ones. Do not exaggerate to yourself my position here. I have plenty of young people ready to do anything for my sake and on my bidding: I am, politically, strong enough; and *that* is the cause of the uproar from the royalist party; but I was speaking about *myself*, about Joseph and not about Mazzini. I am well in health; would to God that I could know that you are strong as I am. I am working day and night; what else could I do? There is no alternative: either to leave off and fly to some country-place or nook there to live unknown, and without the least political activity, or to have not a single moment free, not even to write to my friends. Will you write a long letter full with particulars about all your family? and tell them all that I wish to write every day to each of them and cannot. Still, they can: why, then, are they silent? Why does Caroline never write? It was all very well to keep aloof at Muswell Hill; but, when I am in Milan! What is Bessie doing? Has she completely forgotten me? Eliza too; she sent me once a weekly paper in which her Louis Blanc's translation was inserted; then, she gave it up. As to you . . .†

You have been in the country: where? At your sister's. What is she doing? What are your two young correspondents

offering him, in that case, power to draw up the new Constitution of the Kingdom of the North, an interview with the King and the position of First Minister of the Crown. —E. A. V.

* The *Italia del Popolo* was founded and conducted by him.—E. A. V. The first number appeared on May 20th, 1848.

† In the letters written by Mazzini to the Ashursts during his dangerous sojourn on the Continent, he constantly alludes to the additional suffering caused to him by their apparent silence Emilie assured the writer that they all wrote to him regularly—as frequently as they dared—but that their letters were continually intercepted in spite of all precautions and often suppressed.

doing? Remember me to them all; and to the Dillons. What is Mr. Stone doing, and painting? Does he still keep, Achilles-like, in his tent, or has he fairly and cordially reconciled to Caroline? And what are you painting? Tell me every bit of thing concerning you and the family: my life is so dreary! How is the brewery going on? What is William about? How is his health? Is he, and Sydney, James and Shaen—the Triumvirate—acting politically in any way? Ask James—them all singledly and collectively to write every fortnight a rather long letter to me for the *Italia del Popolo:* a correspondence summing up the state of parties, the progress of public opinion, Chartism, Ireland, international tendencies and so forth. They will be translated; and it will be a great service to us and a great kindness to me. Let it be a settled thing, and let me have a letter within a few days from the reception of my letter. If anything concerning the state of public opinion about our affairs can be included, so much the better. Then, 2nd, I want to receive every day the Morning Chronicle: can you undertake that for me, and have it sent to the office of the paper [*Italia del Popolo*]? I will reimburse you through Roselli. By the way, do not press too hard in your judgment upon Grisi and Mario. They gave each, I think, 30 or 40 pounds in Paris for our Italian Legion; and they have suffered losses owing to the financial crisis. Still, Mario ought to be here. I send a second copy of the *Scritti*, fearing that the man from Lugano would forget my instructions. Remember me, as kindly as you can, to *my* Mary *: is she really of use? She is the very goodness; only I fear her bodily weakness: I hope she will not forget her old master. Keep for me your painting from Moore: why did you take it, instead of having sent it to Genoa to my mother? I will claim it *if* once I settle somewhere. Addio: writing or silent, I am ora e sempre,

your

JOSEPH.

From the end of May to August there are no letters to the Ashursts except a note of uncertain date about collecting, with Mrs. Nathan, for the National Fund. A condensed extract from the Memoir of Mazzini, written by E. A. V., will best elucidate the next letter: "On the very day when the Austrian general fled from Milan, and to hold back any longer would have destroyed all chance of acquiring Lombardy to his Crown, Charles Albert declared war against Austria. That this step was undertaken to

* A servant whose duty it had been to attend to his modest requirements, probably at the Tanciones' in Cropley Street. She seems to have had to seek another place when he went abroad.

undo the work accomplished by 'Young Italy' is shown not only by the King's assurances to other European Courts, but by the official reports of our agents in Italy to Lord Palmerston, who, after relating that the insurrection had spread to 'all the neighbouring towns and villages,' declare that 'owing to the spirit of nationality which is powerfully excited . . . the danger of the proclamation of a Republic in Lombardy is imminent.'

"After the proclamation of war against Austria, our agents conveyed to Lord Palmerston the assurances of the Piedmontese Ministers that 'the King has only commenced hostilities *to maintain order* in a territory left by force of circumstances without a *master*,' and in consequence of 'the immense influence exercised by the people, who threatened to revolt in Piedmont and to attack the Austrians *in spite* of the authority of the Government. . . . The Government and the King are profoundly convinced that they have acted for the safety of all other monarchical States.'

"To the people they held a different language. The King's proclamation declared that he came 'to lend the people of Lombardy that assistance which brother may expect from brother,' and, in order to quiet the Republicans, the Provisional Government [elected at the end of the Five Days and weakly anxious to safeguard property rather than to secure liberty] issued a manifesto saying, 'We have solemnly and repeatedly declared that, *after the struggle*, it would belong to the people to decide its own destinies,' and promising to 'wait till every portion of Italian soil be free; when all are free, all will speak.' Mazzini accepted this programme of neutrality and loyally abided by it. It is true that, although unaware at that time of any deliberate treachery on the part of the King, he had no belief that he would prove equal to the task before him, but he held it to be especially the duty of the Republicans to teach obedience to the national will, and therefore exerted all his influence to induce the Republican party to rally round the Provisional Government, to abstain from all political propaganda during the war, and to concentrate all their energies on the conquest of the independence of the country from foreign rule.

"No portion of Mazzini's career has been more completely misunderstood in England than this period of noble self-abnegation, during which he was first betrayed and then calumniated by the Moderates. They, being already pledged to the cession of

Lombardy to the Crown, imagined that the best means to bring it about was to enable the King to conquer alone, and thus compel the people to make choice between his rule and that of the hated Austrians. . . . The volunteers, meanwhile, were first recalled from the duty of protecting the passes of the Alps leading to Austria, and then disbanded. Communications with headquarters being thus thrown open to him, General Radetzky was enabled to revictual and reinforce his army at his leisure. When the Austrians had taken Udine, the Provisional Government, struck with terror, sent at midnight to summon Mazzini, asking him in what manner they should inform the people that the hour was at hand when they would have to submit to their former masters. Mazzini implored them to make known the whole truth at once, to call for a *levée en masse*, and the reorganization of the volunteers. . . . Consent was given, but withdrawn immediately afterwards because the King's secretary had declared that *his master did not want an army of enemies in his rear*.

"An attempt was made to quiet Mazzini. A messenger was sent to him from the royal camp. The one aim of his life had been the unity of Italy, and for this, as he declared to the King's envoy, he would sacrifice every minor point ; but the all-important question of the day was *war with Austria*, and he knew that the formation of a Kingdom of the North would prove fatal to the war. If the King would risk his Piedmontese crown for an Italian crown and become truly that *Sword of Italy* which the Moderates declared him to be, Mazzini would, in his turn, use every effort to bring to his aid all the revolutionary elements of Italy. Being asked by the King's envoy what guarantee he would require, he drew up a few lines to the above effect for the King to sign. The monarch, of course, refused."

The successes of the Austrians caused the Moderates to urge the Lombards to stimulate the King's energies by a vote for annexation to his Crown. That hurried vote by plebiscite having been obtained, all danger of a Republic was over. Two royal commissioners were dispatched to take possession of the deluded city —deluded, because Charles Albert had, two days before, "by *secret treaty, handed it over to the Austrians*."

Presently the retreat of the Piedmontese troops, chased by Radetzky, roused the people to a sense of deception and the word "treason" circulated. It was proposed to Mazzini to overthrow

the Provisional Government, but he saw that such an act would not save the country from the Austrians, whilst it would give the King the right of sending troops to quell the Milanese, under pretext *to protect order and his Government.* He not only refused, but prevented the attempt. The Austrians conquered everywhere, and even the Moderates, too late, turned for salvation to Mazzini. He at once organized a Committee of Defence. In that moment of danger he fully regained his influence with the populace. But all hopes of freedom were destroyed by the news that the King was coming to defend the city with 40,000 men. The people, says Mazzini, "*believed themselves saved: they were, therefore, irrevocably lost.* I left the city—God knows with what grief—and joined Garibaldi's column at Bergamo."

Next day the King entered Milan and publicly promised to defend it; although he had already signed an armistice with Radetzky, one of the articles of which was the surrender of the town. Having addressed the people from a window of the palace, "swearing that he and his sons would fight with them to the death, he fled by night by a back way, withdrew his army and abandoned the city to the Austrians," who immediately entered.

It was alleged by the King that to hold Milan was impossible because of the dearth of food, ammunition and money in the city; but the hollowness of this assertion stands proved in the detailed report of measures taken to victual and otherwise provide the place.

General Olivieri, spokesman of Charles Albert in the decisive interview with the Municipal body, treated the capitulation as a *fait accompli*, which, at the time it was not, adding that there existed ammunition for one day only, insufficient food and dearth of means generally. Restelli, of the Public Defence, replied that within the city there was a superabundant supply of ammunition; and no want of provisions; 100,000 francs in the treasury, and that all was ready prepared for the circulation of paper money in case of emergency. Many irrefutable reasons were advanced to show the fallacy of the assertion that with a population and leaders absolutely unanimous in determination to resist—a fact which Charles Albert's generals were compelled to admit—with 30,000 Lombard soldiers equally unanimous, who, be it said in passing, were not protected under the terms of the capitulation from being shot by Radetzky as rebels should he be so minded,

and with abundant supplies of all necessaries, the defence of the city could not have been maintained and the war continued. Study of the Report casts the saddest light over this episode in the career of the "Wobbling King," as it is charitable to call him.

Garibaldi was at Bergamo, with a small body of volunteers, and fully believing that the King would defend Milan, he conceived the bold project of pushing forward to aid the future operations. . . . "Colonel Medici," says E. A. V., "thus relates Mazzini's coming among the volunteers to join as a simple soldier: 'A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion unamimously confided its banner to his charge. . . . The march was very fatiguing—rain fell in torrents—we were drenched to the skin. Although accustomed to a life of study, and little fit for the violent exertion of forced marches, his constancy and serenity never forsook him for an instant and he would never stay behind nor leave the column. It even happened that, seeing one of our youngest volunteers clothed only in linen, and consequently with no protection against the rain and sudden cold, he forced him to accept and wear his own cloak. Arrived at Monza, we heard the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan and learned that a numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us. . . . Garibaldi, not wishing to expose his small band to useless destruction, gave orders to fall back. . . . In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity and decision, which Mazzini possesses in such a high degree never failed, and were the admiration of the bravest amongst us.'"

Milan having fallen, all Lombardy fell. Mazzini and some of the best strove to rekindle the insurrection among the mountains, but the intrigues of the Moderates rendered every hope futile.

To Emilie. From Lugano, August 10th, 1848.

DEAR EMILIE,

After having been a few days with Garibaldi, marched 22 miles a day on foot, and reached Monza, near Milan, only to see it fallen already in the hands of the enemy, here I am, safe enough, as you see, for the present. What an overthrow! What a bitter lesson to our monarchical people! What a sad realization of all my foreseeings! And how much more calculated than I myself was anticipating, the betrayal has been! And how beautiful again was Milan during the crisis! Had not the King come there with his army, the defence would have been heroic.

And how saddening all these news must have been for you ! and for all my friends around you ! Still, we are not conquered. We shall not give up the war, only, what we shall do will now be ours. All these wretched people of the Provisional Government are now crawling around us, telling us *now !* that we alone with our creed can save the country ! I am here working as well as I can for the purpose of rekindling the war, directing a "Giunta d'Insurrezione Nazionale Italiana" * and preparing, if I can in the least succeed, to re-enter the territory. Ere that I will write a few words. Remember me to Caroline, who did not write a single line in James's letter. To Bessie, to your Mamma, and to Eliza ; then to James, Sydney, Mr. Ashurst, William, Shaen, and Dillon, Mrs. Gillman, and all our friends. Try to be well. I am well. Scipione [Pistrucci] is with me. Write here, at Lugano, to Mr. Battaglini, editor of the *Republicano*. Do not feel too sad : we, not I, had to expiate the sin of having thrown at the feet, not of a principle, but of a wretched man, our sacred flag. I will take care of myself as much as possible for my mother's sake and yours. I have seen my mother, at Milan, before the crisis. God bless your Mamma (I have her carbine still) and you all. Ora e sempre,

your

JOSEPH.

10. August.

To Emilie, in Paris, on her way to Italy. September 4th, 1848. Probably from Lugano.

Sept. 4.

Here I am, awaiting without those accursed Teutons being able to decide whether they are to go on or backwards ; and there you are, without giving the least sign of life, directly or through Lamb[erti] ; he, too, slackening in his correspondence. Well, I will write, and these few words will force your thought back to London for half a minute ; yes, back from the Louvre or la Madelaine to Cropley Street—the most prosaic of all streets : what a fall ! From *Dombey and Son* to the *Scritti d'un Italiano* ! You will have heard that the Daguerreotypes will not do, on account of the position ; but about that you will see. I doubt

* Garibaldi retreated from Monza to Arona, where he received an order from the Turin Government to disband his volunteers and quit the country. The insolence of this command from a Government who had refused his services when he had hastened to offer them, on his arrival from South America, in June, naturally incensed him, and he was the more willing to raise anew the standard of revolt with Mazzini, seconded by Medici. It was Mazzini who had prevailed on the Provisional Government of Milan to summon Garibaldi and put the enrolment of the volunteers into his hands. And Mazzini, after Garibaldi's own force had been overpowered by weight of adverse circumstances, collected fresh men, arms and ammunition with the co-operation of Medici and three ex-members of the Committee of Defence. Before the new force was ready Garibaldi departed to Nice.

very much having courage enough for undergoing 14 Daguerreotypes *alone*. Will you be so good as to take care of yourself, as much as possible? It is cold here and I fear it is the same in Paris. With friendship to Sydney, I am, dear Emilie,

ever yours,

JOSEPH.

To Mrs. Ashurst. From Lugano, September 13th, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Only a few lines to tell you that I feel grateful every time you write; and that, although I cannot write, I am very often with you in spirit. I have received two letters from you, one at Milan, and one here; not a word from Caroline. With you, with Eliza, with the most intimate friends I have been silent, not so much on account of my not being able to find time for writing as for the impossibility of writing as much as I should like. I cannot write to such friends as you are between two conversations or two hours of business, as I cannot read a page of Byron, Dante, George Sand and like, between two newspapers. It would require a volume to tell you my life during the last five months—my feeling still an exile amongst my countrymen—my foreseeing everything, but one, that has happened, still being doomed to a comparative inactivity—the outburst of enthusiasm for the national creed I preach, and the threatenings and insults printed, placarded around me at a short interval—the glorious instincts of the populations and the utter want of capacity and of morality in the leading men—the elements of better things lost one by one through the infernal tactics of Ch. Albert and of the Milanese Government—the hanging of all my hopes on a popular defence of Milan, from which a new life could have sprung, and my seeing the last hope vanishing with the arrival of the Piedmontese army, and the promises of defence uttered by a King who had already the capitulation in his pocket—all these things with all my internal life I should wish and have wished to tell you; and not being able to do so, I cannot speak at all. And now, the mediating Powers are coming in, and with them a new period of shame and deceptions. Still, I do not despair. And it may be that I succeed in breaking up all these cobwebs, and calling again the people to struggle in the name of Truth; but as far as I am concerned, I am withered, lost: through my own or other people's fault, I was, evidently not fit for living in this time of ours. You have been told that I have seen my sister first, then my mother for two weeks, just before the fall of Milan. Thank you for all the little details you give about you and yours. They are all precious to me. Shall I see you all again? I don't

know; but one thing is sure, that I will never forget you, and that I always will draw comfort from your remembrance, as from that of the dearest friends I have. Remember me to Mr. Ashurst; and to all our friends, the neighbours or occasional visitors or Muswell Hill: of your daughters and sons there is, I trust, no need of speaking: they all remember me; and I feel it from afar. Should any change in my actual position take place, you will know it not only from the papers, but from a few words of mine. Take care of your health; and believe me, dear friend,

now and ever yours very affectionately,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

September 13,
Lugano.

To Emilie. From Lugano, September 21st, 1848.

I have your letters, dear Emilie, and the one enclosed from *my* Mary, whom I must answer, beseeching her fair mistress to forward the answer. I find her extremely improved, and quite a political woman. I have, at last, received a letter from Caroline; I will answer it one of these days; you will, meanwhile, I hope, thank her, and bless her for me. I have written to your Mamma: did she receive my letter? The post here is very badly managed. You know from the papers the doings and misdoings of Radetzky towards this bit of Italian Switzerland. Ten thousand poor Ticinesi are coming home, obliged to leave off abruptly their little business. The troops are daily increasing at our frontiers: officers, generals coming, almost in sight, as if they wanted to come and take us here; and I am living on the shore of the lake with a Lombard village, Campione, just before my eyes: I am still in hopes that I shall soon or late go and meet them. But, obliged as I am, to do everything just as if I was in Austria, secretly, you may imagine the difficulties lying in my way. With perhaps 25,000 guns belonging to us here, and shut in the Arsenals of the Cantonal Governments, I am obliged to search hard for and purchase every gun, everything wanted, and then to keep them out of the way, as if there was not a sacred right in us to help, if possible, our country. If there was a single spark of true life in these degenerated republicans, these acts of hostility from Austria would have been immediately answered by their giving up to us our arms, and allowing us to manage our own and their own affairs. But no; they will talk and protest and pray us to be very quiet, which, for my part, I will not. There will be a decision from the Diet to-morrow, perhaps to-day, and if so, I will write a word at the end of my note. But I feel this night in a strange mood: as if I was very near you, entitled to joke as of old. Ah me! I will awake to-morrow morning as dull and gloomy as the

cloudy, heavy, rainy sky of this night. I have been three times hearing Italian music—concerts for the benefit of our exiles: Mad. Pasta,* poor old woman, has been singing after 18 years, I think, of musical silence. I like her and was really trembling for her, when she appeared: but she sang enough as to give me a sort of echo of what she must have been; and was rapturously applauded. She is a republican. My affection to all, Syd, James, Caroline, Bessie, William, etc. My fondest blessing on you, dear Emilie,

Your
Joseph Mazzini.

Fragment dated by E. A. V. October 7th, 1848.

3.

I have been writing to Sydney. You will read what I write. . . .

I have not a bit of time now. The Sicilian affairs are truly sad; quite enough to put one in despair of men and things, if there was not a hope of avenging and drawing good even from them. The vital question for Italy is to be solved *here*, beyond the frontier on which I am looking [from the Swiss side]. Remember me to all.

Your deeply affectionate
Jos. Maz.

Did you receive my "Appeal for Venice"? I fancy that it could be, should you anticipate sympathy enough, published in Douglas Jerrold's paper or somewhere else.

To Emilie.

November 15th, 1848.

Your note, dear Emilie, the beautifully noble letter from Sydney, and the very thought of you—even if you had been silent all—would have strengthened me in any trials. There are a few, very few, chosen beings on this earth and elsewhere, who will always have the power of saving me from doubt or despair. I can sink, but not in a manner as to make them ashamed of me. And you belong to these my guardian Angels. I am up again and at work. Between Austria and me "c'est un duel à mort."

The movement is, for the present, suppressed. It would require a very long letter to explain the causes; and I cannot write it now. All the affair was hanging on the possession of the three steamers on the Lake of Como: they are the moving fortresses of the province. Look at the map, from Como to Lecco,

* To whom Grisi owed much invaluable teaching.

and you will understand this. Accordingly I had promised to get the steamers, and would have kept my promise, had not the outbreak of Argegno, in the Val d'Itelvio, four days before the time, changed the matter. The Austrians took possession of the steamers; and kept a strict watch. Something could still be done, but it was not done. The steamers being able to land troops on any point after a few hours, the fear in each single place of being burnt, or pillaged, kept all the places on the coast at rest. The insurrection not embracing all the Comasco could not pretend to influence Como. Como did not stir. Lecco did not, because without Como, and the steamers being in the hands of the enemy, it could not stand an attack. The Vallellina did not, because, unless on one side the steamers were in our hands, on the other the military road of Lecco was cut or protected, it would have had to resist all the force of the Austrians. The Burgamasco went on in the same strain, and so forth. Val d'Intelvio alone could not resist unless all the men there could have been heroes or machines. They were neither the one nor the other. They began to distrust, to fear, then to quarrel. All was lost. Medici, my friend of Bellinzona, compelled by the opposition of the Swiss Government, to march with his column through the San Inio, * only because it was deemed impassable and was not guarded, was four days in the snow, so that three men were lost, frozen to death. From Bellinzona take the straight line to Dongo on the Lake, you will guess what pass it is. Still, he proceeded, but only when Val d'Intelvio was already lost. He kept on for a certain time, but was obliged to retreat. He is safe now. Daverio, the man who took the steamers on the Lago Maggiore, is safe too.

There has been a fatality of incidents against me. The rumour spread, and of course hatefully reported in the *Gazzetta di Milan*, that Garibaldi had gone over to Sicily.† I had promised his co-operation; and, although a few days after he issued a proclamation and organized, still, during those feverish days, it was a ground of distrust in my other promises. Then, the action of Piedmontese agents sent throughout Lombardy to insist upon a complete inaction with the promise that a few days after the King would renew the war! Then Ramorino: he had been a few days before appointed General to the Lombard forces in Piedmont; as soon as my proclamation reached them, all the officers went to Ramorino and asked for their resignation or for the order of marching into Lombardy: Ramorino assented of course, promised to go with them, with or without leave, but supplicated for a short delay, promising that within three days he

* In the original the word is obscure. E. A. V. copied it as Iovio.

† Garibaldi states in his autobiography that he was on his way to Sicily when the news of Rossi's murder in Rome (November 15th) changed his ideas.

would have his headquarters at Arona, thence to march. A single company crossing the frontier immediately, could perhaps decide the spreading of the insurrection.

Solemn promises have been broken; the rising was to be general. I exerted myself to the utmost to prove to the *envoyés* from Como, Lecco, etc., that they were mistaking a question of *insurrection* with one of *war* and strategy; that *each* of them was right, but that if they *all* would rise, *none* would be attacked and the Austrians would be obliged to concentrate on the road to Milan. It was of no avail. Political intellect fails them.

I cannot come to you; for my own sake, would to God that I could. But my going away would be misinterpreted into an acknowledged defeat. Part of my influence must be lost: people will judge from the results; and plenty of accusations will be heaped upon me by the Piedmontese papers: I cannot nor will refute them. But with what remains of that once powerful influence, I still do my best. Part of the materials, arms, ammunitions, etc., are lost; some we have recovered and concealed; some more will come out, I suppose, by and by.

Of course I have been ordered away; granted 48 hours, and threatened with being arrested should I stop beyond that term. I am living concealed, shut in a room, and seeing nobody, just as in 1832 and 1836.* D'Apice and the rest are gone. The Federal Agents have ordered all the exiles, compromised or not, men, women, children, out of the Canton. Against this wholesale measure the authorities of the Canton have appealed to the National Council. The result is not yet known.

I am writing a pamphlet; I will send it in a few days.

Scipione is still here; awaiting for the decision of the Council. It may be that I go to Solothurn or somewhere; but after some two or three weeks, unless other events take place, I shall try to come back to the Lombard Frontier.

Tell your Mamma that I am wearing her stockings. I am glad you like Lamennais.

Remember me to Mary. D'Apice wishes still for his pistols; only they ought to be sent to him at the Fratelli Cartoni, Leghorn.

Ever yours, dear Emilie. God bless you.

JOSEPH.

It is sad to have to relate that Medici, then a Republican and devoted friend of Mazzini, who followed him to Rome and was one of the most distinguished of the military defenders of the capital of Italy during the French siege, afterwards became a general in the Piedmontese army and aide-de-camp to King

* The figures in the original may be 1834, but E. A. V. has copied them as 1836.

Victor Emmanuel. Mazzini here speaks of him as "my friend of Bellinzona," alluding to the fact that Emilie and the English gentleman [Mr. Abram Dixon], who arrived with her, had encountered Medici at the inn there, and he, being an English scholar, introduced himself to them on thinking he heard the name of Mazzini mentioned, as a friend of his. Emilie had been privately warned by Mazzini to avoid the lakes of Como and Maggiore, either of which would have led to an easier Alpine Pass than the San Gothardo, telling her that it was the intention of the Insurgents to take possession of the steamers upon those lakes. From Bellinzona she had to proceed as far as Airolo, when she found that route closed owing to an avalanche which had fallen the night before. As it was impossible to raise any reasonable objection to the proposal made by her fellow traveller to retrace their steps and take the steamer on the Lago Maggiore to Domo d'Ossola and attempt the easier pass of the Simplon, without betraying the secret confided to her by Mazzini, she had to submit to the inconvenience and delay caused by the seizure of the steamer on the Lago Maggiore by Daverio and his men, which was accomplished after a short struggle. The English and other passengers were then politely requested to place themselves in the two boats belonging to the steamer; some sailors were told off to row them to Domo d'Ossola, which they reached after nine hours of very hard work, and they were able to proceed next day on their homeward journey over the Simplon Pass. The date of this successful attempt must have been about the middle of August. Daverio, of whom Mazzini speaks as "the man who took the steamer" afterwards distinguished himself greatly at Rome on the occasion of the splendid repulse of the first attack of the French besiegers—April 30th, 1849. He died of the wounds received that day.

The present writer believes it to be this journey that Emilie referred to in relating an incident that has nowhere been recorded in writing. A considerable sum of money, subscribed privately in England, had to be conveyed swiftly, by a safe hand, to the insurgents, and Emilie volunteered to be its bearer. She travelled alone, giving out when any explanation seemed necessary, that she was going to visit a relation somewhere near the frontier. Arrived at a certain village in the mountains, she found that further progress was barred by masses of snow that had

slid down in the night. Having made every inquiry, she at last ascertained that there was one way by which it might be possible to get round to the place appointed for Mazzini's representative to meet her, but she could not persuade any guide to take her. At last, concealing her anxiety and resentment under an assumption of English daring and eccentricity, she obtained some men's clothing, dressed herself, and told her old guide that as no one had the courage to go with her she meant to risk the journey alone. Whereupon he bethought him of a young man upon whom, for the honour of the village, he laid the solemn charge of accompanying the mad, indomitably obstinate Englishwoman. Though perilous and exhausting enough, the adventure ended satisfactorily, Emilie getting safely rid of the money and then, having resumed her usual garb, passing on to a point whence she could, without arousing suspicion, pursue her way back through the San Gothardo. It is, perhaps, a travesty of this story that was related to the present writer some two years ago by one of the few surviving persons who remember the Ashurst sisters, namely, that Emilie, the most audacious of her family, once sought out Mazzini's *camp*, disguised as a postilion.

The six weeks' armistice with Austria, arranged by General Salasco on August 9th, was repudiated by the Turin Ministry no less than by the people. A new ministry, willing to adhere to it, came in—August 20th—but, owing to strong popular feeling, it dared not accept the political part of the armistice and, by way of compromise, was driven to try and find support outside, seeking aid from France and trying to form an alliance with the Slavs of the Austrian Empire, who had just sustained a crushing defeat at the hands of Prince Windischgrätz—June 15th. But, divided in counsel, hesitating in their policy and attacked by Gioberti, who was all for the struggle for independence, the ministry began to realize that to resume the fight might soon be the only course open to them. When a resolution in that sense was brought forward against them, and they only triumphed by a narrow majority, the people, angered that they had not fallen, created tumults. This was about the time of the too isolated rising in the Val d'Intelvio. Cavour, who dreaded an immediate resumption of the war, strove, but in vain, to keep the ministry in power. On December 4th the King had to send for Gioberti, the anti-republican cleric-federalist, who had dreamed of seeing Italy under a Pope-King.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lugano, December 7th, 1848.

You must have received, dear Emilie, by this hour my Pamphlet, and Caroline must have received a long article of mine, and Eliza a letter or address to the gentlemen who are so good as to mind, unasked, other people's business. Things are going on in a certain way. At Rome, the movement is stifled by the last nuance of our *doctrinaires* Sterbini, Mamiani and Co. Galletti * is the only man worth something amongst them. Besides, there is there, lurking, a taint of Charles Albertism. Things, however, cannot last so; and I am urging my friends there to a decisive step. I ought to be there; but I feel tired, worn out, and though ready to plunge into the midst of any decisive action, still quite unable to agitate personally and undergo the usual *procédé* of ovations and counter manifestations and one hundred men to speak with every day. Would to God that I could do some good still keeping shut in and invisible to every mortal creature! But it cannot be so; and I suppose that, towards the end of the year, I shall leave the Lombard Frontier for another; perhaps before, if they have sense enough at Rome. It is quite clear that Austria will, soon or late, invade Central Italy too; it is to be wished; but the question is whether the crisis will come in consequence of *our* getting the upper hand, or before. Should an invasion take place with such men as Mamiani and Sterbini at the head of the affairs, it would succeed, and only give opportunity to Charles Albert to play the part of the hero again. Should the invasion take place in consequence of the Republican party having triumphed at Rome, Ch. Albert would most likely leave us to fight our way out alone; and this is all that I wish for. Between Ch. Albert, the *doctrinaire* party, and the mediating powers and the Pope, and our [own] dismemberment, I do not think there has ever been on the face of the earth such a tormented country as Italy or such an entangled question as ours. I should like very much to see, or to know something more about, the article on the murder of Rossi. Such accusations as those of the *Times* have always proved a delight for me. Fancy a man, in a Piedmontese paper, the *Opinione*, finding out days ago that I was happy, that I had laboured during two or three months to be King for one hour in the Val d'Itelvio affair! A rambling letter came to me too from Lamberti. I do protest against it entirely. The truth about myself is in the little French letter I wrote to you: as to the others, I know nothing. Do you see Louis Blanc? † What does he foresee for France? I remember his

* A staunch radical who had been responsible for the police.

† Louis Blanc, who is generally credited with devising the National Workshop scheme in France, actually drew up another, much more practicable. After the sanguinary uprising that ensued (in June) on the dissolution of the National Workshops,

telling me at the Luxemburg that he would always vote against war, because war would have enthroned the sabre and postponed the "organization du travail." He ought now to understand what I was understanding then, that there is no "organization du travail" possible in one single Nation and that the first task of the Republican party must be to organize, through a sacred war between the two principles, many Nations into a Holy Alliance, then to organize each. I have received a letter from Mad. Sand: she seems very unhappy about the moral state of France. And what can one hope from a country in which Bastide *—one of the best, remember!—comes out before an Assembly issued from Universal Suffrage, declaring that the true policy for France, as to external matters, "is to have none" and is met with loud approbation?

I am well in health, spite of my seclusion (which I mainly attribute to your Mamma's stockings), and though I am obliged now to keep down my curtains on account of the sudden apparition of a man on the little roof dominating my window: the man was in search of a lost hen, and did not see me though sitting on a chair fronting the window; but it has been enough to frighten the friend who keeps me, and the consequence is that I cannot even look to the sky. You never speak a word, you ungrateful daughter, about Mr. Ashurst. What is he doing? Is he patronizing "peace" as when I was visiting him at Muswell Hill? I certainly must address myself to Mrs. Ashurst for a long, full-of-details letter, on Muswell Hill, and its inhabitants. Take care of yourself. My love to Sydney and to all. Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

Scipione is still here; I see him from time to time: he comes by night. I suppose he will leave for Genoa and Tuscany towards the end of the year.

Things were, perhaps, shaping better in Rome than Mazzini at the end of this year feared. The Moderate Party were coming under an ever-darkening cloud, for the Pope's Encyclical of April,

he was virtually banished and came to England, where James made him welcome and introduced him to the Ashurst circle. Although the other members of the circle gradually fell away from Blanc, owing to his narrow, socialist doctrines, incompatible with true democracy, Stansfeld always remained faithful to him.

* On August 9th, when convinced that the "Sword of Italy" was being controlled by Austria, Mazzini wrote to Bastide, who became Foreign Minister after the June revolution in Paris, pointing out the essential unity in all countries of the republican-democratic cause and appealing for common action. He sent the letter by Cattaneo, whom he recommended as "l'homme le plus éminent de la Lombardie." Bastide probably replied evasively or dishonestly, for he at once entered upon a policy of duplicity, negotiating secretly with Austria while promising the Nationalists never to abandon the cause of freedom.

which virtually severed him from the Nationalists and their aspirations for freedom, and which declared war to be "wholly abhorrent from the counsels of a Pope," had upset their entire programme, and the Democrats insisted on the radical Mamiani becoming Premier. Mamiani was an ardent advocate of independence, but looked to Federalism as the future form for Italian government. He believed in the Temporal Power and dreamed that it could be separated from the Spiritual Power under a constitutional arrangement. He stood loyally by the Pope although the Holy Father broke his word to him, disliked him and intrigued against him. At last, though the populace would have backed up his policy for war against the Pope's inertia, he felt the situation beyond him. He was succeeded by Fabbri, whom the Pope also forced from office in favour of Rossi, a political follower of Guizot. Rossi incurred the enmity of every one and fell by an assassin's hand on November 15th, as he was entering the Palazzo della Cancellaria. The alarmed Chamber suspended its sitting, and the People's Club became at once virtual ruler of the city. On November 16th an immense concourse clamoured outside the Quirinal for the democratic programme, and the Pope's failure at once to accept it precipitated the crisis before which he fled, disguised as a footman, to Gaeta, within Neapolitan territory—November 24th. There he succumbed more and more to the sinister influence of Ferdinand of Naples, and to his own evil genius, Cardinal Antonelli.

To the proposition of Spain that the question of the Pope's temporal authority should be settled by the representatives of foreign governments sitting in congress, the Piedmontese Minister, Gioberti, opposed the claim that Piedmont could permit no state other than Italian to interfere in the temporal affairs of the peninsula, and he himself tried to bring Pius and the Romans together, but, eventually, finding that the Pope desired to come back under the wings of Austria and Spain, he gave up the attempt.

But in the welter of ideas that followed upon the Holy Father's flight, not only in Rome but in Piedmont and Tuscany, two thoughts began slowly though clearly to emerge, both being the direct outcome of Mazzini's teaching, namely, that uncertainty must cease, and that absolute monarchy, like papal temporal power, must be repudiated.

Mamiani, who still struggled to save the Pope's authority, practically led the Chamber; Sterbini, an honest, short-sighted patriot without political aptitude, heading the opposition. Intrigues to promote the general, or Italian, *Constituente*, were in full activity, promoted by the banner-bearer of that idea, Montanelli. But the Clubs of the province of Romagna—where lay the "taint of Albertism" referred to by Mazzini—disappointed in their hope of annexation to Piedmont, presently voted for the election of a *Roman* Constituente by universal suffrage, and the ministry fell. The elections in January showed that the Moderates felt themselves overpowered, for a great number of them retired from the contest. With the exception of seven, all the members returned were from the Roman State. Of these seven exceptions, two names show what spirit and what influence had come rapidly into the ascendant—Mazzini and Garibaldi.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. From Zurich, December 29th, 1848.

I write these few words, dear Emilie, from Zürich. I have crossed the Alps at the San Bernadin, and it is a wonder that I do write to you. The descent was really dangerous. You may write to me at Marseilles, to the name of F. Casali, poste-restante: only one letter, as soon as you receive this, to tell me how you are and how all my friends—your family, I mean—are. Then you must await very patiently for another letter from me. Pistrucci is gone too. He will be at Florence when this note reaches you. My mother is well enough. Tell Caroline, that the day after to-morrow I hope to have a few hours' rest and to write the second article. Meanwhile, can you get two copies of the Spectator's number,* and send one to me, and one to Count G. Grillenzoni, † for Sig. Bussolino, Lugano? My friends there should like to see the article. God bless you, dear Emilie; and Sydney, and you all, who will love me "quand même."

Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

Zurich.

* He wrote two letters for the *Spectator*, the first of which appeared in the issue of December 23rd, entitled "Parties and affairs in Italy: 1, The Moderate Party." In this letter he shows that although new as a Party, the men who would now call themselves Moderates, applauded Austria in 1814: subjected the Piedmontese insurrection of 1821 to the defection of Charles Albert, and destroyed the movement of 1831. The second letter was to deal with the National Party.

† Count G. Grillenzoni was known among Mazzinians as one of *the* three Giuseppes, the other two being Mazzini and Garibaldi.

1849

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. From Marseilles, January 12th, 1849.

I have, dear Emilie, both your notes. I have been travelling right and left through Switzerland—then to Lyon—then here. It was very cold all the while and the forty-six days passed without the least movement had made me rather unfit for travelling; but here I am, well in health. I am still uncertain about myself, awaiting for letters from Rome. It may be that I am not here when your answer comes; but write still to Mr. Felix Casali; poste restante Marseilles; and I shall manage so as to receive the letters wherever I go. I have not yet been able, spite of all, to write the second article, but I will very soon. Did your mother receive a short note of mine on the New Year's Day? I should be sorry if she had not.

Our affairs are quite unsettled and entangled. My plan was this: to have a *Constituente Romaine* summoned:—from that, to get the proclamation of the republican principle for the estates of the Pope: then, the proclamation of the *Italian Constituente* as the only legitimate power by which the Italian question would be settled at the end of the war. In the meanwhile a knot of men, belonging to Sicily, Rome and provinces, Tuscany, Venice, the Lombard emigration, the patriotic Circoli [clubs] or associations, in the other parts, would have mustered around the Roman Government and formed a body the *precursor* of the Constituente. As the republic could not be proclaimed without meeting with war from Austria, a semi-Dictatorship of three men would be implanted in Rome to rule during the war.

The Constituente of the Roman Estates, meeting with no monarchical nor dynastic element, would be compelled to shape forth a republic. The initiative of the Italian [National] Constituente coming from a republican power would not be accepted by Ch. Albert. The invasion of the Austrians would make one of the Central and of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces [would join into one the Central and Lombardo-Venetian provinces]; it would widen the sphere of operation of the Austrian army and facilitate the insurrection of the Alta Lombardia. The war led on by an insurrectionary power would excite

the Sardinian [Piedmontese] populations and lead them to an insurrection. And the National Constituente, sprung up from the people and not from our governments, would truly represent the Italian thought.

I have insisted, accordingly, on the *local* Constituente being summoned; and am about succeeding or have succeeded; but the delays have given time to diplomacy to prepare for interference, and God knows what new *pasticcio* will come out. The meaning of my insisting, though misunderstood by many friends who childlike went on shouting for the National Constituente, that is for an *actual* impossibility, was well understood by the governments and their party. Thence all the delay at Rome—and the springing up of the Gioberti Cabinet—and the talking about the Federal Diet, from which, should it take place, an approval would come to the actual monarchical federalism. In vain I told all our men that the [National] Constituente, preached by me first, was not a thing to be had *now*. In vain I told Montanelli:* "by preaching the *Constituente* as a Government, you throw us into the hands of the Governments." They would not understand. A precious time has been lost, and I do not know what we shall be able to do of all this plan of mine: perhaps nothing, and we shall be obliged to trust the hazards of unknown forthcoming events.

My love to all:

Ever yours,
Jos. MAZZINI.

Will you be so good to send my address to Mrs. Milner-Gibson, should she like to write?

Remember me to Mary.

To Caroline. Probably from Marseilles, January 26th, 1849.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I send the second article [for the *Spectator*]: is it too late? I have still to thank you for your last letter; it was good,

* Montanelli, a professor in the University of Pisa, defeated the subtle attempt to introduce the Jesuits into that city in 1846, and successfully organized a powerful, secret, democratic press. He believed in the separation of Church from State and wished to free the Tuscan Church from State control. In the riotous times at Leghorn, when the people were ready to break with Tuscany and declare a republic, he only consented to become Governor on condition of preaching the National Constituente, which, as he understood it, meant the election by the free States of Italy of an Assembly to sit in Rome, whose business it would be to promote war against Austria. Once the Austrians were expelled, this Assembly would decide the form of government of each State under a strong federal bond. Montanelli tried to prevent Lombardy joining the Piedmontese crown; and he seems, with Guerrazzi, to have aimed at conjoining Romagna and Tuscany into a powerful Central State as a counterpoise to Piedmont. He found the Romans ready to receive his advocacy of the National Constituente and blind to the practical difficulties.

kind, graceful, lovely like yourself in one of your unsceptical moments. I would have answered it, but I have been since then in a sad mood of mind, and I preferred keeping silent, but not within my heart. I am still here trying to gather up and regain the moral strength that will be required by and by. It would appear ridiculous to anybody—not to you—but it is a fact that the landing at Leghorn, the sort of ovation that I shall have there, the speech *obligé* from a balcony, the unavoidable flood of *politiques de café* and so forth, are now a perfect horror for me. I would be already in Italy if only they would allow me to pass unnoticed, to write instead of speaking, and to let me alone till the decisive moment. This decisive moment will come, I fancy, very soon, however. As you may see from the papers, we are gaining ground. The Austrians *must* interfere; they are preparing. The Pope is endeavouring to rise [raise] a reaction in the uneducated classes; the King of Naples is threatening Rome; the Grand Duke of Tuscany is, if I am well informed, preparing to run away and protest. Spain, Louis Napoleon, everybody seem to be against us. We stand alone against everybody. Shall we be able to resist? I do not know. Our military resources in Central Italy are very limited: to entertain hope, we must resist from town to town, so as to give time to the National party in Piedmont and in Lombardy to help the good cause. The best thing for us would be now to have the elections to the Constituente in the Roman estates succeeding in a republican sense, and the Piedmontese ones in a retrograde sense, so as to have the Gioberti Ministry down and the appeal that we shall send from Rome likely to be responded to by the insurrectionary party in Piedmont. If there is any hope, it is in our position being very clear and well defined, and in our own party having the leadership of the war. And even then . . . God will provide.

I may stop here some six or seven days more: or I may be summoned there within two days. You may write here, however; the letters will reach me wherever I shall be . . .

God bless you and yours.

Your affectionate

Jos. Maz.

A very serious state of things, from the point of view of despotic government, had been supervening throughout 1848 in Tuscany, many of whose best democrats perished during the summer in fighting the Austrians. After the battle of Custozza—July 30th—the Grand Duke called Ricasoli, a Moderate of elevated character, to the premiership, but he did not succeed in forming a ministry. Capponi, a blind Liberal of historic descent, took the

reins at a time when "the country was full of demoralized soldiers, of disbanded volunteers, of unemployed labourers; and while reactionary priests and nobles fanned sedition in the country districts," another section cried aloud for the People's War. Leghorn was ripe for revolt; important elements in other districts were ready to join in, and coercion completely failed. Only Guerrazzi, a lawyer of Leghorn, whose powerful pen and strong character had for years been admired, succeeded in handling the inflammatory people of whom he was the idol.

But the Tuscan Premier refused to put him officially at the head of affairs in the stiff-necked city, and called on Montanelli to accept the Governorship of Leghorn. Montanelli did so on condition of preaching his great theory of the Italian [National] Constituente. Shortly afterwards Capponi resigned and the Grand Duke summoned Montanelli to take his place. He refused unless the popular Guerrazzi could be associated with him.

The difficulties confronting these two men were very great, but they tried vigorously to grapple with them, although the Moderates did little to help and much to hinder; and their measures of compromise stirred every bristle of the Democrats.

The Assembly met on January 10th, 1849—the elections had taken place towards the end of November—and showed a majority of Moderates. The Grand Duke promised a Constituente for Tuscany; but there very soon followed news of the proclamation at Rome of a Constituente for all Italy, and the "nationalist democrats saw the germ of an Italian Parliament and the chance of uniting Tuscany and Rome into one state." They demanded that Tuscany should send representatives to Rome, and Guerrazzi managed to persuade the Grand Duke to consent. Leopold, however, quickly repented. Though he might, under stress of circumstances, allow his own crown to become the subject of a vote, he could not see his way to taking a little liberty with that of the Holy Father. He therefore temporized until the end of the month, when he found a convenient pretext for visiting Siena. Montanelli followed him, but meanwhile he received letters from the Pope and from Radetzky, the latter promising him armed support so soon as the demagogues of Piedmont should be crushed, and he decided to fly from his "good Tuscans"—February 7th—until that happy moment might arrive. As soon as the news of his

flight reached Florence the people declared him deposed. Guerrazzi, Montanelli and Mazzoni were elected as a Triumvirate to form a Provisional Government.

To Caroline. From Marseilles, February 6th, 1849.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I send the third letter on Italian affairs,* rather abruptly concluded ; but I know that once in Italy, it would have been impossible to write it. So I have written it now, on the eve of starting. Within one hour I shall be on the steamer, on my way to Italy. I had decided to go two days ago ; but the steamer was stopping twenty-four hours in the harbour at Genoa ; and as I cannot land there, my native town being still forbidden to me, and the police having been in search of me days ago, the thought of being twenty-four hours near my mother without being able to see her was more than I could endure. The steamer on which I am going will stop only a few hours ; then proceed to Leghorn. From Leghorn I shall hasten to Florence, from Florence most probably to Rome ; but till † you do not get a note from me, you or Emilie, write to Felix Casali, Florence.

Ach Gott ! God, I think, begins to forsake me. I feel disheartened, weak in soul, wavering, gloomy, and I don't know what not. Perhaps seasickness and Italian air will cure me of this "lack-a-daysical" mood.

I shall write, and when I cannot write, send a paper.

Think of me ; if in your most friendly mood you shall do me good. Remember me to James. Whisper about me with him and Emilie. I need my guardian angels.

Yours affectionately,

JOS. MAZ.

My love to your mother, Bessie, Sydney, your Father and Eliza.

February 6. Marseille.

At Leghorn, where he spoke to a huge concourse, he used his great prestige to prevent the city from breaking off from Tuscany and proclaiming itself a separate Republic, and also to prevent violence towards the supporters of the Grand Duke Leopold, who had reached San Stefano, a small port near the southern frontier of the Duchy.

The next letter was written from Florence, where the behaviour

* On "The Nationalist Party," published in the *Spectator* of March 3rd, dated by Mazzini February 6th, 1849.

† Mazzini sometimes uses "till" in the sense of "while."

of the Triumvirate, just elected to power, certainly justified Mazzini's fears. Guerrazzi appears to have been trying to create a safe position "on the fence." There can be no doubt that he hoped to stave off a Republic. Strong himself and temperamentally undemocratic, he preferred the position of powerful Minister under a quasi-autocratic government to that of leader of a people whose will would curb his own, though he worked now under the guise—perhaps only half conscious that it was a disguise—of democracy. The whole of Tuscany suffered from the fever of uncertainty, suspicion and resentment. Wild passions boiled up here and there, on the side of the loyalists as much as on the side of the Democrats, and loyalist outbreaks provided a cloak under which the worst elements in the populace could spring into activity. The Grand Duke presently took up arms, though not in person, against the Triumvirate. On February 18th Mazzini had to address an immense concourse of people, who insisted on the declaration of a Republic and upon union with Rome. Guerrazzi, compelled to concur, did so with a bad grace and with insincere intentions—the Provisional Government stopped short of actual consent to union with Rome. A few days later Leopold fled to the fortress of Gaeta, to join Ferdinand of Naples and the Pope.

Meanwhile, in the capital of Piedmont, Gioberti, who realized the strong feeling that existed in Central Italy against Charles Albert, was giving up his dream of the expansion of Piedmont, in favour of the federalist plan; as he had also to give up his dream of a great reforming Prince-Pope. But he was growing every day more opportunist and less democratic: declared against the Roman Constituente, "sent hectoring dispatches" to the Roman Provisional rulers, and took much the same tone with Tuscany. He then, half flinging off his democratic pretensions, made an offer to the Grand Duke Leopold to restore him to the Duchy of Tuscany by force of arms; but this step on the part of his Minister confronted Charles Albert with so many difficulties that on February 21st he made Gioberti resign.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House.

March 2nd, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

I am leaving this very night for Rome. I have all your notes down to the 22nd of February; but it has been *impossible* for me to write. I shall from Rome; and, at all events,

you will receive from me some paper. I am well ; still, rather gloomy, without any consciousness of power within me, wishing for physical action on a barricade or some other way more than for any other thing or mood [mode] of activity. The interference here seems to be actually suspended : our men keeping the frontier and no advancing movement on the other side. But, the month will not elapse, I think, without the crisis coming on. Everybody, Austria, Naples, France, England, seems to be against us ; but we shall make the best of it.* The foreign press is shamefully hostile ; all the articles I occasionally see on your papers a tissue of lies. Did you see Gioberti's behaviour ?

I fear that all is not right in our Tuscan Provisional Government. I do not like Guerrazzi at all.† Did the *Spectator* print the second and third article on Italy ? I have seen with pleasure those written by our friend Costa. Remember me to him. Write to Rome to Casali, as usual ; the papers, if you send any, to my name. A blessing upon you all ; yours with everlasting affection,

JOSEPH.

The Deputies elected in Rome in January met on February 5th to decide the future form of government. A small minority only were republicans ; Mamiani opposed the republican solution because it might militate against Federalism, and Montanelli desired no solution until the hypothetic National Constituente should have been convened. Nevertheless, as every other way of ordered government appeared barred, the Assembly found itself forced, upon February 9th, to proclaim a Republic, Garibaldi—elected for Macerata—warmly encouraging the enthusiasm. They abolished the Pope's Temporal Power, but were willing to safeguard his spiritual authority. A democratic priest, Muzarelli, with Saliceti and Montecchi were constituted a first Triumvirate or Executive Committee. Armellini, a lawyer, and Saffi of Forli in the Romagna, a leader of advanced thought in that province and a profound student, were in the ministry.

* On February 18th Cardinal Antonelli proposed a joint occupation of the Papal States by Austria, Spain, Naples and France. Spain was already preparing : the Austrian general, Haynau, was about to advance on Bologna : Neapolitan troops were upon the southern frontier, and fomenting insurgents. In France, Falloux, the ultra-Catholic minister, and the conservative reaction, were gaining ground.

† Mazzini's dislike of the Tuscan minister can be readily understood when such a writer as Mr. Bolton King records of him, in Chapter XVIII. of *A History of Italian Unity :* "What was his policy at this time it is hard to say. In after days he protested that his republican utterances and actions were made under compulsion, and that if he passed strong laws against the loyalists, he took care that they were inoperative."

"Honest finance, legal and municipal reform, liberty of worship, lay control of education and justice and charities, the nationalization of Church property: such was the embracing programme of Armellini and his colleagues, and strongly and wisely they began on it." * One of their first acts was to naturalize Mazzini, who made his way to Rome early in March, leaving affairs in Tuscany in a condition that occasioned much anxiety notwithstanding the exhausting efforts he had made to secure for them a straight policy.

He entered Rome—that "city of the soul" so loved by Byron and called by Mazzini the Temple of Humanity—with "a deep sense of awe, almost of worship," full of the faith that from the "lone Mother of dead empires" would "one day spring the religious transformation destined for the third time to bestow moral unity upon Europe." And who, with the recollection of the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities held in Rome last April—1918—is not ready to endorse that hope? "There is an indescribable significance in the fact that this assembly has taken place under the ægis of the most sacred memories of Rome, and on the initiative and with the co-operation of Italy," writes Professor Pietro Silva.† "Many times in the course of the meeting, the name of Mazzini was invoked; it can truly be said that the Congress was impregnated with the Mazzinian spirit, and, further than that, it can also be said that the summoning of this Congress to Rome, at the Campidoglio, fulfils one of the prophecies of the apostle. It was precisely from Rome, according to the ideas of Mazzini, that this word of modern unity should have come.

"Giuseppe Mazzini is one of the few human values which the present war—a formidable liquidator of men and systems—has not diminished, but rather increased. While kingdoms and empires are crumbling, while idols are falling from their pedestals and so many ideals are being shattered, Mazzini stands like a rock. His inspiring and sustaining doctrine comes back to us across the ocean transfused in the messages of President Wilson; his spirit hovers over the meeting in Rome, which marks a new era."

To Mrs. Ashurst. From Rome. 1849. Probably March 18th.

DEAR FRIEND,

Such a short letter after such a long silence! Still, it seems better to catch the first free minutes I have and to send

* Bolton King. † *The New Europe.* May 9th, 1918.

a few lines than to delay. It is a *fact*, as Emilie would say, that I *cannot* write. I am living as if in a whirlwind: Ixion-like; hurried from man to man, from thing to thing, from the Assembly to the Government, and on the whole, alas! unable to the task. The members of our republican Government are good, but extremely weak, and some of them quite unfit for their place. The spirit of the Assembly is good, but there is a dreadful want of capacity. Nothing, till the day of my arrival, has been done for the war:* we have no arms: almost all the European Governments are at work against us; and we are going to be involved, sooner than I expected, in a war initiated by Charles Albert for the purpose of preventing us from spreading our republican principles through Piedmont. We shall do what we can. Why don't you write from time to time a few words to me about you and yours? I am longing for news from Muswell Hill and "ses dépendances," as much as a dry soil for rain. Some true friend's voice coming from afar is the only refreshing thing for me: the only individual comfort. The rest is Duty. Remember me to all.

Ever yours,
Jos. Mazzini.

March 18th.

Before the date of the next letter much had happened to the young Republic. The crushing conquest of the King of Piedmont by the Austrians at Novara threw the inadequate Roman Triumvirate upon the guidance of Mazzini, who was but a simple member of the Assembly. On March 29th a fresh Triumvirate was chosen: Saffi, Armellini and himself. Stronger military and defensive measures were at once taken, and everything possible was done to bring a large contingent of Lombard Volunteers to Rome, where now lay the active elements of the cause for which they had enlisted. But the Piedmontese, far from facilitating, frustrated this design, and only the dauntless young Milanese aristocrat, Luciano Manara, with his picked *bersaglieri*, contrived, near the end of April, to get to Rome.

* Nevertheless, when Charles Albert, partly, as Mazzini observes, for fear of the national initiative passing from monarchy to people, denounced, on March 14th, the armistice and reopened war with Austria, Mazzini proposed the election of a War Commission—of which his faithful friend Carlo Pisacane became the inspiriting head—and contrived to dispatch, on the 21st, 10,000 men to go to the assistance of Piedmont against the arch-enemy. But before they could reach the scene of action, the King's forces were betrayed, by every conceivable mistake, into the disaster of Novara, from which "stricken field" the miserable King fled, leaving his son to grapple with difficulties which his own uncertainties had fostered.

On the 25th April the French landed at Civita Vecchia, bewildering every one, including Lord Palmerston, by appearing with the French and Italian colours intertwined. There had not been a month in which to prepare defences, but Mazzini knew that if the country was ever to be One it behoved the Roman Republic to hold aloft the ensign; to focus the attention of every Italian and of Europe, upon Rome, that all "might understand the immortal power that stirred beneath the ruins of two epochs" —the "immense eternal life" of that Rome who had been the capital of the world and who must one day reassume her legitimate sovereignty of Italy.

The invasion conceived by Louis Napoleon—who was already subtly preparing the *coup d'état* that should kill the French Republic—had the reconciliation of the Pope and his protection from the supposed violence of the Romans for its ostensible reasons. The story of this "meanest of modern political crimes" need not be repeated here. Lesseps was made the catspaw of General Oudinot, who was catspaw of the enigmatic man so soon to constitute himself French Emperor.

Nothing could have been farther from the truth than the pretext for the invasion, and the assertions diligently circulated, even by some English papers, that a reign of terror, especially as regards the Church, obtained in Rome. Palmerston, who, left to his own desires, would have done much more for Italy, declared in the House of Commons that "Mazzini's government of Rome was far better than any the Romans had had for centuries." He ruled by force of goodness, for he had no means other than moral on which to rely. But in the words of one who has shown a good eye for flies in the amber, "His was a pure spiritual ascendency; that made a populace, demoralized by bad government and charity, rise to something of his own moral height and dare to bear and die . . . and in a clear position of command, he stood in all the majesty of his translucent soul. It shone in his face; worn and emaciated, he seemed to Margaret Fuller 'more divine than ever.'"

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. On the Official Paper of the Roman Republic.

Roma, April 28th, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

You are aware of the landing of the Frenchmen at Civitavecchia. They are making towards Rome; and they will

be here, most likely, to-morrow. Unless there is a sudden change in our people, we shall resist them. We are preparing barricades. Gen: Oudinot will advance, I suppose, with 10,000 men; but with a great deal of artillery.

Is it not strange that the first enemy we have to fight with is France?

There is here, whilst I am writing, a French officer who has been taken at one of the gates of the town, and led to me. He is most probably carrying some intimation from the French General. I will tell you before sending this.

It is merely the confirmation of the news.

I will write a few words to-morrow if I can. Pray, not for me, for Rome; I shall take care of myself, and think of my mother, of you and of all those I love.

Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Rome.

April 30th.—3 o'clock afternoon.

We have been attacked by the French division three hours ago. We fight bravely. The cannon is roaring, but, as true as I am living, we shall conquer them or die in a manner that will honour Rome for ever.

Yours,

JOSEPH.

We are invaded by the Neapolitans too. If we conquer the Frenchmen, we shall conquer the others after. Still, what an impious plan!

. . . . . .

Garibaldi is wounded, but slightly.*

. . . . . .

My last proclamation of an hour ago.

. . . . . .

L'onore e salvo. Dio e i nostri fucili faranno il resto.

Energia ed ordine. Siate degni dei vostri padri.

Non una voce che gride nuove allarmanti. Non un colpo di fucili speccato nell' interno della città.

Ogni colpo sia per nemico. Ogni grido: Viva la Republica!

30 Aprile ora II pom.

(Our honour is safe. God and our rifles will do the rest. Energy and order! Be worthy of your fathers. Let no voice

* "Garibaldi had received a bullet wound in the side, and the wound, though it did not incapacitate him, caused him much pain during the next two months of constant warfare."—TREVELYAN.

utter alarming news. No shot wasted within the city. Every bullet for the enemy. One cry only : "Long live the Republic.")

To Emilie. From Rome I Mag. 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

The whole day we have been fighting. Towards the end, the Frenchmen were obliged to withdraw, leaving nearly 500 prisoners in our hands, and many dead and wounded. To-day we have been at rest. The Frenchmen are at nearly four miles from the town.

The Neapolitans are advancing. Our position is bad enough ; we are doomed ; but we shall do what can be done.

In haste,
ever yours,
JOSEPH.

Oudinot's troops, among whom the word was passed round that "Italians do not fight," had been, ingloriously enough, driven back by mere raw recruits, chiefly students new to such experience, led by Garibaldi, who had just returned to Rome. The enemy left 400 killed, 530 wounded and 460 prisoners, while the Republic suffered a total of 214 casualties. Garibaldi urged that this victory should be followed up by pursuing the flying foe "to their ships or into the sea," but the War Committee would not, for weighty reasons, agree. Garibaldi knew that a complete rout could not be disguised from the French people, and that the President's position must receive a shock. He dreaded giving Oudinot the chance to recover, or to hatch new treacheries. He remained blind to the situation as Mazzini saw it ; nor had he any faith in the few Republicans struggling in Paris for the honour of their land. "Garibaldi obeyed as was his wont, but he bitterly resented and never forgave the refusal." Mazzini, on the other hand, conceived that his own Republic would put itself in the wrong by quitting its attitude of pure defence against the French Republic, while the French Government would put itself more and more in the wrong if it continued to trample on the fifth article of its own Constitution : "France respects foreign nationalities ; her might shall never be employed against the liberty of any people."

Avvezzana—at whose instance Garibaldi had been brought to Rome—now War Minister and a very experienced soldier, concurred with Mazzini, as did Pisacane, in resisting Garibaldi's appeal. All dreaded "the effect of night and darkness upon the

young, untrained troops; * feared that the Neapolitans on the frontier might advance; that the papal partisans—and no one doubted that though silent they were many—might take advantage of the defenceless state of the city." †

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Rome.

May 5th [1849].
2 o'clock after midnight.

DEAR EMILIE,

The Neapolitans are between Albano and Rome. Ten miles far from here. They will attack, I suppose, to-morrow. We are prepared to resist. May God help us for the good cause. The Austrians were crossing the Po, towards Ferrera for Bologna, when the dispatches from Ferrera were posted. The French are loitering between Rome and Civitavecchia, at Palo or near that place. It is the second edition of the overthrow of Poland in 1772. Everybody is against us. Still, should we succeed with the Neapolitans, we shall have most probably a general rising in the provinces against the Austrians.

Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

There is already a skirmishing between Garibaldi and the Neapolitans. We have a few prisoners, and I am obliged to write a short proclamation to prevent people from tearing them into pieces.

To keep back the Neapolitans the Triumvirate sent Garibaldi across the Campagna with all the troops they dared spare from Rome until they knew Oudinot's intentions. The little force

* J. W. Mario, MS. Events during the siege justified this fear: Trevelyan states that "the want of regular training among the volunteers was felt most in the conduct of the night surprises, which the Romans always failed to effect. In one of these sorties even the men of the Italian Legion were seized with panic. On other occasions the greatest gallantry was shown by the sortie parties."

† Luciano Manara would have been within the city with his *bersaglieri*, but their high sense of honour, equalled by that of the Republic, would have deterred them from action. They had been prevented by Oudinot a few days before—in violation of international law—from landing at Civita Vecchia, and made to pass their word not to enter Rome before the 4th May. Manara landed at a point further south, and, summoned by the Roman Minister of War, obeyed, entering the city two days before the French attack; but he and his force compelled themselves to keep the spirit of their promise and abstain from fighting on the crucial 30th, and until the expiration of their parole. Manara was not a Republican. He and his followers had taken the oath of allegiance to the House of Savoy when they enrolled as rebels to Austria; but after the disaster of Novara they had no mind to fall under the tender mercies of their arch-foe, who would wreak terrible vengeance on such as they. Their arrival in Rome has a special significance as adding to the *Italian* character of the stand made by the Eternal City against the foes of liberty. Manara and his *bersaglieri* shouted "Viva l'Italia," not "Viva la Republica."

only numbered 2300, of which Manara's men formed part; and, as a frontal attack upon a powerful enemy in a strong position was out of the question, the guerilla tactician led his men east instead of south, then from Hadrian's Villa he turned south to Palestrina, where he knew he would find the most favourable situation for harassing the flank of the Bourbon army encamped on the Alban Hills. From this vantage point he inflicted so much damage and annoyance, exhibiting such "vigour, craft and courage," that General Lanza had orders to "drive away the bandit." Approached by two columns, the bandit and Manara did not wait to be attacked; but, boldly assuming the offensive, carried off a victory from which the remnants of one enemy column fled, flinging away their muskets, while the other beat as dignified a retreat as they could.

From the scene of this useful success Garibaldi was summoned back to Rome in view of the uncertainty regarding Oudinot's attitude. He reached the city on May 11th. Then a change came over the face of things which for a time misled everybody.

"On May 15th De Lesseps arrived on a friendly mission from Paris, and on May 17th a suspension of hostilities was arranged, to give the French Envoy time to come to an accommodation with the Triumvirate and the Assembly of Rome.

"Such, at least, was the ostensible object. But the real motive of the French Government was to gain time: first, until reinforcements could be sent out to Oudinot; and, secondly, until the Catholic party in France could obtain a majority for reaction at the elections which were due to take place within a few weeks. The French neither desired nor expected the negotiations to succeed. On May 8th, the very day on which the Minister for Foreign Affairs charged De Lesseps with his mission, the President wrote to Oudinot: 'Our military honour is at stake. I will not suffer it to be compromised. You may rely on being duly reinforced'; and, suiting the action to the word, sent out the great engineer, General Vaillant, with orders to take Rome, and powers to supersede the less capable Oudinot if it should prove necessary . . . It was necessary not only to conceal from the Romans and from the French Liberals the vengeance intended, but to conceal from the French nation the real nature of the defeat suffered, until it had been avenged. For this part of the game Oudinot was eminently suited. But it was even more important to conceal

present intentions than past defeats. To make deceit effective it is best to employ honest instruments; and such was De Lesseps . . . Coming to Rome full of zeal to bring about an accommodation, he was soon under the spell of Mazzini, and, we may add, under the spell of the kind-hearted populace of Rome, who throughout May treated him and all his countrymen within their gates with friendliness, and even with enthusiasm . . . De Lesseps was touched by what he saw of Mazzini and of Rome, and declared that the Republican leaders were misunderstood at Paris. After one quarrel, when the fiery Frenchman broke out in disgust at the Roman unreasonableness, and abused Mazzini in violent terms, the negotiations were resumed and proceeded rapidly towards an accommodation." *

Profiting by the better aspect of things, the Roman Government sent a considerable force against the Neapolitans on May 16th. It was under the Commander-in-Chief, Rosselli, Garibaldi being put as a general of division. Rosselli was not particularly fit for the kind of expedition that this venture turned out to be, whereas Garibaldi, by temperament and habit, would have been exactly in his element. As matters went it was his precautions, promptitude, rupture of ordinary discipline, and his amazing dash that saved the fortunes of the Republic and inspired such awe, not to say terror, in the soldiers of *Bomba* that they vowed the "red devil" was helped supernaturally—that the huge negro who always accompanied him must be Beelzebub, against whom no man could contend. This devoted black friend had followed Garibaldi across the Atlantic, and, "with the lasso of the Pampas hanging from his saddle, himself wrapped in a dark-blue *poncho*, and mounted on a jet-black charger, contrasted picturesquely with Garibaldi and his golden hair, white *poncho* and white horse." †

The bitterness generated on this occasion between Rosselli and the guerilla warrior, though driven beneath the surface by immediate stress of danger, burst forth five years later in accusation and recrimination that had their reaction on Mazzini and the cause of Italy, for Garibaldi never freed his mind from the mistaken belief that Mazzini had prompted these detractions, and the

* Trevelyan.

† *Ibid.* Aguyar's "parents were freed negro slaves, and he had been a horse-breaker before he was a soldier." He was killed by the bursting of a shell in a street of the poorer quarter, on June 30th.

two great men, in spite of Mazzini's utmost endeavours, never pulled whole-heartedly together.

Once again Garibaldi had to be recalled from following up what he felt to be a glorious opportunity, for the Triumvirs could not neglect the danger threatening from the Austrians. These had just overcome the heroic resistance of the Bolognese and bombarded their city, and were now overrunning Romagna and the Marches. When Garibaldi re-entered Rome at the end of the month it was in the firm belief that he would be able to fling himself against the arch-foe and inflict at least a reverse which would encourage all Italians to rally to the national cause. But such hopes proved ephemeral, owing to the further crimes of the French Government which already "stood convicted not only of treachery to republican principles, but of a perfidy that shocked diplomatists." *

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Rome.

May 23rd [1849].

Why don't you write, dear Emilie? Since many many days I know nothing of you and yours. *I* cannot write; but *you* must not be silent. I suspect your letters are not safe coming through Tuscany. You may try either Civitavecchia or a new address, Sig. Leone Ruggito Pittore, Roma.

We are contending against everybody, and keeping our ground rather firmly. The Neapolitans are beaten away: the French are shut out; we are diplomatizing and with good hopes; but the Austrians are marching throughout the Romagna towards Ancona; and the *prestige* still exercised by the past victories is helping them there. Our position is bad; still, I do not despair. We must have *sang froid* enough to let the bomb explode: the Austrians must advance, thin their forces by stretching them; we must try to organize a guerilla warfare against them; and if I succeed in that, one moment will come in which they shall be attacked and sent back or perhaps not allowed to go back at all. It is, at all events, a beautiful and grand struggle. You all, chosen band, must admire and pray and feel for Rome either falling or conquering against France, Naples, Austria, and all the Governments of Europe as far as diplomacy is concerned.

Love to all; let you, Caroline, Bessie—Eliza is in Paris I suppose—and your excellent mother, pray for Rome; and think of your

JOSEPH.

* Bolton King.

The guerilla war against the Austrians which Mazzini tried hard to organize, and upon which Garibaldi and Manara set high hopes, was rendered impossible by the unmasking of the French Government who, almost at the moment of Garibaldi's return to Rome, repudiated the agreement signed by Lesseps—which "bound the French to protect Rome and its environs against Austria and Naples and all the world"—and recalled its negotiator. Oudinot's reinforcements had arrived, with artillery, siege-guns, engineers, etc. On June 1st, the French commander declared that the armistice was at an end but that he would not "attack the place" until June 4th, in order that the French residents in Rome should have time to leave. He purposely used the equivocal word "place" that he might be able to surprise certain vital outposts on June 3rd.

Rosselli, willing to give his slender garrison all the rest possible, himself visited the Villa Pamfili—a key position—on the evening of June 2nd, and told the very insufficient force there that they could relax vigilance as no attack need be feared until the 4th. In this "Rosselli was guilty of an error of the first magnitude. If Oudinot's bad faith is condemned, no less severe a judgment must be passed on the folly of his antagonist. Even if the French general's letter had been perfectly explicit in its promise to postpone every kind of operation till Monday, this vital position ought to have been occupied day and night by several thousand troops. The capture of the vital positions was effected in the small hours of Sunday morning, June 3rd."

On the story of the siege, so ably told in *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, there is no need to dwell here. We who are fresh from the acute suffering and tragic bereavements of war can well understand the agony of the Roman defenders and their grief as the flower of Italy's valour was mown down by the guns of a sister Republic. Luciano Manara, Mameli the gifted young poet, Daverio, Dandolo, Morosini, Bonnet, Masina, and many another who seemed irreplaceable, gave their lives for Rome before Mazzini wrote his next letter to the Ashursts. Others had left the fated city to continue the war, with Garibaldi, who offered them, as he said, neither pay nor quarters nor provisions: "I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death." * Of those who followed for love of him and of their country, many

* *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* (Trevelyan.)

reached death in her cause through the ante-chamber of Austrian torture—among them the devoted priest Ugo Bassi.

The French chose the last night of June for launching their final attack. Scenes of valour such as could, perhaps, only be paralleled in the present war, marked the resistance of the defenders. "Come on! This is the last fight!"—cried Garibaldi as he sprang to the combat, with the heavy sword in his hand which the next day was seen to be covered with blood.

"In the last hour of darkness before dawn the whole space between the Pino and the city gate was a swaying mass of men killing each other with butt and bayonet, lance and knife, to the cries of 'Viva l'Italia!' 'Vive la France!' Next day the French generals saw, with admiration and pity, the ground covered with the red pennons of the lances still grasped in the hands of the slain. . . .

"A truce was arranged at midday for the gathering of the dead and wounded, and Garibaldi was summoned to the Capitol. . . .

"Sore at heart and preoccupied by bitter thoughts, he galloped up to the Capitol, dismounted, and entered the Assembly as he was, his red shirt covered with dust and blood, his face still moist with the sweat of battle, his sword so bent that it stuck half-way out of the scabbard. The members, deeply moved, rose to their feet and cheered, as he walked slowly to the tribune and mounted the steps.

"They had sent to ask his advice on the three plans between which, as Mazzini had told them in his speech that morning, they were now reduced to choose. They could surrender; they could die fighting in the streets; or, lastly, they could make their exodus into the mountains, taking with them the Government and the army. This third plan was that which Garibaldi had for some days past been urging on the Triumvirate, and he now pressed the Assembly to adopt it, in a brief and vigorous speech.

"He brushed aside the idea of continuing the defence of Rome. It could no longer, he showed them, be carried on even by street fighting, for the Trastevere must be abandoned, and the enemy's cannon from the height of San Pietro, in Montorio, could reduce the capital of the world to ashes. As to surrender, he does not seem to have discussed it. There remained the third plan—to carry the Government and army into the wilderness.

This was the part he had chosen for himself and for every one who would come with him . . .

"In the discussion that followed, Mazzini supported the proposal of Garibaldi. But to go out and perish was the part of the few, and the Assembly did right when it refrained from adopting the exodus as an official programme. It passed the following resolution :

"'In the name of God and the People :—

"'The Constituent Assembly of Rome ceases from a defence that has become impossible and remains at its post.'

"Mazzini protested against this decision, refused to participate in the surrender and resigned, together with his two fellow triumvirs." *

In the possession of the writer are the originals of two Decrees of the Roman Constituent Assembly, one dated July 1st, 1849, stating that the resigning triumvirs had deserved well of their country, the other, dated July 2nd, conferring the gold medal of honour upon Mazzini as a confirmation of the Decree of the previous day.

The French formally entered Rome on July 3rd. Garibaldi, and his following of about 4000, marched out of the city on the evening of the 2nd.

To Emilie. From Rome, July 7th, 1849.

We are conquered, dear Emilie. The French are in the town to the number of nearly 40,000 men. Rome in "état de siége." The inhabitants compelled to go home at half-past nine. Arms taken away. Arrests made. The National Guard dissolved. Brutal force exhibited everywhere in a cowardly, ferocious manner. Everybody refuses to serve. The whole army is dissolving : neither priests nor foreigners, they say. The Town-Council giving his resignation. The French rulers surrounding themselves with spies, thieves and scoundrels. The people stabbing some of them here and there. Such is Rome now.

Oudinot did never dare to come down to our barricades. He achieved everything through artillery and entrenchment. The town was bombarded by day and by night. Our few troops obliged to protect the town, to fight by day and to work by night, were totally exhausted : the best officers dead. Our supplies of cattle, wine, powder, etc., cut off by the French cavalry. The invaders were gaining some inch of ground every day ; and as

* *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic.* (Trevelyan.)

soon as they had conquered it, fortifying it: advancing like moles; never showing themselves. We did all we could to provoke them to a descent in the town; but in vain. On the 30th, I summoned all the "chefs des corps" together; and proposed to leave the town and prolong the defence elsewhere. The majority were for prolonging it within the walls. But that could not be done without having recourse to extreme means, the limiting of the defence to one side of the Tiber, blowing up of the bridges, summoning 18,000 inhabitants of the Trastevere to emigrate within the precincts of the town, and so forth. I went to the Assembly and insisted upon our leaving the town, army, Assembly, Triumvirate and all, taking with us every financiary and military resource. We had some 10,000 men; for—now we can state it—our military forces amounted to that; but, after those, we would have had 3000 men of the people grouping themselves around us. With these 13,000 men, my plan was to go quickly through the March, enter Tuscany in the Aretino and re-enter the Roman territory in the Romagna, near Bologna, then to re-awaken the insurrection against the Austrians. The plan was bold; but it could prove successful. I found the Assembly under a sudden impression of fear. Not a single man supported me. The idea, once unluckily expressed, in a conversational way, by myself that, at all events, we ought never to capitulate but yield to force, was taken up and misconstrued by somebody. The decree you know of, proposed. I struggled against not the principle, but the immediate application, with all my power, till I lost every "sang froid" and ran away from the Assembly. They summoned Garibaldi, who, perhaps with the best intentions, frightened them more and more by talking about exaggerated means of defence. The result was that I received at the Government's seat the decree of the Assembly "that the defence was declared impossible, and the Assembly would keep her place," with an order to communicate it to Gen. Oudinot. I refused, and sent in my resignation. My two colleagues followed my example. Still, it was communicated. Of course the mere declaration that the defence was deemed to be impossible, caused it to be so. The French troops took possession of the gates. Garibaldi went away. The regular troops would not follow him; and the usual anarchy began to spread. The Assembly proposed to declare that the army should go out of the town. I went again to the House, and remonstrated. The army without the Government would fall into anarchy, and through want of means into brigandage: the Assembly, without an army, would be dissolved and fall into ridicule or cowardice. It was of no avail. They ordered the troops out. The troops would not go. Every one began to treat. Oudinot declared that the troops could take *cantonnmens*

out ; and though it was repugnant to accept of that, still we meant to go, and gain time. But, it was [too] late. Once in possession of the town, Oudinot retracted his promise, prevented our artillery from going, then, the rest. Service was offered and refused, except by the *carabinieri*, the old gendarmes. I protested against the decrees of the Assembly, and inserted the protestation into the Acts of the House. I will send a copy of it to you by-and-bye. The House was dissolved, by force. The state of siege began. All promises betrayed. The leaders of the people ran away. There was nothing to be attempted. Everybody is emigrating. I want to be the last ; and here I am concealed. [In the poorest quarter, the Trastevere.] Yesterday and all the days before, I walked all the town, just to see if they dared to arrest me, till everybody, frightened by what they termed madness, began to say that I had a "sauf conduit" or employment from England !

I shall go, of course, at least attempt to go : not an easy matter. By land, there is Tuscany with the Austrians ; Piedmont and Naples worse almost than the Austrians ; by sea, Civitavecchia, and Marseilles. I know nothing about the instructions of the French Government, but have to fear everything. Still, I must to Switzerland ; and in some way or other, I shall reach it, I cannot come *now* to England ; I cannot go far from Italy ; and you must not endeavour to shake my decision, dear Emilie. But once in Switzerland, I will pay a visit to England and be some fortnight with you. Keep quiet about me ; and cause Caroline, Bessie, and your mother to feel so. Do not fear ; and trust my *practical* prudence : the *practical* will make you laugh ; but never mind.

England ought now to insist on the population being freely consulted about their Government ; it was the solemn promise of France ; and it is shame for England and for all nations that France should be allowed to go out as a conquering power at Rome. But who can hope for something generous from your Government ? Still, let our friends act on that way what they can. The opinion is so unanimous here, that if properly consulted, it will never allow the Pope to come back.

Tell Soldi to keep the 150, etc., pounds : they will be of some use for the cause.

I know that you and Caroline are not well. Do try your best, and be better. My love to all. I cannot say much about me, but I am well in health. It is decreed that I shall never die nor be ill.

Ever fondly yours,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. From Rome, July 10th, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

Pisacane is a friend, one of ours. He has been "chef d'Etat Major" in our Roman army, and he has behaved bravely, gallantly, and patriotically. I like him very much, and I am sure you will do so too. Will you introduce him to all your family and to all those amongst your friends who are likely to prove useful to him? He must, of course, look for occupation; and he is worthy finding one, either as an "ingénieur" or otherwise. I know it is very difficult; still, it is well to try. I hope to see you before or after you will have received this.

Your friend
JOS. MAZZINI.

Roma.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From the Steamer leaving Genoa.

July 17 [1849].
From the Steamer.

There was nothing to be done at Rome, dear Emilie, at least through me. So, I left; and here I am, not yet out of troubles, still having already run through the two-thirds of the affair: Civitavecchia, Leghorn, and Genoa are rather annoying places, and I am on my way to Marseilles. I shall write as soon as I reach my place of safety. As for the rest, I long to hear from you, of you, of Caroline, of Bessie, of Mrs. Ashurst, of Mr. Ashurst, of Sydney, James, William; and of all who interest you and myself. It is a long while since I saw your handwriting. Write to Will. Emotson, Esq., Geneva.

Ever your
JOSEPH.

The American Consul, who had given passports to Saffi, Garibaldi and others, sent one also to Mazzini, but, of course, it was useless without the French *visa* for which he would not ask. He made his way out of the city to Civita Vecchia, where, seeing a vessel on the point of sailing, he walked up to the captain, a Corsican named Cambiaso, announced quietly who he was, said he had no passport and asked if he, the captain, would take him. Cambiaso immediately consented. At Leghorn the Austrians came on board and made a rigorous search. As they approached, Mazzini said to the captain, "Don't be alarmed: they will not take me. You will not be compromised." He went to the steward's galley, borrowed a cap, pulled it over his brow, and the

searchers passed on without noticing the person who was busily engaged in washing up glasses, etc.

It has been stated and restated that Mazzini resorted to "clever disguises" when he flitted about the Continent. This is not true. Twice in his life he did wear disguise, and twice only. The first time was when he left Marseilles in 1833. E.A.V., who knew all his movements and "dodges," repeatedly laid stress, to the present writer, upon this fact. He would go clean shaven, be partially shaved or cut his hair and beard differently, but beyond those precautions—not always taken—he relied on his manner, his facility for languages, the wearing of an unaccustomed kind of hat or cap, and his dramatic instinct. It was eyes and brow that would "give him away"; if he could conceal the latter and impart a sleepy expression to the former, or perhaps wear glasses, he felt safe. An authority on secret service devices has pertinently remarked that a man can nearly always be identified by his walk, which is seen best when the person is viewed from behind. Probably Mazzini had observed this and instinctively changed his gait and carriage in accordance with the language he happened to be speaking as he made his perilous transits along public highways, took public vehicles, entered stations and trains or passed through towns where the most skilled detectives of Europe were on the watch for him. Wonderful as it may seem, his sense of humour never deserted him, and therein, most likely, lay the great secret of his safety, for the police were accustomed to look out for a man of dangerous, ardent, sinister character, a typical conspirator—probably the cloak and dagger conspirator of the stage. The pleasant, polished gentleman of irreproachable dress, unfailing good temper and leisurely manners, who never hesitated to enter into conversation with them, would be the last person whom customs officers, gendarmes, spies, etc., thought of suspecting.

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. P. mk. Genève, July 25th, 1849.

July 23.

I am at Genève, safely—and I have reached Switzerland through France and Savoy! I am tired, but well in health. I have embarked at Civitavecchia, without any passport; went to Leghorn, from Leghorn to Genoa, from Genoa to Marseille. At Leghorn, I had the comfort of seeing the Austrian sentries looking idly at the steamer where I was; at Genoa, I could neither land nor see my

mother ; and to spare her fruitless and groundless terrors, I felt obliged to let her believe that I was all the while at Malta. At Marseille, I landed unheeded, while the Custom-house officers were visiting one part of the vessel. From there, having had a passport whatever,* I went to Lyon, and from Lyon plunged into Savoy, when the first person I met with was Panizzi. At all events, here I am ; and for the moment you have nothing to fear for me. Whether, when or how long I shall stop or be allowed to stop here, I do not know ; perhaps I will tell you in my first letter. Meanwhile, I want a long letter from you to the address of Sig. Maurizio Quadrio, Genève, containing as many things [as] you can about you all. Write about your health, dear Emilie, and say the truth.

I ought to write, but I fear I shall not be able. Writing makes me impatient. For friends ? They don't want it. For foes ? They have no good faith, no sincerity at all. I am longing—a useless longing for the present—for action. And looking around, I see nothing acting, nothing stirring except poor Hungary, fighting for a noble death ; what else can the Magyar race contend for ?

You have, you and others, collected, I believe, some 250 pounds for our wounded. 100 pounds I had whilst at Rome, and I gave to them : the other 150 I had no time to get. Let them be kept, and ready at my disposal. There are so many of our brave men turned to exiles, who shall very soon stand in need of them ! I will claim them one of these days.

Is it true that Muswell Hill is about being abandoned ?

I think I shall come and see you for a short time in one month or so. Strengthen yourself as I do in that prospect. Write, preach for our cause, whatever the result be, and love

your

JOSEPH.

I see there has been published a volume of "Official Correspondence" or something like that, concerning Italy. Is there any possibility of getting it ?

To Emilie, at Tavistock House. From Lausanne, August 12th, 1849.

I received, dear Emilie, your notes written "on the road" ; then, from [a] friend, news of your safe arrival in Paris and of your immediate leaving for London. I did not go beyond the "bains de Lousche" [?] My presence in the Tessin would

* Meaning, some sort of passport. Mazzini's use of this word is sometimes amusing. Asked what had been served at a dinner given in honour of some compatriots, he replied, with an expressive gesture : "A conspicuous bird and a pie whatever."

have given the signal, it seems, of extraordinary measures against all the exiles. I doubt very much my being able to live quietly at Geneva: all sorts of rumours are afloat concerning me and, plans of, mine against the Conseil Federal ! ! Did you read the speeches of Messrs. Tocqueville and Falloux on our affairs? They are, from one end to the other, so sickening with lies that I do not know how to answer them. Urged by my friends, I have ten times endeavoured to begin some sort of pamphlet, without being able to proceed. Read them, if your journeying has prevented you from doing so. The "modern Nero," applied to me by "my friend" Mons. Lesseps, is worth being seen.

Caroline has won George Sand's heart; partly, through her own qualities, and partly through the extraordinary warmth with which she spoke of Louis Blanc.

Remember me to all, and especially to your Mamma. I want to write to her and I shall do so.

If I can take upon myself to write some answer to the French Ministers, you will have it before it is published.

Ever your
JOSEPH.

To James Stansfeld, Esq., Tavistock House. From Geneva, August 18th, 1849.

DEAR JAMES,

I have your letter of the 15th. I do not know whether the third exile makes me more suspicious than I have ever been, or not, but one thing strikes me: the want of a single expression of the *friend;* not a single word about Caroline or from her! not a word about yourself! not one about Emilie! Even the signature "James Stansfeld" without a single word prefixed strikes me as unusual from you. From Emilie I have nothing since she has reached London; nothing from Caroline whom I wrote to and whom I asked to write. And I am fancying all sorts of strange things, illness or God knows what, for both. I had yesterday a letter from Eliza and a note from Mrs. Ashurst, whom I will answer, when reassured and feeling more comfortable about you all. Pray, write a few words, as soon as this reaches you.

To Stolzmann through you I shall write to-morrow. Even if he sails on the 29th, there is plenty of time. I will answer everything in your letter. My love to all; and believe me, dear James,

ever affectionately yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

It is difficult to repress the conjecture that the changed tone of James Stansfeld towards Mazzini—which happily proved but a passing phase—may have been due to intimate association with Louis Blanc, for whom Stansfeld never ceased to maintain a great admiration. Blanc's socialism, devoid of the spiritual fervour that characterized Mazzini's gospel, seems to have made a strong appeal to the reforming instincts of Stansfeld, who had been brought up in the atmosphere of ethical rather than religious minds. In after years the separation between Mazzini and Louis Blanc grew too wide to be bridged. It caused an irreparable break between Mazzini and Blanc's ardent supporter, George Sand, who indulged in some heavy strictures in her final correspondence with the Apostle of Italian Unity:

"You committed the sin of pride on the day when you openly broke with socialism. You have not studied it in its diverse manifestations: it would seem that you do not understand it.

"You have judged blindly, taking the defects and errors of certain men as the result of their doctrines, and you have struck at them and at their doctrines—at everything—with the pride of a Pope who cries, 'There are no saints outside my Church!'

"For some time I have seen a certain set of exclusive ideas developing themselves in you."

In whom was the exclusiveness—in Madame Sand, who owned that she did not know enough of Italy to judge Mazzini's actions, yet criticized the beliefs on which he based them; who, with so many others, failed to realize that what is true of individuals is true of peoples, namely that the life of one is of benefit or injury to the life of the rest? Or in the man who, according to students of the times like Holyoake, knew more of England, of Europe, of party politics and social matters than any other "foreigner?"

To James Stansfeld. Evidently 1849.

August 20.

DEAR JAMES,

I send a letter for Stolzmann. I hope he will go: I would go myself had I not the possibility of acting one day or other again in Italy. I send him, too, a note for Constantinople. I do not believe there is great difficulty in reaching Hungary.

Once at Constantinople, I think he shall have only to await there for an *English* steamer to reach the Danube.

I received yesterday night from Paris the portrait: it is beautifully done. The books too; for which I shall thank those who sent them.

I must give you another trouble: to see if you can avail yourself of the enclosed *lettre de change*, and get another from some English banker on Geneva to the order of Ch. Pisacane who is here: with all due deductions of course.

I think I shall have something to send you—as soon as I have a reassuring letter from London—for the press.

I hear of a meeting on our behalf in which Milnes, Dickens, Jerrold, Duncombe, etc.: are to take a prominent part. Should it take place, be so good as to send the fullest detail. We shall translate the report on our *Italia del Popolo.*

Remember me to Caroline. I wrote a short note to Emilie from Lausanne: has it reached? My love to all.

Ever yours,
Jos. Maz.

The *Italia del Popolo*, which had its birth in Milan in May, 1848, was revived by the exiles from Rome as soon as they were able to assemble and collaborate.

Saffi left Rome on July 11th, Mazzini on July 13th, but he reached Geneva before Saffi, who was detained in Genoa by illness. Saffi records that when he arrived he found Mazzini, Quadrio and Medici, established in a wooden inn called the Hôtel des Etrangers, situated aux Pâquis, a part of Geneva that stretched along the river outside the walls, on the western shore. Mazzini had been received with honour by the Governor of the Canton, Jacopo Fazy,—who afterwards turned against him. He was finishing his famous Letter to the two French Ministers, Tocqueville and Falloux, and planning the reappearance of the *Italia del Popolo;* which he and his friends achieved in September. The paper came out monthly until May, 1850, then at irregular intervals until the early part of 1851.

To Emilie.

August 30th, 1849.

I have received all your letters, dear Emilie; and I would have written before; but the cold that had centered itself in my eyes was very obstinate, and I was obliged to be cautious and to

write as little as possible. I am better now; but extremely busy with the *Italia del Popolo*, the acquisition of a printing establishment, and other things. Dickens'* Address will be inserted in our first number. So, Hungary has fallen: Venice has fallen; let that vain shadow of a constitution vanish from Piedmont, as it will in a short time; and Europe shall be replaced in the condition in which it was before 1848. At Rome they arrest, they send abroad, they condemn to "travaux forcés à perpétuité" according to *French* Law men, like Capanna and Pevalia, who have acted as subaltern, under either our orders or those of the Director of Police, who is an exile: at Bologna and at Terni, under Austrian and Spanish rule, they shoot our young men. At Milan, they beat men, women, children. At Civitavecchia, hundreds of our men, driven away from Rome, still forbidden to go to France, to Malta, to Tuscany, are literally starving. The wife of Garibaldi has died on the road, near Ravenna, through grief and illness. We shall be, accordingly to the expression uttered a few days ago by a French statesman in Paris, "traqués comme des bêtes fauves." Then, they talk of peace and order! And we have Congresses of Peace in Paris; and Lord Palmerston says that he wants peace in Europe. I feel from time to time emotions of rage rising within me, at this triumph of brutal force, all throughout the world, over Right and Justice. We shall be better than they are; we shall be such to the end; but suppose we should react—suppose I should make myself what they assert me to be—suppose we should appeal to the dagger and organize a vast league of Avengers—who could justly declare us to be in the wrong? Depend upon it, it is owing to my love of God, of mother and sisters, that I do not put myself at the head of such a League; as to *their* life, spite of all idle talking in Congresses of Peace, I would care much less than of the life of a dog. Still, to have to witness all this, and to have to struggle against feelings of hatred, for which we have not been born, is very sad . . .

your affectionate
JOSEPH.

Dickens' appeal for the Roman exiles may have been one immediate consequence of an extremely noble letter to an English friend written by Mazzini from Geneva on August 6th. This letter, afterwards published in the little volume entitled *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy*, had for its outcome the formation of the "Italian Refugee Fund Committee," and may be fitly quoted here: "Terror now reigns in Rome; the prisons are choked with

* An address asking for help for the Roman exiles, written by Charles Dickens and published in the English papers.—E. A. V.

men who have been arrested and detained without trial; fifty priests are confined in the castle of St. Angelo, whose only crime consists in their having lent their services in our hospitals; the citizens best known for their moderation are exiled; the army is almost entirely dissolved, the city disarmed, and the "factious" sent away even to the last man; and yet France dares not consult in a legal manner the will of the populations, but re-establishes the papal authority by military decree. I do not believe that since the dismemberment of Poland there has been committed a more atrocious injustice, a more gross violation of the eternal right which God has implanted in the peoples, that of appreciating and defining for themselves their own life, and governing themselves in accordance with their own appreciation of it. And I cannot believe that it is well for you or for Europe that such things can be accomplished in the eyes of the world, without one nation arising out of its immobility to protest in the name of universal justice. This is to enthrone brute force . . . it is to substitute the sword and poinard for law—to decree a ferocious war without limit of time or means between oppressors rendered suspicious by their fears, and the oppressed abandoned to the instincts of reaction and isolation. Let Europe ponder upon these things. For if the light of human morality becomes but a little more obscured, in that darkness there will arise a strife that will make those who come after us shudder with dread . . .

"The balance of power in Europe is destroyed. It consisted formerly in the support given to the smaller states by the great powers: now they are abandoned. France in Italy, Russia in Hungary, Prussia in Germany, a little later perhaps in Switzerland: these are now the masters of the Continent. England is thus made a nullity . . . Let not your preachers of the theory of material interests, your speculators upon extended markets deceive themselves; there is history to teach them that political influence and commercial influence are closely bound together. Political sympathies hold the key of the markets . . . She [England] has not felt that the struggle in Rome was to cut the Gordian knot of moral servitude against which she has long and vainly opposed her Bible Societies, her Christian and Evangelical Alliances; and that there was being opened, had she but extended a sisterly hand to the movement, a mighty pathway for the human mind. She has not understood that one bold word,

'respect for liberty of thought,' opposed to the hypocritical language of the French Government, would have been sufficient to have inaugurated the era of a new religious policy, and to have conquered for herself a decided ascendency upon the Continent . . .

"Political and religious indifference appear to me to have taken too deep root with you to be conquered by anything short of those internal crises which become more and more inevitable . . ."

The reign of terror in Rome, inaugurated by France, was to be carried on by the Pope. In these days when clear judgment is imperative, there yet lingers in some minds a sentiment about Austria which is not easy to understand.* Her treatment of her own subject races during the Great War has demonstrated only too terribly her unchanged policy of suppression by torture. It should prove instructive to take a glimpse into the work of this school of savagery, remembering that it preceded and, perhaps, inspired that of Germany.

Among the many "reprisals," taken after the fall of Rome, upon the Italians for daring to rebel, we read of the following, recorded by Saffi:

August, 1849. Milan.

Twenty persons bastinadoed, among them two ladies.

October. Parma.

Four hundred persons bastinadoed. One died.

November. Venice.

A woman, violated by a soldier, insulted him. She was bastinadoed: again insulted him: again bastinadoed until it killed her.

December. Piacenza.

The Duke assisted at the flogging of two youths taken up for wearing tri-coloured cockades.

December. Venice.

A girl flogged for having spoken disrespectfully of the Governor. "Now I have the *right* to hate him," she afterwards remarked. Whereupon the flogging was to be renewed, but the doctor fearing she might die under

* "It is still strange, as one may see in any gathering of Socialists who are under the influence of Marxist ideas, that when the question of Austria is raised a frost seems to fall on the assembly. Whence comes this strange breath of Austrian influenza? I have put the question to labour leaders, but they have not yet been able to reply. They will find their answer in the direction of international finance."—Mr. WICKHAM STEED, July 25th, 1918.

a second administration, she was subjected to having all her hair pulled out.

January, 1850. Padua.

A professor died under the bastinado.

These examples are taken out of lists of hundreds : and it was this method of governing—tacitly approved by all the then rulers, except the English, since none raised a voice against it—that brought about the formation of the vast secret Leagues which ended, in 1852 in Mantua, and in 1853 in Milan.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lausanne, September 12th, 1849.
12.0 night.

I write a few words in haste, from Lausanne ; where I am for the Review's sake ; * going back to Geneva this very night. There is already an order from the Federal Council, bidding me to leave not only the Canton, but Switzerland. You have, by this time, the end of my letter to Falloux, etc. Can you do anything with it ? You did not tell me a single word about it. The first letter from England is already translated : thank Sydney for it. And tell him and James, that I do not wish them to trouble themselves too much about that correspondence ; but that when they write again, it is about England they must write. What I want is to give to my countrymen an insight into the condition of England, from the *point de vue* of the popular element : that can be done without a great deal of labour by writing a series of letters, now on one point, now on the other. If there is something concerning Italy, so much the better. Will you ask, urgingly, Worcell to do the same concerning Polish affairs ? It is extremely important for us and for them too. Will you give me Caroline's address ? Addio ; I will write to you in a less hurried manner very soon. My love to your Mamma.

Ever yours,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Geneva, September 19th, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

It is really impossible for me to write anything about Lord John's [Russell's] shameful note. I have no[t] elements enough to enter into a discussion of the *facts ;* and as to the *point de droit*, I had better leave it to yourselves. The tone of levity with which the note is written is perfectly disgusting to me. You have by this time received from Lausanne a short preface to the

* The printing of the *Italia del Popolo* had to be moved to Lausanne, to the press of an Italian printer known as La Stamperia Bonamici.

pamphlet. I wrote it for Italy. It is yours and Caroline's to see whether it is of some use in England . . . The Review [*Italia del Popolo*] is coming out only to-morrow. It is not worth a "hymn"; but we shall improve it, I hope. Only, the storm is gathering for us, or rather for me, and the French exiles. I shall most undoubtedly come, for a very short time, to London; and you will know the *when;* but I cannot tell you now. I must be sure that the Review will keep [going] on during my absence; and I am awaiting for articles from various parts.

I think you are mistaken about Accursi:* as to Bezzi† his antipathies are almost always irrational.

Again and again, take care of yourself. Remember the Polish correspondence to Worcell . . . My love to all.

Your

JOSEPH.

Although we do not know on what date Signora Mazzini received the oil painting by Emilie which Calamatta engraved, the following letter shows that it arrived in time to give her some trace of pleasure at a moment when, as a staunch republican, her heart must have felt very sore. Her greatest hope just then must have been that her son might return safely to England to recover from the stress of the conflict at Rome.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Genoa.

Superinscribed by Emilie, "A me della Madre di Gius: Mazzini cui aveva mandato un ritratto del figlio fatto da me.—E. A. V."

(To me from the mother of Gius: Mazzini, to whom I had sent a portrait of her son painted by myself.)

MY WONDERFUL FRIEND,

I do not know how to express in words the gratitude I feel in my heart for the portrait of my son of which you have made me the gift: besides being like in feature, it has something which I have not found in any of the many portraits I have seen, and that is the expression of his soul, a thing difficult, I believe, to catch even by the most marked artistic capacity; but in you this difficulty has not triumphed because your brush was guided by the sentiment of friendship with which you honour my son, and which

* The individual in question had been denounced to us as a spy of the French Government. Mazzini, always unwilling to believe such charges, risked going to his house. Afterwards he was led to believe the charge true.—E. A. V.

† A Roman sculptor who had shown great bravery during the siege.

you have poured out in your work on his portrait. As for the 25 copies, your kind intention on behalf of our poor exiles shall be carried out, and it will bring you the blessing of the poor, which is the blessing of God. I am very glad, then, that this circumstance has procured me the opportunity of being able to express to you the feelings of affection and gratitude that it is so sweet to me to repay to you and all your family for the love that in every way you constantly lavish on my son when he is near you; and this certainly has been, my dear, a great solace to my afflicted heart during my sorrow. May you be able, as I hope, to continue your kindness and that of your family to whom I beg you to present in my name my sentiments of sincere affection. And you, my dear, receive them together with a tender embrace that I give you from my heart, it being very sweet to me to have the chance of saying that I am one with you.

Your sincere friend,

MARIA MAZZINI (*née* DRAGO).

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lausanne, November 3rd, 1849.

What is this long silence for? Day after day, I have been awaiting, longing for a letter from you; day after day, I have been delaying my writing to you from Lausanne where I am on account of the forthcoming letter [to MM. De Toqueville and Falloux?]. I had a scheme too, which has failed. And now, that I must delay still for some days my going to you, I begin to feel really uneasy about you all. Something must have happened. You have never been so long without writing. Tell me quickly what it is. Did you receive the Review at last? The first numbers were seized by the French Custom-house officers. I have been addressing just now a few lines at the end of a page on the Roman question to Louis Blanc. His letter to me has been of course translated in our third number. But all this means nothing unless I am quiet about you and yours. Did I give you any new address on my leaving Geneva? If so—and if I had unhappily forgotten it—mark it down. And write, meanwhile, to Sydney's address, Lausanne.

Your

JOSEPH.

To be near the printer as well as for other reasons, the group of friends moved to a small villa on the side of a hill above Lausanne. Salvati, a Roman, and Carli, a Lombard, were the housekeepers. Shortly after the fall of Venice the little colony was joined by Giovanni Battista Varè, vice-president of the Venetian Assembly. At intervals there came Pisacane, Quadrio,

and Boni. Saffi says that sixty to seventy francs per head per month sufficed for their maintenance. From seven to eight in the morning, after a short walk in the grounds of the villa, Mazzini began to work. At midday, and at six in the evening, he took frugal meals. The days were spent in writing for the Review, and in correspondence to keep the party together. The early hours of the evening were given to conversation, to seeing friends or to chess, of which Mazzini was very fond.

Only those who knew him intimately, says Saffi, can form an idea of the intellectual quality and of the charm that he infused into those evenings at Montallegro. His profound and wide sympathy, his brotherliness, the serenity of his manner, the very way he had with the servants who did the work of the house, irresistibly attracted all who had to do with him. "In the depths of his being sorrow had found a seat; not the sorrow that springs from egotism and dries up the affections in preoccupation over the sufferings of the self, but the holy sorrow of a mind tempered to the most exquisite sensibility, and which in its innermost fibres rebels against all that sullies or tramples on the dignity of human nature." Commenting on Saffi's narrative, Mrs. J. W. Mario remarks, in her *Life of Mazzini*, "many can tell of his *doings*, but what he was in *himself* (*l'essere suo*) could only be known by those who had the inestimable benefit of living with him."

Mazzini occasionally shut himself up for a day or two, fighting in silence black fits of agony of mind—the agony of one stricken by the tortures inflicted upon an entire country, and rebelling with every faculty against the reign of trickery and brutal force. Saffi adds that if anyone had drawn a word from him during one of these dark hours, that word would have been *war*. But he would reappear with no trace in his manner of the purgatory of longing, of passion for action, through which he had been struggling; and he would once again become the life and soul of the little party. Saffi recalls, with a touch of loving wonder, the fact that, plunged in anxiety, distress and trying labour as he himself was, he yet had many a hearty laugh over Mazzini's anecdotes of adventures, escapades of college days, and escapes from the police, told with his rare, racy humour.

Other exiles, who more or less shared their views, came into the neighbourhood: Pegozzi and three others to Noyon; Sirtori and Arduini to Lausanne. Dall'Ongaro, Boni and Cattaneo,

compiled historical archives at Lugano. Vanucci wrote the *Book of Italian Martyrs*. Quadrio, from Genoa, was working indefatigably at forming links with German, Polish, Hungarian, Roumanian and Slav exiles. He knew the idioms of the various Slav dialects, and possessed many Slav friends who had confided in him during his own exile among them.

To the Ashursts.

November 8th, 1849.

The bearer is Medici : the brave defender of the "Vascello" in Rome. Have him as a brother. He well deserves the name and affection.

Your
JOSEPH.

To all the members of the Ashurst family.

To Emilie. From Geneva, November 27th, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

Still here ; besides other motives, the Piedmontese crisis, long wished for by me, keeps me here : not that any *unparliamentary* thing can now arise ; but to act in a certain direction, I must be near. It is a delay ; only a delay. I am writing in a hurry. I suppose you have seen Pisacane : tell him that I thank him for his letter. I shall write when more at leisure. My love to all. The cold is dreadful here : eight degrees (Réaumur) under ice ! I am well ; be so too, take care of your health.

Yours,
JOSEPH.

Will you forward the enclosed to Worcell ?

Who wrote the article on Rome in the Quarterly ? Not even in France such a heap of falsehoods has ever been manufactured.

The crisis in Piedmont arose over the question of the Refugees, as well as over the pressure being put by the arch-enemy upon King Victor Emmanuel to modify the Piedmontese Constitution and enter into an alliance with Austria. When no agreement could be come to, Austria proceeded to occupy the fortress of Alessandria ; whereupon Victor Emmanuel's government asked France and England to mediate. Austria climbed down, but the Piedmontese Minister insisted on security for the Lombards. Though a general election presently gave a majority in the Chamber to the Democrats, it was feared by these that the large

number of Lombard and Venetian refugees, subjects of Austria and excluded from amnesty, might be sacrificed by the Government. A motion to naturalize all persons of Italian birth resident in the state was thrown out; a fresh election followed which gave a majority to the Moderates and produced a situation in which a man came forward who was destined to have a preponderating influence in shaping the destinies of the country—Camillo Cavour.

To Emilie, Tavistock House.

December 29th, 1849.

DEAR EMILIE,

No; I am neither ill nor extraordinarily sad, though I am neither fattening on Epicurism, nor whistling the whole day "for want of thought," nor gambling as Medici wants you to believe. But I have been unusually transacting business, that is purchasing a steam-press—which now proves bad—from Germany; inspecting the *bilan*—a rather ruinous one—of the "Société éditrice"; organizing—God knows with what future success!—new resources for it, plotting, and walking in the snow and under the snow. It is so high that I imagine we shall have soon to get out from the windows; and so white that it makes one enamoured with the thought of going to sleep under it; and continuing to fall so gently and softly that certainly you would not have me stopping at home and letting it fall without taking my share of it. What on earth has Gallenga* been writing against me? I should rather like to know, instead of hearing of *horrors* and *infamous things* from Mrs. Milner-Gibson. Why did you not send a copy of his pamphlet? You know perfectly well that, whatever things it may contain, it will not give me a single moment of uneasiness. As to him, do not be too severe: there is wounded vanity at play, more than anything else. Did you keep the *People's Journal*? I should like to have the numbers in which my articles on Bentham, St. Simonianism, Jansenism and Communism are: I think I had them in a trunk which has been lost at Rome, and in which I had all sorts of MSS., thoughts on history, politics, religion and fragments of the "relics of an unknown"† and other things. I feel rather sorry at the loss of the MSS. The best part of myself was there. As to the articles in the *P. J.* it is only for the sake of the Review that I should like to have them.

Will you introduce Bezzi to Mrs. Milner-Gibson? I have recommended him to her. She may be useful to him in his

* Then correspondent of the *Times*.

† "Ricordi d'un ignoto" was the title of the lost MS. It was a sort of mental autobiographical novel in the manner of Foscolo's "Jacopo Ortis."—E. A. V.

artistical pursuits. Tell Bezzi to go; and tell him that Spini is not living with us, but is now at Geneva. We are only four living together, Saffi, Montecchi, Varé, a Venetian exile, and myself.

Will you take Bessie's *majestic* head between your hands and —with due leave from her tyrant William—kiss her twice on her forehead for my sake?

I have written a few words for you all to your mamma.

Remember me with warm and deep affection to Sydney. To you, blessings and love from

your
JOSEPH MAZ.

EMILIE ASHURST
After a crayon portrait by Richmond

1850

New Year's Greeting to the Ashurst family. 1850.

May Consolation smile on every pain, and Love put her balm on every wound that Life bears! May Faith strengthen you all in your unavoidable trials and Hope whisper through all sorrows that this terrestrial life of ours is a mere shadow of the Life that never dies—that Smiles are its promises, Tears the elements with which God will form hereafter an everlasting rainbow to the loving souls! And may you all think of me, whilst you are reading these few words, as fondly as I do of you!

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

The little company at Montallegro dispersed on January 1st, 1850, and Mazzini took, along with Saffi, two small rooms at Lausanne close to the printer's and within the shadow of the Cathedral.

To James Stansfeld. From Lausanne, January 20th, 1850.

DEAR JAMES,

I avail myself of the opportunity offered by our friend Linton to speak to you and through you to William and Sydney a few frank words about my Italian question. . . .

We must act, and shall act. The *when* I cannot say. It rests upon circumstances. Beaten but yesterday everywhere, the reorganizing of the National Party must take still some time, but it is enough that I can state: that we are bent towards acting; that we shall act if an opportunity is offered or even—at a later period—if it is not, by external events. We won't be put down.

But the enemy is more on his guards than ever: stronger in numbers—I speak of Lombardy—stronger in caution; and in positions. And as for Italy in the whole, all foreign diplomacy is against us: English diplomacy too, though with a slight favourable tendency to our Monarchical-moderate party.

In such a position, we need, not only the sympathy, but the

active sympathy, the *appui*, the co-operation as far as it may be had, of the *nations*, that is of all who feel with us and for us.

All that will add to our physical and moral force—all that will tend to diminish the force of the Austrian Empire which I consider not only to be *one* enemy, but *the* enemy of progression throughout all Europe—the spreading of sympathy between ourselves and the Hungarians and especially the Sclavonian elements—agitating in England for our National cause—refuting all important accusations brought forward against us—the exposition of the connection of our cause with that of religious liberty of conscience throughout all the world—associating for such purposes—subscriptions if and when possible—arms either offered or sold but on advantageous terms as to times of payment and kept in some point approaching our frontiers—all this would come within the sphere of our wants—all this should be borne in mind by all our friends. Something ought to be done.

I regretted very much at the time, and I regret much more now, that the People's International League has been allowed to sink. Still, that ought not to prevent our friends from planning and carrying into execution other schemes in our favour.

The paper projected now by Linton * can prove—if it succeeds—extremely useful not only as an organ, a vehicle for our opinions, but as the cradle of other things, as the nucleus of a sort of European club and association, as a centre of activity, of corresponding, of linking one man with another. I hope you will help it as far as you can. The more you will do the more the chances of increasing the unity of views that may pervade it, will be multiplied.

One point of agitation for all our friends ought to be the one tending to drive away the French troops from Rome: never mind Austria. Against Austria we can devise and suggest anything; against the French troops we cannot. The French Nation, with all her pride, is behind them . . .

Legally and diplomatically speaking, the agitation on that point ought to be successful. A French occupation in the heart of Italy cannot be indefinitely prolonged without implying a sort of conquest. Interpellations ought to be addressed on this point to Lord Palmerston. How long are the French to sojourn in Rome? How is it that, once the *factions* driven away, the Roman people are to remain uninterrogated as to their own wishes and wants?

* This was the *Leader*, projected by Thornton Hunt and Linton. Hunt became principal editor; Lewis the literary editor; Linton editor for foreign affairs, and Ballantyne, who had been on the *Manchester Examiner*, editor for those of England. The aims and opinions of this directorate soon diverged, difficulties of co-ordination becoming so great that Linton finally resigned, and the short life of the *Leader* came to an end. Linton then published his *English Republic*, which survived about five years.

I will come to you for a short time in February : I want to do so and will do so ; but let not that hinder you from activity. Events could arise preventing me from coming ; and they would precisely be such as to make your activity more required, more needed than ever.

Will you talk about these matters together with Shaen and such men as will seem to you likely to offer good advice and help towards the aim ? It may be that a few years are required to give a decided impulse ; but it may be that we do not go beyond April without being called to act.

Adieu ; love me always as you do ; I feel tired to death, but will die at work.

Ever yours affectionately,
Jos. MAZZINI.

Lugano.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lausanne, whence Col. Hugh Forbes travelled back with Linton. He is the man spoken of by Garibaldi in the narrative of his retreat from Rome : " At Terni we were joined by the gallant Colonel Forbes, an Englishman, who loved the Italian cause as well as the best of us could have done. He was a most brave and honest soldier and brought with him several hundred well-drilled men."

January 20th, 1850.

DEAR EMILIE,

There's a good work to be done ; therefore, I address myself to you, and through you to your family. Col. Forbes, the bearer of this note, and a countryman of yours, has been engaged in our affairs in Sicily and at Rome ; and he has been a loser by it. We want to help him in sending back his two children to the mother in Italy. Will you do your part in this affair ? I know you will. The details will be explained by Forbes himself.

Ever yours in haste,
Jos. MAZZINI.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Lausanne, January 23rd, 1850.

If you will think, dear Emilie, that besides my writing one or two sheets for the press every fortnight, I am obliged for unity's or grammar's sake to read and correct *all* the articles—Saffi's excepted—of the Review—that I have to correspond with twelve or fourteen towns in Italy, and as many out of Italy—that I have to contrive that the "Società editrice" does not sink for want of funds—that I must from time to time contrive to send, and give instructions to, a traveller—that I have to meet the exigences of occasional Italian Lintons—and so forth, you will not, nor will Medici, nor will any other rational man, wonder at my writing so

little to those I love: indeed, they will pity me for being doomed to such a "corvée" throughout *all* my life. We are in such a position that a decisive crisis for us may come within two or three years, or perhaps on next March or April. The initiative rests upon a warlike whim of the Czar or upon an ambitious whim of Louis Napoleon, or upon any other unforeseen circumstance, which nobody can speculate upon. I wish to write—want to write—get horribly cross with myself and everybody else for my not being able to write: that *must* be enough for my friends. Linton came: planted himself in my room from ten or eleven in the morning till seven in the evening; then—for two days—came back at nine and stopped till half-past eleven; then, left for Geneva; then came back again next day, on account of his having forgotten on my desk a letter from me to James, etc.—then, the last day, gently complained that I had not spoken much! Let all this remain a secret among you and let it not alter in the slightest way the manner in which you shall welcome him and transact public affairs with him. He means good and must—unless we want to make out a case of incipient madness—have somewhat of a real affection for me; so that my writing this is almost ungrateful; still, how does he not *feel* that I must, by this time and after my life's events, be tired of speaking, and that my only way of showing love or trust is now almost always—silence? Silence, my only way of getting calm and normal? Ah me! for the planet in which we shall need no uttered words, but speak only through looks!

You will hear, through the French papers, I suppose, of a plot which was going on at Geneva against me. You will not, I hope, feel alarmed; or I shall feel dreadfully angry. The details are long; but the substance is that a Piedmontese agent, sent by Count de St. Martin, the Minister of the Interior, and empowered by him came to me—talked liberal politics—did not please me—did not come back,—went to Geneva—established there a sort of "bureau d'espionage"—spent a great deal of money to no purpose—found two of our men of the people in a moment of irritation against us for some trifling incident or other—fell upon them with promises of monthly pay and other Ministerial blessings, if only they would serve him—and did not in the least foresee that the men would come to me for advice, and that I would tell them to go on and to give the man what reports and informations I myself would give to them. Proud with success, the man began to rave about schemes "à la Radcliffe," having me conveyed through the lake, to Savoy, and killed *only* in case of resistance—always, as he was saying, for the sake of promoting liberal principles, in a calm earnest way, in Piedmont—then, repeating the same experiment, should the first prove successful, upon six or

seven of my colleagues: disguised gendarmes from Piedmont would be ready, in case of need, to help the two bribed men. The scheme was tempting; and I wanted to have it furthered till, the boat and the two gendarmes being ready, we could have, by a sudden revolt, captured them and had thus irrefragible proofs of the *morality* of our enemies. But, the man would not venture to undergo the risks of the operation, or perhaps he came to suspect the two agents; and he began to prepare for an excursion out of Switzerland, saying to the men that they would receive money from a Jew to whom he introduced them, and orders from him, from the place to which he was going. I did not want him to vanish; so I caused him to be arrested. During the first days, he was like a lost man, and exhibited his *powers* from the Minister to M. Fazy, to the Judge and to the Procureur. But Fazy does not want to defend the Piedmontese Government, and neither Judge nor Procureur are fit for the task; they left the "power" with the man; then, wanted to get it three days after, when the man had recovered his senses and destroyed it. He retracts now many things he avowed on the first interrogations.

The money he had given to our men has been, of course, given back.

The man's name is Vizetti de Paschetti. He was at Venice, during the Republic, a Piedmontese agent, and imprisoned and sent away.

Linton, in his *Memories*, has left one or two interesting details of his journey to Lausanne and his meeting with Mazzini:

"I had snow the whole way travelling from Dijon to Geneva by the *malle-poste*, with one companion, in a sort of unwheeled cab acting as a sledge . . . I reached Geneva about 2 p.m., after a twenty-four hours' travel from Dijon, and went to bed; but before I was asleep was ordered out by a buxom chambermaid, so that the bed might be properly made; got up at 10 p.m. to a breakfast or dinner or supper (it might be called either), of twenty dishes, and at midnight left Geneva by diligence for Lausanne, arriving there at about 6 next morning. My hotel was opposite to where the diligence stopped. I breakfasted, and when daylight came sauntered through the streets. Presently my glance rested on another saunterer, whom I guessed to be an Italian. I accosted him, got into some sort of half-understood conversation with him, and at last won so much upon his confidence as to learn where I might hear of Mazzini. There I went, only to be told that a letter could be forwarded to

him, which sent, in an hour I had an appointment to see him. I spent a week in Lausanne, daily with him and Saffi, who was in the same house. There were many Italian and French refugees in the city. Felix Pyat among the French, who seemed to me much inferior in appearance and bearing to the Italians. When I came away, I had for companion an Englishman, Colonel Hugh Forbes, who had come out of Rome with Garibaldi, and who, when Garibaldi divided his forces, had commanded one division. I brought away letters from Mazzini, and tracts to be distributed in Paris. The tracts were bound together in a thick volume with a title-page of one of Gioberti's unobjectionable works. When at the frontier, we were ordered out of the diligence for examination, I left the volume open at the title-page on my seat, and it escaped suspicion."

Note by E. A. V.—The following was written when the Federal Authorities were searching for Mazzini in order to arrest him and send him across the frontier.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Geneva, February 10th, 1850. Handwriting disguised. The paper is stamped with J. Veillard & Favre, Droguistes, Rue du Rhone & Giand 2, Genève.

DEAR EMILIE,

Would it be possible to insert in the *Times* or in the *Chronicle*, or in the *Daily News*, in some shape or other, a rumour of my having arrived in England? My invisibility could be explained by my having immediately left for the country on account of my health—or left to remain unexplainable, as you like.

It is rather important for me that the information should reach here, as it would, the Conseil Fédéral.

I have left Lausanne.* The storm has begun for me. I write from Geneva, but about to leave. Write as usual, till I have sent another address. Or at Geneva to Madame Chapuis,

* Mazzini had written from Florence—in February or early March, 1849, giving orders for his effects to be sold. As long as the Ruffinis were exiles he had kept up the furnished apartment in Cropley Street, but now that one was a deputy and the other a minister, who had accepted the new order of things in Piedmont, it was clear that their life of exile was at an end. Mazzini summoned Susannah Tancione and her two little sons to come to Italy. When he found that because she was known to have been in his service she encountered persecution in Genoa, he took a little house for her in Geneva, apprenticed one of her boys to a watch-maker and the other to some other trade, and for many years that little *ménage* sufficed as a refuge for the exiles, Saffi, Quadrio, and even sometimes Mazzini himself.

It is possibly Susannah's small home that sheltered Mazzini at this period.

Hotel de l'Europe. Under the cover: address to Mr. Quadrio. That will do.

I have received your last letter. I will write again very soon.

Ever yours in haste,

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, February 20th, 1850.

Dear Emilie,

I can write but a few words, but you *must* know that I am safe and living, though "hermetically" shut. Never mind my health. It is good; moreover, I shall watch over it—far better than you will do over yours—and by the way, I feel very grateful to Medici for his tormenting you—and when I feel it altering, I shall always have the resource of taking deliberately my hat or cap, and go to walk: the only danger then being the one of being taken, and arrested, through France to London. Who knows if I would not be glad at being treated so? As to the voluntary decision, how can I take it, whilst Switzerland is precisely threatened with an *envahissement*? * Suppose it takes place, and suppose Switzerland adopts the only method of defence possible—that is offence—fighting Prussia not at Basel but in the Würtemburg, etc. France not at Geneva but at Lyons, Austria not in the small Cantons but in Lombardy—shall I not be wanted? And am I to depart just now?—I know that *you* will not advise me to do so. Alas! if anything for getting a little rest could be done, I would not want exhortations or endearing prospects. I am not on a bed of roses; and I feel rather "aweary, aweary." But there is no rest for me here down; and I fear that any shadow of rest would prove the worse for me. So, leave me, dear Emilie, and you all my beloved friends, to my fate; and do never set out schemes about me; only, love me, trust me, help the cause and sow for my next life. That is all that *can* be done.

Nevertheless, I shall come to you.

The crisis, if it does not unfold strange decisive events within a short time, will pass away soon.

I send an article on the "Encyclic." † Read it, and see if any use can be made of it, that is if a translation, fragmentary or of the whole, would not suit your *religious* public. The number [of the *Italia del Popolo*] in which it is contained will reach you a little later.

To Medici and Pisacane I shall soon write. Give my thanks

* Prussia claimed an ancient feudal title over Neuchâtel. The exiles harboured in Switzerland afforded a pretext for the Governments of Prussia and France to intervene and endeavour to impose their wills and policy upon Switzerland.

† The Encyclical Letter of Pius IX.—E. A. V.

to Agostini.*—To you and to your sisters and brothers and all, I say nothing about what you are continually doing: you would scold me; so, give my love to them; take care of your health, and write.

Your
Jos. Maz.

To Emilie.

March 4th, 1850.

Dear Emilie,

I have your letters and the article. . . .

I am fully acquainted with your irreligious *religious* public; still, there is scattered about, in the country especially, a certain number of truly religious souls, professing themselves believers in Christianity, knowing very little what Christianity is or was, and not inaccessible to such ideas as I have tried to express. If you do something with the article, [*i.e.* translate it] why should you not apply to a religious Magazine? The *Christian Observer* or any other? I don't suppose the 7th and the 8th number [of the *Italia del Popolo*] have reached you: they were thrown back both by France and Bade. [Refusal at the frontier.] But when they reach, read with a certain amount of attention the two articles "Cenni e Documenti, etc." † They will furnish you all with plenty of facts about the Lombard war, which will enable you to refute one day or other charges often repeated against Lombardy, by Gallenga amongst others. The whole will appear in French translated by Mad. Sand: a secret betrayed to me by Accursi whom you most unjustly despise; and which must be kept by you too. Do our friends of the clan—the men I mean—understand anything of the actual English politics? [policy] Lord P. has been rather energetically acting in Greece; he is pretending to support Switzerland against Prussia: he is intriguing in Sicily. It would prove very useful to me to know his *actual* directing thought—and whether he is leagued with any Power, Austria, for instance, or not. Lord P. is a man of impulses, and has very little of the Richelieu. His *secrets* must be known to someone; and it ought to be the especial aim of our friends to reach and get acquainted with some man moving in the high Ministerial sphere. Should the storm vanish from Switzerland, I will come, most undoubtedly, to England. It would be difficult for me now to prolong much this sort of life. . . . Spite of what you have done and of what

* A Neapolitan exile in Rome during the Republic. He drew up the Constitution of the Roman Republic under Mazzini's instructions.—E. A. V.

† These were translated, and embodied in *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy* by Charles Gilpin, in London and Dublin, in 1850.

they have been spreading in France, I am suspected here, and about being annoyed. . . . My love to all.

Ever yours,
Jos.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Geneva, March 29th, 1850. Handwriting on envelope disguised.

DEAR EMILIE,

. . . God knows if I feel the sacredness of all that you do for Medici, * and all the importance that, both through affection and consciousness of his value for the national cause, I attach to his recovery. But, do think of yourself too—that is of Sydney, of your Mamma, of Caroline and of me. You must do what is *good* and necessary to be done by you : not more. You must sleep, by night or day. You are, as I am, *faisant le crâne ;* but I can, and you cannot. You will fall dangerously ill as soon as Medici has recovered ; and you will give remorse to him, I know. Mind all that I say ; for I write in the most earnest mood possible.

Ever yours,
Jos.

To William. From Switzerland. From a copy by Emilie. End of March or beginning of April, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter did not reach me on my saint's day [St. Joseph's Day, March 19th] ; but it was welcome all the same. You and yours have been the only persons who did not forget that such a day was in existence. . . . No ; there will be nothing taking place in France, nor in the East. Lord Palmerston is quite satisfied at his *looking* [by looking like] the "enfant terrible" of diplomacy, and my friends, the "vainqueurs de l'univers" are calm—Bessie-like calm.

They have decided that the "République" shall not stir unless it is killed by apoplexy ; as to all other sorts of death—death by slow pulmoniac disease—death by shame—and so on—"nous avons aboli tout cêlà." They are thumped, beaten, insulted right and left ; "au nom de la république" [they fight] against republics : they are deprived of their liberty of the press, of their right of meeting ; their *red* soldiers "*au nom de la liberté du vote*," are sent to Africa ; their heroes, the founders of la République, are pining at Doullens, Vincennes, Mont Saint Michel, transported, killed ;

* Colonel Medici had fallen ill of brain fever and as he was at times violent the servants were afraid of him, and Emilie, who had acquired an influence over him and was able to keep him quiet, had been obliged to undertake the duty of nursing him. —E. A. V.

their elections Saône et Loire annulled; their diplomacy leagued with Austria in Switzerland; their soldiers will answer at Rome on the 5th the "présentez armes" of their leaders side by side with Austrians. "*Du calme, mes amis, du calme!*" "*Ah! vous croyez, messieurs, que nous allons nous défendre. Le Français est calme.*"

Still, it is not "parce que les Français sont calmes" that I shall come. It is for you; it is because I want—even for a short time—to see you all again, and love and dream and be sad . . . The month of April shall not elapse—unless strange events take place—without my seeing you all. Would to God that it was only you, my friends.

I receive just now a note from Emilie.

So Medici is ill and Emilie will become so, after him, from the nursing. Medici will never be well out of Italy, and in England especially. . . . I hope the spring will help him to recover. He is one of the best men I have ever known.

Tell your Mamma . . . I would have already answered her note were it not for the hope of being able to tell her, "I am starting." Remember me to Mr. Ashurst. My love to Bessie.

Ever yours affectionately,

Jos. Mazzini.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. From Geneva, April 12th, 1850. Handwriting disguised on envelope.

. . . I had half a mind, dear Emilie, to come and see you one of these days, as I told William. But how can I? How can I venture on such a journey with a ruined health, as you *know* it to be?* I must try homeopathy. Should that fail, there is no hope. I am responsible, answerable to all the world, Polynesia included—as it will be fully proved in my Biography written in a series of hymns by one I know—for every one of my hours.

Meanwhile, I am glad to know that Medici is well, and that you can behave as if you were so.

Did I not give to you—as a document for Posterity—the volumes of "La Giov. Italia"? I have none by me, of course. And I want to reprint in the *It. of the People* the article—a "chef-d'œuvre," is it not?—on Italian Unity. The "chef-d'œuvre" is incomplete, just like the Cathedral of Cologne—and I should want to complete it by a second "chef-d'œuvre." How could I have it? can the pages be torn [out] and sent? As it will be republished, there would be no loss for Posterity and hymn-singing biographers. Or copied? I must leave the decision to your wisdom.

* Friends who had seen him had brought to the Ashursts reports of the change wrought in him by the events in Rome.—E. A. V.

They write from Paris that Louis Blanc is writing an article about my "Encyclical affair." Is it true? God save me from my friends!

I am making superhuman efforts to write something I have promised to Worcell. But I am in one of my fits of vacuity, and cannot find out a single thought or rather shape to thought in my brains.

Your
Jos.

Saffi says that in the spring of this year Mazzini went, at great risk, to Paris, where he became convinced that the Republic could not last. The little group of men known as the "Mountain," who had protested against the expedition to Rome, had been crushed so far as anything effective went: Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc were in exile, the republican Barbès in prison at Doullens and Victor Hugo soon to find himself on the list for extradition. Nevertheless, Gioberti, who still wielded an almost immoderate influence in North Italy, believed all to be going well with the "democratic" Government that had dyed itself with Italian republican blood. In October Louis Napoleon had installed a new ministry, and he felt able to declare that France, craving guidance, was looking for it to him and to the system associated with the name of Napoleon. Mazzini saw in the electoral law now coming before the French Chambers a fresh opportunity for the President to advance his ambitions. That law was passed upon May 31st. By it "the Chambers, in their fear of the red spectre, had, without realizing what they had done, so narrowed the franchise as to exclude some three million Frenchmen from the suffrage. Napoleon, elected by universal suffrage, could now appeal from the Chambers, which had so violated the trust reposed in them, by the electors, to the country. In a tour through the provinces after the close of the session in August, he openly spoke of a revision of the Constitution with a view to his own re-election to the Presidency. He even allowed himself, from time to time, to be hailed as Emperor by the troops." *

The danger of the new electoral law was entirely clear to Mazzini when he hurried to Paris in the hope of persuading others to open their eyes to it.

George Sand's letters had been giving him pictures of the

* Alison Philips. *Modern Europe.*

situation which his own observation now fully endorsed. "The great majority of the French," she wrote, "are sick through ignorance and uncertainty. You and I are travelling in a vicious circle. You think we ought to arrive at an understanding through action; I believe we should come to an understanding in order to act. I don't know how ideas may be moving in Europe; here the hesitation is alarming. It is because the French mind has been exercised by so many ideas and systems that you see this Republic stopping, lost, paralysed, choked; and allowing a dirty camarilla to lay hold of the helm and commit iniquities in its name. Make no mistake: there is nothing republican in France that is not either dead or dying."

Mazzini stood almost alone in believing that in France the great question for the people was a social one. This was exactly the reverse of Italy's case; and he saw that those Italians who persisted in looking to France to help the *National* cause would be disappointed. After a short, depressing stay in Paris he came to London, where he proceeded to organize "The Italian National Committee." He sent Adriano Lemmi, head of a big firm in Constantinople, on a mission to Kutayah, where Kossuth, chief protagonist in the Hungarian rising of 1848, had been in refuge under the wing of the Sultan since August, 1849. Lemmi, who throughout the siege of Rome had furnished large sums for the transport of arms, etc., was now to form, through Kossuth, a closer link with the surviving patriots of Hungary.

In the words of Saffi, Mazzini also continually "watched with particular attention the Slav and Rumanian peoples, vassals of Austria and of the Turkish Empire, bearing in mind the good offices that Italy, in winning her own freedom, would be called upon to exercise towards them."

To Emilie. From Paris, May 10th, 1850.

DEAR EMILIE,

I am decidedly, unless arrested before, the "coming man." I shall be amongst you in a few days. I shall come straightforward to Tavistock House: stop with you in half seclusion and seeing people only by tickets of admission signed by you, during *one week*, if you do not send me away before, of course. Then I shall have a room somewhere and see "l'univers," taking refuge if possible every evening in your house or any other house

belonging to the clan. You will not ask me to change my plans of sojourn, nor to stop in London beyond some few weeks.

Paris is tranquil. The redoubtable Mountain preparing to discuss; and the "heroique population" preparing to go quietly, in 1852, to the electoral urn. . . .

Eliza is well: she is coming, it appears, with me to London.

I have been long silent with you; but I was on the eve of journeying, having consequently plenty of things to settle, then removing before from Geneva to Lausanne and bothered to death by cautions to be taken. Have you been able to do anything about "Italian Unity"? If not, never mind. We shall look for it together.

Ever your
Jos.

To Matilda (Mrs. Biggs), then living at Leicester. From London, June, 1850.
Thursday.

DEAR MATILDA,

"Je suis vraiment au désespoir, Madame," as Louis—no, Charles—Blanc would say, or "sono dolente" as Italian coldness would have it, but I feel obliged to state that I have something rather important, "*d'une importance capitale, sûprème*" as *la Grande Nation* would say, to do and to write, that—or which?—cannot be brought to completion in *one* day, and must be left to linger during *three* days. What am I to do? Will you withdraw from me that homeopathic portion of affection which I had succeeded in winning, Heaven knows how? If you tell me: "No, in the name of Lizzy, haymaking or mysterious furniture, you must come," then, "*périssent les colonies plutôt qu'une affection*," I must come. I want your affection, homeopathic though it be. But if you mildly, blandly, smilingly say: "Well, come as soon as you can," I will say that you are an Angel of goodness as you are of gentleness. Monday would be the *ideal*, for it would not exclude the Muswell Hill day. But of that of course, I do not even dream. All your energy summoned up could not, I fear, reach the point of saying: "périssent haymaking, furniture, etc., plutôt que le dimanche à Muswell Hill." Still—— Tell Caroline [Matilda's second daughter] that in spite of six or seven French words contained in it I am fond of her little note, and ever affectionately

yours,
Jos. MAZ.

To Matilda. August 21st, 1850.

DEAR MATILDA,

Two words about the concert [got up by Mazzini for the Italian exiles]. It was successful. I do not know now the profits: but all calculations tend to make me believe that we shall have, the expenses, some forty pounds, deducted, about 150 pounds left. The artists were brilliant, Mario, Mad. Grisi, Ronconi, and Baucardé especially. It lasted from eight o'clock till half-past twelve. The audience very enthusiastic. The gas went off [out] and the room was in sudden complete darkness for five minutes at least, but nobody [was alarmed?] two or three old ladies excepted. About the practical result I will tell you more in a few days. I send you the usual number of the *Proscrit*,* and a little book of mine which I hope you will go through without allowing yourself to be deterred by the philosophical language I adopt in it. The book gives many of my fundamental views. Do not take me as a second edition of Rob. Owen for my venturing to send what I happen to write.

It is cold as in winter. Your note to me was somewhat cold too I think: but I trust the "Ora e sempre" at the end. Trust, you too,

Your friend
Jos. MAZ.

My love to Brutus and Cassius. [He had playfully given these names to Matilda's two eldest girls.—E. A. V.]

Saffi, who seems to have remained in Switzerland, remarks on the stupendous amount of work accomplished by Mazzini during his few months' stay in England: ". . . and in those days when every avenue seemed closed to right effort, and difficulties appeared insurmountable, he rose up, intrepid, forecasting future chances, and making us all believe in and work with him." He organized the Central European Committee, whose aim was to seek the bases of an Alliance of Peoples, and whose mission was to be that of reducing ideas to facts. A sufficiently large scope, which, like that of Young Europe, would find itself limited to propaganda. The Address, or Manifesto, of this new Society was issued in London in July, 1850, signed by Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, Arnold Ruge and Albert Darasz, a Polish exile who had distinguished

* A new paper written in French and edited by Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin. It contained a terrible indictment of socialistic teaching from the pen of Mazzini, which gave such offence to Madame Sand as to result in the rupture of her friendship with its author.—J. W. MARIO.

himself in the Polish insurrection of 1830, and who died of consumption in 1852 or 1853.

After organizing the Italian National Committee Mazzini issued a National Loan for ten million Italian lire, upon a model prepared by Carlo Cattaneo. In taking these steps he acted upon the authority conferred on him after the fall of Rome by sixty representatives of the Roman Parliament: a power never looked upon as rescinded; even as Garibaldi always considered as remaining in force till 1860, the plenary (military) power conferred on him by the same body. Messrs. Martin, Stone and Martin received the subscriptions to the loan, and Stansfeld became its London agent, though afterwards, at his father's instance, he withdrew his name from the notes. Sirtori, and the Italian National Committee, gave no end of trouble over the manifesto of the loan, taking all the force out of it. The idea was, however, received with much enthusiasm, and the subscriptions started well. The notes, in spite of the frightful risks attending their possession and circulation, ranked among the people of Mantua and Milan, etc., as current coin.

Indirectly, it was the accidental discovery, by the Austrian authorities in Venice, of one of these notes that led to the revelation, in 1851, of the great secret organization of which Mantua was the centre, an account of which will be given later.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. Handwriting on envelope disguised. From Geneva, September 19th, 1850.

DEAR EMILIE,

I am safe here. I reached at half-past three in the night. I am well; would to God it was the same with you! I had your little note, and the letters. How did it go with the funeral? Is Caroline gone to Matilda? James will have told you that I was, the last moments in Paris, just as I was in London, without five minutes of rest. Still, I saw three or four persons there, who will prove extremely useful to our affairs, a Wallachian amongst others, whom you will perhaps see in London, before long. I am, to-morrow, beginning to work; and I will keep you *au courant* of what I do. You will do so with [as regards] yourself. James or somebody ought to go 58, Oxford Street, there to enquire after one F. Schwartz, and once having found him out, enquire whether he received or not some time ago, through the London penny-post, a letter to his address containing another

letter for Klapka,* who had given me his address. It is very material for me to know, if he received it—if he has sent it—if it has reached—if there is any chance of getting an answer from K.—how, in fact, I can have contact with him. . . .

In a short note written evidently a few days before the following, he says he has already done something on his way to Switzerland, and "since I am here. I am at work in my lonely room. I do not see the lake, but Mont Blanc is before me."

To Emilie, Tavistock House. Handwriting on envelope disguised. From Geneva, September 27th, 1850.

23.

I began to be fidgetting and uneasy about you, dear Emilie. I have nothing but your little note written on the point of starting for Sevenoaks. A few lines from Montecchi yesterday, enclosing my *share*, did not bring to me a single word concerning you and the family. I wrote to you, to Mont[ecchi], to James, to Anthony, to Usiglio, to everybody. I sent addresses.

The letters I receive do not reach me before the evening; and very often I am unable to post mine on the very day in which I write them.

I have found out Klapka.

The trunk and books have not yet reached.

To Mrs. Ashurst. From Switzerland, October 2nd, 1850.

Dear Friend,

I write these few words with my feet in your slippers, with your stockings on, with your *Cosmos* before me, and with my heart full with remembrance of your kindness and affectionate cares. Your daughters, I hope, will have told you long before this how I wished to see you again before leaving, and how I could not. The last moments were the most busy; and I really found myself in a cab without having two minutes to feel that I was going. But I was *not* going. Am I not near you all? Have I not been on Sunday at Muswell Hill? There are, by decree of Providence, two beings within me; the working-being, and the feeling one. The first is here, there, anywhere, where he feels bound; the second is where he loves.

* An Hungarian general who went to Vienna after the rebellion there to help organize the defence. He played a very important part in the struggle in his own country, holding out the fortress of Comorn even after the surrender by Georgey of the Hungarian forces to Russia. He wrote *Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary*, published in 1850 by Charles Gilpin.

As you know from James, I saw Eliza and found her well; better than I anticipated. Then, too, we were scarcely alone a few minutes. She hopes to have somebody belonging to her family near her during the "crisis." And I have been dreaming and musing about it. Who shall go? Can it be Emilie? Would not that carry her too far in the season, if she is to go to Italy? Crossing the Alps in December ought decidedly to be avoided. Shall it be you? Eliza was almost hinting at it. Or Caroline? Or Matilda? You will decide, after earnest consideration. Only, when decided, be so good as to let me know. You see that your never writing to me is boldly put out of the question.

It rains heavily. The wind blows hard; it is rather cold; and yesterday it thundered. The country is still very beautiful; and I wish you could see the Alps.

James or Emilie will give my address to you.

I am very sedulously at work. Our National Manifesto is in in the printer's hands; the proposal of the National Loan will immediately follow; and I suppose that the first result will be an order to leave given to my colleague Saffi. Of course, I will,—if he is obliged to take a refuge in England—introduce him to you.

I am, with deep and grateful affection,

ever yours,
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, Tavistock House. Handwriting on envelope disguised. From Geneva, October 10th, 1850.

I have received, dear Emilie, besides one very long from Mont[ecchi] dated 2, two letters evidently sent by Caroline, without a single word from her, which makes me sad. I had written to her on the same day. This will reach when you will be very near starting. Do not delay. A few days under our Italian sky, whilst the season is not yet decidedly bad, may do good to you; and I cannot now think of any other thing concerning you except of that. You must be better than you are. You must stop here as little as possible. You will see me twice. There is no place to which I can go; and frequent visits where I am would be very imprudent, on account of the opinion which the man [his host] enjoys. Your travelling companion [Colonel Medici] will go to Maurizio [Quadrio] and he will manage. Before going, you must ask Mr. Vai to collect from the mass of papers left at the School a complete series—12 numbers—of the *Apostolato Popolare*—a copy of the *Ricordi dei fratelli Bandieri*—a copy of the *Ricordi ai Giovani*—and in general,—your house being included in the search—a copy of any political writing of mine that can be

found. You will lose nothing; you will have the edition complete. Montecchi ought to ask Stolzmann, whom he sees, to give what he has: some speeches of mine to Polish meetings, things concerning *la Jeune Europe*—a few pages *Ils sont partis* —etc. If the number of *Young Italy* you have, is the 4th or subsequent, bring it too. And if articles from Tait's Magazine, on Sismondi's free Constitutions, on Guizot's Democracy, on revolt or revolution, could be had "je serais au comble du bonheur." Shaen has some other thing. Let him give it: he, too, will have—if he promises to go on with his Italian—a copy of the collection. I am despising myself for going into such details about my things: but, the thing has to be done; I have undertaken to direct it, and I have not a single page of mine. [He had been asked to sanction the issue of a collection of his political writings.] An article on the letter-opening affair, which has been reprinted separate, would help me to give a historical long note on the whole affair.

I have letters from Constantinople. Kossuth had not left, and nothing was known about his leaving.

I hope I shall have a letter from London to-day; but it will be too late for me to answer it before to-morrow. Do not forget the ═══ under Geneva: there is no need of a double envelope if that mark is adopted. Tell Caroline.

Remember me to all; take as much care as you can of yourself.

Your

Jos.

Tell Mont. that I have just now received his note of the 4th —with the article, etc. If the *Proscrit* appears, tell him to insist upon having the changes made in my second Appeal—the Appeal I have—and to send it too to Ruge.*

It is most probable, judging from Mazzini's cautious allusion to his host, that he wrote the above letter as the concealed, though honoured guest, of Mr. Albert Galeer and his sister Elise. Mr. Galeer's death within a twelvemonth of this time left the latter in the position of needing a new home. Through the instrumentality of Mazzini, she found one, in every sense, with Mrs. Milner-Gibson. The following is taken from the inscription upon the tablet raised to her memory by Mr. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, of Hardwick House, Suffolk, son of the friend whom Mazzini so

* Arnold Ruge, a German exile, who had been of the Republican party in the unfortunate Frankfort Parliament, lived many years in England. He became the German member of Mazzini's European Committee.

frequently designates in his letters by her beautiful old name of Arethusa. Mr. Cullum took his maternal grandfather's name on inheriting the Hardwick property.

> "To the memory of Elise Galeer, daughter of Jean Galeer and Marguerite Stauffer, his wife, and sister of Albert Galeer, the Genevan Philanthropist and Journalist, who was granted the Freedom of Geneva for important services to the State, 29 Oct : 1847, became Member of the Grand Council of the Republic, and whose house was the frequent refuge of the Italian patriot and exile, Giuseppe Mazzini. After her brother's death, Miss Galeer became the devoted friend and companion of Arethusa Milner-Gibson and of her children and grandchildren for a space of fifty years. . . ."

To Emilie, Tavistock House. Handwriting on envelope disguised. From Geneva, October 12th, 1850.

I suppose, dear Emilie, that you have Matilda with you ; and, therefore, I send a little note for her. I suppose that you leave together on the 17th. But you will, no doubt, write a word before . . .

There are great rumours afloat concerning the November in France : schemes, decisions taken : to be kept or not to be kept according to the weather or the whim of the day ; but of all this I suppose you hear from Louis [Blanc, then living in London]. "A propos," Mad. Sand, who, to my letter proposing that she should write a few pages for the *Proscrit*, answered a desponding letter full with indignation against everything and everybody in France, replies now to my reply by entering into the question, declaring that I have been wrong in joining L[edru-]R[ollin] and that Louis Blanc, a man far in advance of his times, is right in everything. The *Proscrit* is appearing somewhere to-morrow. I have to send an immense letter to Montecchi, which I do, for once, to his own address. Ever yours in haste,

Jos.

Emilie, with her sister Matilda and Matilda's two daughters, was setting out for Genoa, where they intended passing the winter. They had arranged to part company in Paris, because Emilie meant to visit Mazzini in his retreat in Geneva. It was during this winter in Genoa, when the sisters, and especially Emilie, were in intimate association with Signora Mazzini, that the latter enjoined upon Emilie to write the life of her exiled son. For a long time Emilie hesitated to undertake so important a task, but, as will be seen later, the project eventuated in the publication of many of Mazzini's best writings in an English translation,

accompanied by invaluable autobiographical notes. It also stimulated Emilie's study of Mazzini's ideas as exemplified in his actions and general attitude towards life, so that she became the best authority on his creed in both its religious and political aspects.

To Emilie, in Paris. Inscribed by E. A. V. "da Ginevra a me."

October 17th, 1850.

Your last, long, good letter reached me, dear Emilie, through some neglect, too late for me to answer it in London. I recollected you mentioned the 17th as your day for starting now and I send these few lines to Paris, hoping to see you soon. How are you? Did you suffer much by the *traversée*? Did Matilda? To her I shall send letters and instructions to-morrow. Your Mamma's letter is very good and loving: there is not a bit of scandal in it, not even about you.

I have received a letter from Caroline, sweet and affectionate beyond all those she ever wrote to me . . . She speaks of you as fondly as you deserve. The box has arrived.* I shall have it within two hours. I shall write to Bessie as soon as I see the dressing gown. I am sure that you wrote before starting. And as you must stop a few days in Paris, I shall write again and then write a few lines to Medici. To-day I have no time. God bless you, dear.

Ever your

Jos.

I shall send my next letter to Eliza, writing to her too.

The next few notes were sent by hand to Emilie, who, in a memorandum, wrote:

"After about ten days in Paris, Emilie started with Colonel Medici for Geneva, where Mazzini was living in a country house some distance from the town. His host and hostess were much afraid of foreign visitors attracting attention and requested that they should only see Mazzini in the evening. Medici, who had arranged to have a note of instructions as to how, when and where to find Mazzini, brought to Emilie the following lines": [the date is probably Monday, October 21st, for he writes to Bessie on the 26th that he has seen Emilie].

* Perhaps the small box of books which he had asked for in a previous letter.

DEAR,

Will you? *Can* you? At half-past seven: with Quadrio and Medici: or with Quadrio alone.

Your

JOSEPH.

Monday.

Do not kill yourself, if you are too ill for coming, but send me word.

To Emilie. Apparently the next day.

Tuesday.

Come to-morrow evening, dear. Write down, in a practical man-spirit, the English names we ought to address envelopes to for the Loan. And write, if you have no objection, a few lines to Miss Cushmann, just supporting mine. God bless you.

Your

Jos.

Tell Medici that I want a copy of his hieroglyphical scheme.

I am studying a scheme myself for the purpose of your having my letters, when and where needed, without carrying them with you. I feel full of fears.

This letter, like the preceding one, is addressed to

Mrs. Emilie Hawkes,

Couronne,

and sent by hand. At top, in fine writing, very small: "À ce soir—M. Q."

To Emilie. Probably November 2nd, 1850.

Saturday.

Prudential schemes are an excellent thing; only it is not easy to keep strictly by them. Suppose, dearest, that you would come again this very night: come at half-past seven—and go away at ten. Would it not be well? You would not come then before Tuesday night, if you will be able on that day. The attention of my "observers" does not seem to have been awakened by yesterday's call.

Should Quadrio be well and call on you with this, you might come with him. He would naturally leave you, and Medici would come at nine or when you tell him. Should Quadrio be still unwell, come with Medici and let him stop. It is better to see you *again* with him than not to see you at all.

Addio. God bless you.

Your

JOSEPH.

E. A. V. comments on the above : "There were many other similar little notes during the fortnight that Emilie remained in Geneva, always brought by hand and not infrequently by persons pretending to have trifling wares to sell, which were, of course, purchased because known to contain little missives."

It must be remembered that Mazzini had had to use the utmost precautions to be able to return to Switzerland at all, for the Governments of France, Austria and Piedmont had jointly demanded his expulsion. Emilie's visit, therefore, entailed the greatest coolness, watchfulness and secrecy. The last note preserved is dated by Emilie, "November, 1850," and was probably written in the first week of that month.

I'll see you this night, dear Emilie; you will hear from Medici the how.

Your

JOSEPH.

To Bessie. From near Geneva, apparently after Emilie's first visits to his retreat.

October 26th, 1850.

Bessie, ma bonne soeur : saintement calme comme vous êtes, vous ne vous êtes pas fachée de mon silence ? non ; vous n'avez froncé le sourcil qu'une seule fois en y songeant, . . .

Avez vous jêté un charme sur cette robe de velours que vous avez empaqueté avec mes livres, fille d'Eve . . .? Je ne l'ai mise que deux fois jusqu'ici ; et j'ai soudainement pris de l'embonpoint ; et Emilie, en me voyant, a écrié : "Dieu ! il ne manquait que cela, vous devenez gras !" (Voulez vous me dire, Bessie entre deux parenthèses, pourquoi vous pouvez avoir de l'embonpoint à loisir, et être tout-à-fait jolie, tandis que je ne peux, moi, m'épaisser d'un atôme, sans qu'Emilie vienne me dire des gros mots ?) . . .

J' ai vu Emilie : elle n'est pas bien ; mais elle n'est pas trop mal ; et j'espère beaucoup de notre climât. Si je réussis en ôutre a faire une petite révolution là bas, et à lui faire courir bien de risques je suis prêsque sûr de la guérir. Adieu, Bessie et William, je travaille comme un damné ("Quoi ! déja" v. ; Louis Blanc)* Aidez moi : priez pour moi, aimez moi. Serrez la main de William pour moi, jusqu'à lui faire faire la grimace : et vous, je vous crôque pour vous—ne sonnez pas—embrasser !

JOSEPH.

* He alludes to an anecdote, related to us by Louis Blanc, of Talleyrand, who when visiting Louis Philippe during his last illness and hearing from him that "il souffrait comme un damné" was said to have exclaimed "Quoi ! *déja ?*"—E. A. V.

The following note from Mazzini's mother to Emilie is without date, but obviously belongs to the early part of the time when she and Matilda stayed in Genoa. Medici did not, in all probability, accompany Emilie from Geneva to Genoa, but arrived soon after she was settled there.

Written probably while Emilie was in Genoa, 1850 or 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I wish to know your news and those of dear Matilda, embracing you both with maternal love and recommending you to take great care of yourself and not to go out to-day being a cold day. I will write to-morrow again to our Pippo and if you wish to profit by it for some [word illegible] it will serve you for an order. Good-bye, my dear daughter, love me as much and always as I love you.

Your Mother in love,
MARIA.

Tell me if Medici is arrived.

To James. October 30th, 1850. End missing.

Oct. 30.

DEAR JAMES,

I wish I could write oftener and longer to you than I do ; but God knows that I cannot, so much I have to do. Still, *you* can value the wish. I have your letter of the 25th, and the *Leader* and the book.* The book is well. Should it sell—which, however, I doubt—it could easily be followed by another. The remarks in the *Leader* on democracy are extremely good ; but they must be developed, enlarged by successive papers. And a sort of signed summary review of the signed democratic pages could enter perfectly well, I think, in the *cadre* and complete it. Concerning this, I shall within a few days, sketch up for you my own ideas and furnish you, partially at least, with some materials. Perhaps, my next to you will contain a Protestation of the National Committee against the Austrian Loan. I cannot send it before I know if the Loan is still insisted upon as *voluntary*.

Other articles will follow, and in general, we shall furnish you with materials enough [for the English papers which Linton, etc., should have been able to keep going without aid]. But, there ought to come in, if possible, something belonging to other

* Charles Gilpin, 5 Bishopsgate Street Without, published, in 1850, *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy, being Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection and to the Royal War of* 1848. James Gilpin published it in Dublin and the Blacks in Edinburgh. George Sand translated these papers into French under the same title. They also appeared in serial form in English in a Chartist weekly paper, called *The Friend of the People*, edited by Julian Harnay.

democracies. Have the Poles nothing to give? Actual or retrospective? But in this case important as a "point de départ" and which can make now intelligible their future agitation, a historical sketch or a description of their democratic Press in France, Posen and elsewhere, as I shall do with Italy, would, as I said above, together with that of Germany—which you could easily obtain by [Arnold] Ruge—tend to define more clearly to the English public the movement and means of E[uropean] De[mocracy], consequently, suit the scheme. Try to have this suggestion of mine realized.

I begin to feel frantic about the *Proscrit* and the E[uropean] Co[mmittee] who have identified our fates with those of the French paper, and have given no sign of life since I left. I write to Ruge about it. Read the letter, and send it to him. From the letter you may perhaps catch some fragment of idea about the Loan which may suggest others to you. It would be well if some article on it and favourable to it could come out in some English, even provincial paper. Advertising, as you say, is expensive, and *now* premature. We shall resort to it whenever some agitation or impending crisis in Europe will suggest. Meanwhile, we must devise about what is to be done in England for it. I shall write about this as soon as I am a little relieved from the preliminary work that I have now to achieve for Italy. The ideal would certainly be, rising [raising] public meetings in Manchester, Leeds, and all the manfacturing towns for an Italian agitation. The . . . [End misssing.]

To James. From Switzerland, probably November 24th, 1850.

Dear James,

I have your letter of the 19th. I will write preface, and everything, very soon; but, between travellers from Italy, the Loan and very important internal business, I have not been able to fulfil my promises. I am safe; only removing often, which is an additional bothering. I had of course the antecedent one, with the cypher communication. The Loan is progressing. Only, we have no shares. It is urging to have plenty here. Pray watch, you and all our friends, upon all travellers to Paris or Switzerland. In this respect, you must act as if you were an organized society, with duties prescribed, etc. I still think that a little Philo-Italian society could be organized in London; and one hundred men and women, bound to certain regulations, would do wonders to help us. . . .

It is *settled* then—"emporté d'assaut"—without any discussion, that I am to establish myself in your house? Tavistock House has been taken as a *précédent*; and it has been forgotten that I was

not to stop there except during a week or a fortnight, and that it has been owing to continuous plans of leaving that I remained. However, we shall see. Much will depend on the nature of my pursuits in London. If I am to write, it is clear that I must accept refuge under Caroline's wings: if I am to act, talk, see people, and devote myself to the Loan, would it not be better to have a little room in the City, which would not prevent me from seeing you and being whole days in your house whenever I could? Think of it dispassionately, and practically!

The reasons of my delaying with Syd[ney] are these: I should want more particular understanding with the Hungarians before; I am awaiting for a communication from Kossuth and for introductions somewhere, which I cannot get as yet. Moreover, this question between Austria and Prussia ought to be settled in some way or other, at least temporarily; for, supposing—which I do not, but many people do—that a real collision should arise, there would be an end of all schemes: we would act *immediately*.* I think that the journey [Sydney's journey] can be safely delayed till my arrival, early in January: then, we would rapidly decide.

The sketch you give of the Address would make of it a long one—too long perhaps for insertion. I will try and do my best.

Ever yours affectionately,

Jos.

The next letter, dated from London and addressed in conspicuously disguised writing to Mrs. Stansfeld, Marine Cottage, Hastings, purports to be from a Frenchman. It is evidently a device to throw the "polices" on to a wrong scent; for, though Mazzini greatly desired to get to England as soon as continental affairs should allow, he did not attempt the journey till the middle of February. It is probable that from the Galeers he went into Geneva itself, perhaps to Susannah Tancione; but the danger of his staying anywhere in that district had been steadily augmenting. Fazy, the Governor of the Canton, had become the personal friend of Louis Napoleon, who earnestly desired to stifle the voices of those whose evidence regarding his treachery at Rome might carry too much conviction to popular elements not only in France

* The prolonged state of tension between Austria and Prussia, which had arisen over the complicated question of Schleswig-Holstein and the equally complicated rivalry between the two Powers for the supreme position in Germany, ended by a climb down on the part of Prussia at the Convention of Olmütz, November 29th, 1850, a diplomatic victory for Austria which has been called "not a Prussian humiliation but an Austrian weakness"; for Schwarzenberg might have, but did not, "set bounds for ever to the ambitions of Prussia."

but throughout Europe. In addition to involving in endless difficulties and risks any who dared to house him within Fazy's jurisdiction, Mazzini was now forced to consider his own health, which a long spell of confinement to one room had begun seriously to affect. Should his voluntary imprisonment continue he knew that he might find himself unable to undertake even a short journey. Accordingly, his friends arranged that a certain Lombard lady, Maria del Verme, exiled in Switzerland, should pick him up in her carriage at Rolle at one o'clock in the morning and drive him to Lausanne. Quadrio, then in hiding in the suburbs of Geneva, received a note from Mazzini, who usually organized the details of his "evasions" himself, to the effect that he or Carli must go to Saffi with minute instructions for Mazzini's avoidance of the police. Mazzini reminds Saffi that Madame del Verme will require four hours to drive from Lausanne to Rolle, and that she must allow sufficient time for the horse to rest and feed before attempting the return journey. He will be walking, he says, along the road outside Rolle, humming, "Mourir pour la patrie" in order that she may identify him.

The evening fixed for the adventure proved in every way auspicious. It was a lovely night, says Saffi, who recorded the above details, when he and Ernesto Haug—a Viennese exile who had served valiantly in Rome—joined Mazzini for the long walk by the lake side. A moderate degree of frost made crisp the small amount of snow that had fallen, and the moon, unveiling herself, brilliantly lighted up the waters of the lake upon their right hand. The three friends beguiled the way with talk on literary matters—Mazzini's favourite themes of Byron and Mickiewicz occupying much of their attention till they reached Noyon, a distance of at least twelve miles from Geneva. Here they rested at the house of Pescantini, then achieved another seven or eight miles to the spot appointed for the carriage to be waiting. After a few days at Lausanne Mazzini moved on, but the Ashurst letters give no indications that help to fix his subsequent halting places. It is open to conjecture that one sojourn was made in Solothurn with some people he had known in 1833, and whom he had seen in Milan in 1848—but it is mere conjecture. That he spent most trying weeks, and that he suffered physically as well as mentally, is certain; also that he was out of immediate touch with the friends who had alleviated his labours in Geneva, for Saffii, Varè,

Sirtori, Montecchi and others remained at Lausanne till the spring of 1851.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland. [This note brought to Emilie and Matilda the first news of the death of their sister Eliza in childbirth at Paris.]

November 28th, 1850.

Strengthen yourself, dear, by the feeling that those you love want to be more and more loved and to not tremble for new misfortunes, against an irreparable loss. Eliza is lost to us. It is strange that it is from me that you are to receive the sad news; but I would have even claimed the mournful task had I been *near* you. She died at 4 o'clock in the morning on the 25th. You know already the labours of her confinement and the death of the child. She must have sunk from exhaustion. I have no particulars, but simply the advice [information] from Bardonneau [Eliza's husband] who, in his trouble has forgotten your address, and from Acc[ursi]. It was an unlucky marriage and we were right, through presentiment, in seeing it with a repugnance. I have no consolation to offer. I have lost two sisters, one during my exile; and I know that such a loss puts in one's life a shadow never to be removed, a blank never to be filled. I cast my arms and my soul around you, and tell you to be strong for your Mother's and Caroline's and my own sake. I could say for Eliza's sake, for I do not believe in such a thing as death. It is for me [in my belief] the cradle of a new existence: and I feel more bound to those who have entered the new stage of Life, as I feel there is no real link broken between them and me except through forgetfulness. Let us not desecrate the solemn thing which is mistermed death by unruly woe and atheistical despairing. Let us do nothing which would not be approved of by the dead, nothing that would sadden them. Let us bind, more and more, our existence to the duties to be fulfilled, to the affections we have vowed ourselves to, to the lives we are to soften and comfort here down, to the real, active, pure worship of the Ideal which is our common aim, the link to all loving and beloved souls, the road to a higher Life in which all our good feelings must find an embodiment and in which we must consequently meet, in one shape or other, all those who have been a feeling to us. Love is but a promise. I would not for all the world that you should fall in the depths of inert despair if I died. If love is not an empty word, a passionate, passive movement, but rather a state of progression for the soul, you would feel yourself bound to worship with a renewed enthusiasm all that you found good in me, and all that I loved, yourself, the Beautiful, the Grand, the True. What I say about myself, I say to you about Eliza.

If Matilda is near you, you will tell her what I say to you. My note is for both.

I fancied that on the first news of Eliza's miscarriage, some person of the family would have journeyed to Paris from London, but the time was too short to reach.

Write a word, dear, if you are still in Genoa. I wrote to you twice or three times through different means. Owing to the illness of a person who gets letters for me to the addresses I gave, I fancy that there is a letter of my Mother['s] lying somewhere, with some words from you. I am glad Med[ici] is near you.

Alas! I cannot help thinking that with that unhappy marriage, Eliza's life would have met, soon or late, with miseries and deceptions far worse than death.

My most affectionate blessing rests upon you and upon Matilda.

Your Jos.

To Mrs. Ashurst. [This letter has, written across the space at the end, in Mrs. Ashurst's handwriting, "Dear Mazzini, Geneva, Dec: 1850."]

November 29th, 1850.

Bend your head beneath the will of God, dearest friend: think of those you love and who want you to be firm; and *be* firm. Think of her too, grieve upon her; but let not your grief be such as would make her blame it or mourn over it. Like the Macedonian Legion, when one was falling, draw nearer you all who remain; love each other more dearly, see, help, advise one another more than ever; commune with her who has loved and loves you all by communing more intimately with one another, and remember, for God's sake, that there is no such thing as Death for all that is best in us—that what people call Death is only a transformation and a step onwards in Life. Love is a vouchsafer for immortality. We would not scatter a single flower upon a Tomb, if there was not an instinct in the soul teaching us that our love pleases the cherished one who is buried beneath. And depend upon me, there is more truth discovered by those flashes of the virgin soul than by all the dim, painfully elaborated lanterns of analysis and reasoning knowledge. There is an everlasting link of the invisible world as there is one of the visible. Is it not so even in this our own terrestrial life? Do we not invisibly link one another by Love as we do visibly by mutual contact? Do not the continuous transformations that are taking place in Nature break asunder the visible, tangible bond of unity that is making [makes] a whole of all external things? And is not the tangible a mere symbol of the intangible? Depend upon me, dear friend, Eliza is still loving us and feeling our love. We

shall all meet one day under whatever shape, and smile at our convulsions of grief. Death would only spread her icy wings between us if we ceased to love.

And this faith of mine, which I would give my actual life gladly for feeling able to infuse in you all—and my grieving with you over our actual loss—and my loving you all more dearly than before—is all the consolation that I can give to you, dearest friend. I wish I could be with you during these days; but it is now impossible, and it makes me feel bitterly for the first time the bondage of my condition. Still, I live, think, feel with you, the best part of the day; and I dreamt of you all during the few hours of sleep I had last night. My dear, dear friend, how I should wish to be able to take on my own, poor doomed life all your sorrows, and to yield to your own all the smiles that affections have been yielding to it.

I have written to Emilie. I do not know whether she is still in Genoa or on her way to Tuscany. Matilda must be in Genoa. Write to them, and let Caroline write too. Take care of your health, you and all. And let somebody write a word about yourselves.

My love to all. Your deeply affectionate Joseph.

To Emilie, in Genoa.

December 1st, 1850.

I had, very late, your note of the 23, dear, so good, and so hopeful about your health, and now! I long for one or two words from you. You must have received letters from London. They were in fear that you would take some rash step and go back. I hope you will have done nothing of the sort. The comfort that you would give would be embittered and more than counterbalanced by the first day of illness you would have. They all would think, right or wrong, that had you continued your journey you would perhaps have been better. The first comfort that is now to be given to your Parents is that they have not to tremble for you. You not only do love, but know how to love. And I rely upon you. If there has ever been a time, for you and [for] Matilda, to watch over your health and earnestly wish to have it strengthened, it is now, that you learn, through yourselves, how sad and desolate [it] is for those who love to lose one who is loved. I have written to your Mamma, and shall write to the one or the other as often as I can. Do you the same, dear; and try to get robust. I do repeat it again, because I feel it; the day on which you could sincerely tell your family that you are more robust and better than before, you will have given the only true consolation that can be given to them. I like your being near

Matilda, at least for a time. You will do her good and she will do you good. I am well in health. Think of me as I do think of you, and if a blessing from afar can be of service, mine will, so fervent I send it.

Your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, December 2nd, 1850.

. . . Yes; you are right about the inferiority of the Genoese; it is not, however, an inferiority of race; it has been brought about on by a secular mercantile education deprived of a single grand idea. The man of the people, the sailor, if he was not totally uneducated and ignorant, is the only true specimen of the race from which Columbus sprang. Towards Bertani and Cosenz I fear you are somewhat unjust. It is not only because Cosenz fought bravely that he is praised, but because, like Medici, he is a thorough republican and free from all the intriguing and ambitious spirit of almost all the military men. Generally, dear, you must not lose sight, in your appreciation of the Italians, of one great fact; that we come out of a bondage of more than three hundred years, and are only beginning to start up to a new life . . .

No, it was not any fear for myself that made me write what I wrote about my mother's dreams; but it was for my mother's sake. I would have come for a few days in Genoa to see her were it not that she fancies strange dangers and would fall in fits of terror if I did so. [It must not be forgotten that Mazzini was condemned to death in every part of Italy at that time.] I know how to reach safely. But as for her journeying abroad, I do not think, dear, that I shall ever sojourn for a long while in London, unless something should happen to throw me in despair about Italy re-awakening. I must live mainly in Switzerland, and here I shall never have a moment of peace; and even if my mother could see me she would grieve at the manner in which I am obliged to live and which I do conceal from her.

Good-bye and God bless you . . .

Ever your loving Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Geneva, December 6th, 1850.

I have all your letters, dear, and God bless you, as I do, for the lines in which you promise to your father, to all those you love and to me to be strong and religious in your grief. Death is a solemn thing, and even to those who do not share in my own belief, mysterious and full with tokens of another life. We must not desecrate it with raging, childish grief; we must improve in

its contemplation, love more intensely and sacredly the departed, and look more earnestly upon life itself; upon its duties, upon its affections. We must be, in a word, such as would cause to smile with gladness the loved one whom we cannot see, but whom we can feel through remembering love. And till [while] there is one being to love, one being to console, one being to improve, one good cause to fight for, despair is selfishism [selfishness]: calm grief only is holy. To you, dear, these feelings of mine are familiar; they have a life of their own in your heart. I wish I could, with any amount of sacrifice, transfuse them into Caroline's heart. Her letter is heart-rending. I knew partly what she writes.* Still I hope that, as almost always is the case in very strong persons, much of the struggle was unconscious and less acutely painful to her than to others. I do not want, nor can go deep in my opinion of Bard[onneau]. It is of no use now; and I feel with Caroline that there must be for us all a sort of protecting veil spread upon him by her affection. Only I felt, and feel quite justified in my belief, which is yours, that she would have, soon or late, felt wretched and deluded in life. I shall never forget the words of your father about her and myself. I have had a letter from Caroline, written before her leaving Paris. You acted well, dear, in not going to them. It would have been adding grief to grief; and I know that it has been one of their constant fears. All their hope about you is now resting upon this journey of yours, and for my own and their sake I shall love Italy even better than I do, if, at the end, you are and Matilda is stronger and healthier. I think of the joy they would have in seeing you. Tell Matilda all that I feel for her and with her. To Med[ici] I feel truly grateful for his being near you in such moments as these; and besides the good that his true affection must impart to you, it is as if there was near you a little part of myself. He and Scipione are the only two friends I would have chosen for being now with you. I shall tell Quadrio what you say. They are still here searching after me, but there is no danger. Tell Medici I shall answer him and do all that he wishes for. All that you say in one of your preceding letters about my sister is true, but it is all a superposed stratum. The husband's family has made her so. She is at the bottom of her soul good and child-like. I have yesterday received a few lines from her. She thought for a time that you had left. God bless you, dear, and make you feel around you the affection of

Your Joseph.

I have received the money.

* Caroline and William had gone to Paris, but arrived too late to see their sister alive.—E. A. V.

To Caroline. From Geneva.—E. A. V.

December 7th, 1850.

I had your letter of the 30th, then yours to Emilie, dear, dear Caroline. Yes, I have been suffering with you all and longing to be near you all and to clasp you in my arms and to endeavour, not to console you, but to make your grief less dry, less despairing, less rebellious against mysteries that we cannot fathom. She [Eliza] has suffered dreadfully; but . . . I cannot plunge into the depths of the Infinite; my soul is a man's and not an angel's soul and I shrink from such suffering inflicted upon one we love; and I feel with you and almost love you better for the words I blame. Still there have been moments in my life in which I had a glimpse of the knowledge [meaning] of suffering, and I felt that Jesus' sufferings had—they only—achieved in mankind what his intellectual belief, the same that philosophy had [reached] before him, would never have achieved. But these are things that although I would give anything to have you feeling upon them in common with me, cannot—now especially, be a matter of discussion. Perhaps we shall [discuss them] one day. Only I do firmly believe in immortality. I believe she [Eliza] is living, far more powerfully living, than before, and I believe that her sufferings are rewarded. See how kind and good and patient and thinking of others she was all through the dreadful struggle! Let her be an example; a thing to strive after for all of us. That is now the only way of loving her that is left to us. I had a letter from her a few days before the fatal crisis; and though she was, now and then, indulging in a bright dream about the child to come, still it was overclouded by a sort of instinctive anticipation of serious dangers. I do not want anything but that letter and my own recollections to keep, as far as possible, her image near. Still I wrote to Bard[onneau] when I had no news about you, to send me or keep for me anything she had near her in her last days, a dry flower, a bit of riband, one or two hairs. But I have no answer. I asked too where she had been buried, but that I know now from you. It has been well that Matilda and Emilie were near [each other]; and that I was the first to apprise her [Emilie] of the sad news. I had since then two short notes from her, and one from Medici. They are feeling as they ought; still Emilie is struggling against her grief and full of loving and devoted thoughts to you, to your mother and father and to [all] whom she loves. Poor Mrs. Ashurst! Tell her and tell Mr. Ashurst all that you can from me, or rather say nothing; but embrace them for me, and bid them for her sake, to struggle and keep strong: you all want them as they want you to be so—and I too from afar—am I not one of yours?

Write to me, only a few words about you and poor William and all. I am rather annoyed here by the police who receive continuously orders from the Federal authorities concerning me; but I do not think there is any danger of being discovered. Farewell, my good and beloved Caroline. I long to see you all, but I cannot as yet.

Your Joseph.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, December 9th, 1850.

Dear, I avail myself of this opportunity for a few lines. They will reach some day or other. I have written again to Caroline. I trust that for my own sake, and for that of all the family, you will, both Matilda and you, keep firm in your thoughts and in your determination of struggling bravely against your grief. Grief must be for us the great Purifier. And we must make Life valuable. I too want you to be good and strong, if I am to go on with the work appointed. Tell me of your decisions as soon as you take any. My Mother tells me that most likely you will both spend all the winter in Genoa: is it true? Where are you now living? James has written to me twice: he is very sad, but manly, and active about our purposes. He urges me to write the preface for the sixpence reprint proposed by the *Daily News*. Gilpin puts it as a condition. I have not yet been able, but I will write it soon.

The weather is extremely cold and foggy here. How is it in Genoa? It is likely, not sure, that I shall have next month a short journey to Lond[on], first to see them, and I must say your Mamma especially, to whom, there being for her no activity of her own, my visit may do more good; and then to see if anything can be done for the Loan; and to come to some more definite conclusion with K[ossuth], etc. But it will be, if I do realize it, a short journey, not beyond four weeks. I must then be near our frontier. The only thing annoying in the scheme is the redoubled attention of the polices; they want to send me as far as America. But I shall take care they do not, and you will trust me and my fates.

Oh! how I have wished during these days to be really endowed with that power of ubiquity which is attributed to me by the reactionary papers! How I should have run to you, dear, and then to Caroline in Paris, then to your mother, then again to you! I have been raging against the impossibility of writing down anything that can do real good; and I feel that through an embrace, a look, a grasp of the hand, I could. But you, as far as it may be, do *feel* me and my presence around you, don't you, dear. Blessings on you and Matilda.

Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, December 13th, 1850.

I have your letter of the 8–9, dear, and you are an angel. I wrote to your Mamma and the letter was given to William before his leaving Paris; so that I cannot understand how, having letters from London, you seem to urge me to write [there]. I wrote twice to Caroline herself; then to James and to William; but I have not a single line as yet. I do not feel uneasy because I heard indirectly of Caroline and James. I do not like the revolting [rebellious] barren, despairing turn that Caroline's grief takes; and it is the unconscious result of the sceptical philosophy that had crept in her mind before I knew you. The commonplace consolation, "We are all mortals" is hateful only because it is almost always uttered by unfeeling people: it is an expression of mere selfishism in them. But should it be [were it] pronounced always by truly suffering and sympathizing persons, it would imply a more eloquent meaning than it seems: it is the proclamation of a Law for Humanity; of a Law which inflicts upon us the hardest trial possible and makes us shiver, when it falls upon loved beings, to the very soul of the soul; still, of a Law. It speaks of God, of reasons, of motives unknown, inaccessible to us in our present state, but which *must* exist and work for good finally. The very word Law implies for me the idea of final good. Is the world given to mere hazard? The universality of the Laws manifested in it is a denial of that thought. Can we better conceive a ferocious tyrannical Law given to the whole Universe? There is in us—a mere particle of this Universe—intellect, power of loving, the feeling of the Good, the aspiration towards continuous development, the capacity for Martyrdom. From whence would all this be drawn should the Universe be the mere evolution of a law synonymous with Tyranny, Evil and Irony? Can we even conceive, frame out, the idea of Tyranny except as the reverse of Goodness? Would not the existence of a Tyrant-God imply the existence of a Good God elsewhere, above? Yes; I feel it in a manner that sophism and false science cannot overturn. Death is sacred; Suffering is sacred; and Grief must be sacred. It is well that it puts wrinkles on our pale faces, whiteness on our hair, undying sorrow in our hearts; it is not well that it makes us revolt, struggle ineffectually against Laws, lose sight of the great Fact that we walk and live through now unfathomable Mysteries. Ought my Mother to rebel against God because she has had once only in twenty years the blessing of [seeing and for a *brief* time being with] her son? Ought the mothers of all our martyrs to plunge into Atheism? But all these things, which I would give my heart's blood to be able to put into Caroline's soul, could only be taught her by a lover; and

James had been preyed upon by a system when he began to live with her: the immense, exceptional goodness which is in him is the light of a star far distant and out of sight. All that is written from afar, without the revealing look, without a pressure of the hand, looks corpse-like, and—except from you, I trust—will always, even by her, be misinterpreted. This my not feeling able to strengthen her, to save her not from grief, God forbid! but from the intoxication of Grief, is one of my chief sorrows now. For Caroline too has an Angel-soul, and I love her dearly, more, probably, than she fancies; and I would give I don't know what to put a spark of belief, of conscious Immortality in her. But I hope in your letters. She loves you and believes in your love. It belongs to you, a sister, and who suffers as much as she does, to work upon her soul and remember [remind] her how the dead are to be loved and revered. I had your letter of the 5th too, dear: though very late on the 11th. . . .

All your very laconic judgments about men and women are true. Only why did you expect to find there what is to be found nowhere? Did you not see the French exiles, the Hungarians, the Poles? Yourself and some of yours excepted, can you find such an earnestness and a fixity of purpose as you wish for in England? I wish you could have seen B. Of Costa they have already told me. Why don't you make him blush? What is he doing with his wealth? What does Fraschieri * make you work at? As my Mother must send me towards Christmas, some money, you may add the money for the shares to that. Do you remember the "mysterious" letter from an unknown woman concerning her sister, etc.? I think I have discovered the writer. She is at Trieste.

They are pretending to look after me here, but they will not, of course, succeed. I have been writing a letter to Louis Napoleon, which soon or late you will see; but I find I cannot write good things any more. A single line of action is worth a thousand written pages. And my beard is quite grey, dear; and I should wish that what of energy still remains could be summoned up to do something better than scribbling. I fancy that my energy, once beginning to sink, will sink very rapidly.

We have the 14th to-day, and I have no letter from my Mother: it is unusually delayed. Perhaps I shall have one this very day; but at all events, I shall write and send this with [my letter to her]. . . .

Blessings upon you from your loving Jos.

* President of the Academy of painting in Genoa under whom Emilie was then studying.—E. A. V.

To William. Received December 16th, 1850.

DEAR WILLIAM,

What sufferings for you all and for me too since I left you! What an unexpected blow and what a blank in the family and for all the future days! Letters were delayed; and I knew of your sad journey when you had already gone back. My letters too, owing to the wretched way in which I live, shut in a room unable to post except the day after I write, went later than I wanted, and the only atom of sad consolation has been that the news went to Emilie from me with such words of strength and duty as I could find out. If ever I felt the wretchedness of my *belief* not being shared by all of you whom I love, it has been now. Not that it takes away grief: I would *not* take it away from you nor from myself: but it turns it from the barrenness of rebelling despair to a religious, solemn, resigned, though lasting grief, not unmixed with hope for the future. It is the purifying grief we feel and some of our mothers feel—for those who died for their country or for any sacred cause. We see *then* the use of death, its *why;* but is not this feeling to be enlarged? is not the whole world our battlefield for the good? Did not Eliza fight bravely her way through it? Did she not teach us all feelings, duties, thoughts of love, and gentle resignation, even through her dreadful sufferings? The why of death and suffering lies unknown to us; but can we *now* know all? The day in which we shall believe in immortality and feel it, grief will lose nothing of its keenness, but it will strengthen and purify us: it will teach us a deeper and holier love: the renewed want of fulfilling a task for the sake of those who die. Your first task now, dear William, I have no need of saying it, is a very simple one: to fill up as much as possible the blank with your parents and Caroline: to not love them more, but to manifest more than usual your love, to surround them with endearing little cares, to show them how much important to you they are, so that they do not forget the value of life. I regret your being so far from Caroline and from Muswell Hill; but see one another as often as possible.

I am here more than usually shut, forbidden even the windows, which, most unluckily for me, are on the "*rez de chaussé*," . . . the Federal Council here are endeavouring to seize me, and most idiotic gendarmes are bothering people who get down from Diligences. But unless I am discovered, which I do not anticipate, you may number the days, I think that on this very day next year,* I shall, for a while be with you. Do not say this except to the family. Should the news spread, the danger would increase

* The same day in the month of January as that on which he is writing in December?

for the journey. Carlier was, a few days ago, "jurant ses grands Dieux" *qu'il m'aurait.* I have letters from Emilie dated the 9th. She is, thank God, very sad but strong; and Matilda is well enough.

Was a letter addressed to Mrs. Ashurst given to you before your leaving Paris? Did Caroline receive mine in London? I have nothing since the day you went back. Do let some of you write a word about yourselves. Bessie will do that, gladly, I know, if you are too sad or too busy to write. Tell her my love and to Caroline and to your Mamma and Mr. Ashurst. Remember me to James.

Ever yours with deep affection,

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, December 19th, 1850.

Dear, I had a letter of Caroline and another from your Mother, very long and very good; there is grief, deep grief still resignation.

I have answered Caroline. I think the only thing that could now do good to her, is *work:* but how to manage? Work in England is not easily found, when men say there is nothing to be done. I sent her the rather long preface for Gilpin; perhaps she will translate it. I thought it would be better for her to have something to do. I know you are not at all well; and you cannot be after all this misery, dear. Every climate calls forth a partially different hygiene. As for the rest, I feel more than ever adverse to homeopathy.

Your letters, that is those addressed to your name, come to you later than they ought, I am told. Your name must be a suspected one; and this makes me think about other schemes. There is here a *recrudescence* from the government against the exiles, and they talk about a general decree of ejectment being about to appear, with threatenings to householders, etc. French troops are approaching the frontier; notes must have come and [been] kept secret. I suppose I will, within a short time, take an excursion; but do not speak about it, nor change in any way your manner of corresponding. . . .

Why, dear, do you summon up fancies which cannot be realized, before my eyes? My Mother's journey is an entirely Utopian concern. If I go to London, it will be for six weeks. With or without chances, I must be near the frontier in the spring. Could we have her travelling so far and either cross the sea twice, or have a very long journey by land for such a short time?* No; Switzerland would be the place in the Spring, if

*The vision of going to England to see her son had arisen before the heart of his mother, but she had not the courage to propose it to him, fearing that if he should be

there was a shadow of republican spirit in Switzerland. But I shall be more secluded than ever, and I know, through a sad, long experience, that movements such as we do contemplate are never things to be decided so as to say "we must take patience for one year"; from month to month, from week to week, things will go on as if the next fortnight could bring on a decision; enough to give you a duty—if not a hope—to stop [to remain on the spot]. In that respect, as in others, dear, my life is doomed; and it would be like awaking a somnambulist—causing him to fall down—if you undertook to make me dream about better things. There is only one way: seeing her in Italy; and even then, do you know what a national revolution is? Love me, love my Mother; try to be well, do not dream of changes for me; give me strength for events that I have still to endure: this is enough. Any other dreamy prospect would only conclude in taking away from me the sort of calmness I have conquered, and which allows me to work as I do.

How is Matilda? What is Med[ici] doing and hoping?—individually I mean? How is he in health? This will take some days to reach you; but I shall write a few lines to-morrow with the letter to my mother. The wind blows since three days as if threatening to blow the house away, and I wonder if it blows upon Genoa too. Mind, the first cold in Italy is the wors[t]. Wrap yourself. God bless and strengthen you, and keep you safe to the love of yours, [your family] and to mine.

Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, December 21st, 1850.

Dear, I am decidedly in a crisis, and must go away hastily somewhere; so I want to write a few words before. You will change nothing, till I write, in your manner of corresponding, and keep very calm and trusting. There is nothing very serious in all these locomotions. Only it is very annoying to have to lead the life of a murderer, when one has nothing to reproach himself for, and on [in] a republican land! One cannot finish a book begun; nor write a single serious article without any books; nor attend regularly to all things that are to be done, nor write a letter to you without fear of having it interrupted by a gendarme. What are you doing and decided to do for the winter? Do you mean to stop in Genoa or go elsewhere? Tell me all in your first, if you have not already done so in some letter now travelling to me.

I ought to-day, or at the latest to-morrow, to receive a letter

unwilling for her to make the attempt he would not like to say so to her. She had, therefore, requested Emilie to make the suggestion as from herself and read to her his answers.—E. A. V.

from my mother. Do not tell her anything about these little troubles of mine. Yes, I have been thinking sadly about the Christmas at M[uswell] H[ill], and wishing very much that I could be there. . . . But it was impossible. With whom will you dine on Christmas besides Matilda? With Med[ici] of course.

I proposed to the "Montagne" * to subscribe to the Loan, not on account of the money but as its being the only proof they could now give of their protesting against the occupation of Rome and having faith in our ultimate triumph. The proposal was welcomed with enthusiasm; but then the narrow French nature comes out in the details; 50 members alone have subscribed: for a share of 25 [francs] each; and twelve only have paid: the others cannot pay, they say, before next month. Two had subscribed, the one for 200 frs. the other for 100; but then, they withdrew the larger subscription for "égalité's" sake.

Adieu, dear Emilie; remember me warmly to Matilda and to the girls too. Is Madame Pis[acane?] often with them? Is he [Pisacane] still there? Remember me to both. Protect yourself from the cold and watch over yourself as if you were me.

Jos.

To James, on his mother's death. May be December 22nd, 1850.

DEAR JAMES,

Can a deep sympathy from a true friend in all that you feel and suffer, and an affection strengthened by your sorrows, do something for you? God knows that you have it. Let it be welcome even in these sad days of yours, and speak to you of the friend you have won during this last year especially, of the duties that we still can fulfil together, of the creed that lies deep in my heart and which will, if I may trust a fond hope, one day be yours. By our love for Eliza, by your lasting love for your Mother, by mine own for her who gave life to me and whom I shall have one of these days, to mourn, I swear that Life is sacred and imperishable, that affection is not an irony, immortality something more than an unexplainable dream, and that those who did love us even to their last hour and whom we shall love even in our last hour, are our angels, the guardian angels, whom Christianity had a glimpse of, but without understanding that they were humanity improved. You now doubt this creed of mine, I know: but something tells me that it will not always be so, and that we shall commune in the same religious belief as we do in the social and political one. To live, to act, to endeavour to feel in the manner

* The little group of "stalwarts" in the French Assembly who had protested against the crushing of the Roman Republic.

that would most please the departed whom we love, is meanwhile your task as it is mine. There must be a watchword for our daily battle inscribed on the grave of the dear ones. Life is a mission. Both despair and thirst for happiness are adverse to it. You understand, practically at least, Life as I do; you have given up the first long ago and you will not sink in the second.

I long to be with you for a while. And I regret my having been prevented from keeping the promise I had made to myself of being with you on the twelfth. I am almost sure that I shall be free in a week.

Tell Caroline that I had her letter yesterday night, when your silence was beginning to make me really uneasy. I shall write to her within two days.

The boy attacked with typhus in the house where I am is still between life and death.

I am well in health; and active though sad on your account. For me, for us, there has been a sort of fatality on the end and on the beginning of the year. Still, we must on, strongly and bravely, happy that we can do it hand in hand, under a bond of love. Emilie seems to improve a little. Give my love to Syd., Bessie, William, and Mrs. and Mr. Ashurst.

Your friend

JOSEPH.

To Mrs. Ashurst. From Switzerland, December 28th, 1850.

DEAR FRIEND,

These few words will reach you, I hope, on the new year's day. It will be a very sad day for you all, I know; it is a sad one for me too. Remembrances of those we have lost will flash, on such days even more vividly than usual upon our minds. Still, let us commune in sorrow as we would in joy. I cannot allow such a day to pass without my voice coming to you with the blessing of friendship and a promise of unchanging, undying love, and a hope that the new year will afford a consolation in the restored strengthened health of Emilie and Matilda. May God give to you all strength and resignation so that you may fulfil your earthly task and walk through Life equally free from the egotism of happiness and the egotism of despair! May you feel more and more these eternal truths taught to us by our best aspirations, and which are the characteristics of Humanity, that our actual existence is a mere step on the ladder of that indefinite progression which we thirst after—that Death, whenever we have done our work in calm self-devotedness, is the advancing from this step to another—and that the dead ones are to be for us like stars in the night of the Soul, pointing [out] to us the higher regions whither

we are to ascend! May you never forget! May you never be forgotten! May this power of living with and in what is said to be no more, be to your mind a pledge for Immortality! And may all those feelings of the Infinite, of Duty, Right, and Liberty, of an Ideal not to be found here down, of Everlasting Love, of Self-sacrifice and of unquenchable Hope, which no philosopher can trace the source of in the finite objects and symbols surrounding us, teach you God not as an abstract hypothesis, but as the focus of Faith, Life, and Truth, or rather as the only Truth!

Think of me on the first moment of the New Year when you all whom I love will be together in the drawing-room at Muswell Hill. I will think of you, of Matilda and Emilie and our Saint above.

I have been obliged to leave the place where I was. William must have told you that I wrote to him. I had, of course, your letter, as I had Caroline's, and William's and James' letters.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOSEPH.

1851

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, January 1st, 1851.

Dear, I have your notes of the 20th, 23rd, 24th, and the *Italia Risorta*, which is very dear to me, in itself and as coming from you.

I knew beforehand what the request would be ;* it is granted, and I shall contrive to help you ; but I have nothing, dear, about myself. I cannot remember dates, even the most important for me ; I have never kept journals or written memoranda of any sort. My life is nothing but one thought and an unceasing activity for it ; an activity, however, which, a few instances excepted, has consisted of one or two millions of letters, notes, instructions, forgotten, lost, burnt. And the correspondence of others with me, which could give a clue to many things, has been burnt too. Of one or two moral crises which I have *individually* undergone, I do not wish to speak or have anything spoken : and one is all concerning the Ruffinis. Still, I shall throw down notes, and as far as I can, in order of dates ; and send you scraps instead of letters.

I knew of the grave† and of all that you write, dear ; and I did not speak about it because in her last note to me, Eliza asked me to be as much friendly as I could to her husband. Silence was the only thing I could give. Still, between you and me, there can be no great feeling on the matter ; and, unless absolute poverty, even to impossibility, can be proved to have been the case, which I suppose you know better than I can, I cannot forgive that last proof of paltriness.‡ To me, that marriage has been a silent,

* The request, made by the desire of Mazzini's mother, was that he would furnish Emilie, whenever possible, with notes, documents and suggestions to enable her young friend to write his life. Signora Mazzini had already given to her all the letters sent to her by her exiled son. These were handed over to Aurelio Saffi on his last visit to England. Signora Mazzini also gave to Emilie many notes made by herself of Mazzini's childhood, which were summarized in the *Memoir of Joseph Mazzini*, published by H. S. King, Esq., Cornhill, in 1874.—E. A. V.

† Eliza's grave in Paris.

‡ The place and manner of burial adopted had been extremely painful to Caroline and William, who reached Paris in time to follow the remains. A few months afterwards the body was brought to England and buried in the family vault at Highgate Cemetery.—E. A. V.

perennial cause of antagonism, and morally or physically, I knew it would be her ruin.

I have written to your mother for the new year's day. I shall very soon decide as to Syd[ney]. Do you remember two notes for Florence, for Cost[a?] and Val.? I think they ought, if they are still in your possession and you do not go to Florence, to give them to Rem[enyi?] * with an instruction to send them: they speak, I think, of the Loan. God bless you, dear; I love you dearly.

Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From some retreat which Emilie had not been told of. January 11th, 1851.

Dear, I have your two last letters; and I wish I could write very long, for my sake, for your own sake, then for posterity's sake, But I cannot. There is a German scheme of some importance binding me to work; moreover, I am in a house where a boy fourteen years old is very seriously ill and the mother nearly mad: it is an enteritis having got all the characteristics of typhus. I knew the parents in 1833—then I saw them both again at Milan: both being very good and very affectionate to me. I hope that the boy will recover; but he is still in danger. All this unsettles me a little. But what discoveries do you all pretend to make about my health? It is evidently a new branch of science that you are putting in the foundation of: "pathographology," or diagnosis through the handwriting of the person. Or is [it] the choice of the paper that makes it evident that I was ill? Never was a person better qualified for my biography! God knows what you will not be able to deduce from a little scrap of paper belonging to past years! I have been writing a short letter to Caroline a few days ago; so you cannot fail having a bulletin of my health from her, which makes mine useless. And then, am I fit for a bulletin? It is clear that the illness discovered through my letters must concern my head; it must be an incipient imbecility, a brain-fever, a derangement of my mental faculties. What faith can you put in what I would say about myself? As far as I can understand my own case, I think I am well; but who knows? You are, meanwhile, not well—far from it. Speaking earnestly, I think you are wrong about allopathy and homeopathy; but I trust Providence and Nature, its expounder generally . . .

You are right, as usual, about my young Genoese; only do not throw yourself in despair. Give a circumstance and a man to them; they will do what has been done in Milan, Venice and Rome. Then, facts and education will do the rest. I know

* Remenyi was an Hungarian, or Czech, violinist.

nothing of the offence given by the singer; what is it? [Mademoiselle Cruvelli, who had taken an Italian name, was supposed to be an Italian. When, therefore, she showed herself in the Austrian Ambassador's box, she was hissed and hooted and a violent disturbance was made in the theatre. The performance had to stop while several of the rioters were arrested and taken off to prison.—E. A. V.]

Do not believe that I forget my promise of helping you with some materials or fragments of materials. I cannot now, but I shall keep my promise very soon. [Unhappily he was never able to.]

I do not think you know where I am; but never mind. Has the *Leader* vanished with the year as you anticipated? No number has come since the one of the 28th December. Welcome to the feeling of hope for my country which possesses you on the year's first night!

I have a sort of feeling myself that the year will bring the crisis on. Good-bye, dear; Your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From the same hiding-place as the last, January 21st, 1851.

Dear, I have only a few minutes, and I can only write a few words. Besides, I have received a letter from my mother, and there was not the usual little note from you, so that I feel rather uneasy and suspecting that you have fallen ill again. The maternal silence means nothing; she generally conceals all that can make me suffer. The boy is still ill and in danger: the typhus having attacked the brain. It is still undecided whether he shall be saved or not. This week has been a bad one for me: seizures of smuggled numbers—arrest of a man with letters of mine—parcels of the *Italia del Popolo*—travelling to Malta or Brazil through France seized, on account of my letter to Napoleon, spite of the *transit* being allowed—and other things. There is, too, a deadly silence from London, which I cannot explain: not a word from Caroline or from James this month. We have had here a few fine days; but the cold is severe again, which makes me think of Genoa and you. Write a few words if you can; and reassure me. I am well in health. Take care of yourself and love your

JOSEPH.

I have something to ask. But I fear.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From the same hiding-place—in or near Geneva—as the last, January 28th, 1851.

Only a few words, dear; for I have plenty of letters to write. I am, since a few days, unusually busy. I have your two notes of the 19th and of the 22nd. The boy is rather improving: the disease, as you know, is often disappearing from one part and flying to another. But if nothing unforeseen comes out within three days, I think he will be saved. Do not fear for me, dear; I cannot catch typhus nor any other thing.

I am glad that my mother has promised the letters [his letters] to you. But I would have preferred to have them burned. It is not a feeling concerning you. Any outburst of my feelings I would not wish to withdraw from you, dear. But such is not the case with a correspondence written with a view to soothe my mother's sorrows, to conceal anything that might have made her uneasy, and with a certainty of having the letters seen beforehand by our police. I shall soon write. Remember me to Med[ici] and love your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, February 4th, 1851.

I have all yours, dear; and I cannot even now write a long letter as I wish: I *must* make myself ready for an excursion, and there is before me such a mass of letters to be answered, such a mass of things to be done, that I really do not know how to manage . . .

Whenever you go to Rome, you must take nothing with you that can endanger you. You are already known; and in London too, people are talking most unwisely. As to the manner of getting acquainted with my own people, I shall manage. I had sent to you a note for Mez. just when his own arrived. I shall write again to him, and to Med[ici] through another channel. Idealizing is the mission of Art; but if you have succeeded in idealizing Mrs. P. you have reached the acmé . . . !

Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Switzerland, Feburary 8th, 1851.

I have your lines in my mother's letter of the 4th. I ought to have left already; but there is a series of little fatalities against my decision, and here I am, still on the move. These Federal Commissaries are raging; there was a little expedition organized the other night against some fabulous point in the Valais: there I was to be catched and, through some mistake or other, given up to our Piedmontese gendarmes. It was very unkind of me to not

fall into their hands. So, that rather than saying candidly that they are not clever enough, they have set out that I have left for America where I am going to establish a colony under the name of New Rome.

My mother writes that Scipione is about coming to Genoa. If so, pray ask C. C. to have her portrait taken; and others amongst our ladies if you can.* I wish he could find a little employment, till I see where I am to settle for a certain number of months. The threatenings to exiles here are such, that it would be foolish to venture now to come.

The boy is safe. You don't know how sweet your "I am well" sounds to me. Oh, if it could only last! If you could really improve! Besides the great *fact*, for me, for Caroline, for your Mamma, for me there would be a feeling as if I myself had something to do with it. Would it not be owing to my own Italy? Do you see Pis[acane]? My mother will give you a note for him.

Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From Metz.

February 16th, night.

DEAR EMILIE,

I write a word from the enemy's camp. I hope I shall be to-morrow out of their reach in Belgium; and on the third day in London. It was almost impossible to stop where I was. And as I have to see yours and to try something for our cause there, I have made the decision abruptly. To go through France now was not without danger. However, here I am; and the worst is over. Tell these news to my mother. Write and let her write, to one of the addresses you know in London. Of course I shall receive the one of yours and one of hers which must be now at Geneva. God bless you. Take care of your health.

Ever yours,

Jos.

To Emilie in Genoa. From London, Wednesday, February 19th, 1851.

I have just alighted, dear, at Bartolini's to write a few words; and then I shall go to Caroline's, and to Bessie. It was too early to go. I have had a very bad passage from Ostend to Dover: a storm came and I did really believe for a few minutes that I would see you no more. The wind was such that the boat was two or three times very near overturned. After the two first hours I

* Scipione Pistrucci possessed artistic powers of no mean order. During the first years of his residence in London, Mazzini usually spoke of him, in his letters to his mother, as "the young painter."

suffered too, which is now unusual with me. But I was, I think, overpowered by cold and fatigue : the journey was very tiresome altogether. I am well ; be you so as much as you can. I shall write soon, and am hopeful to find some letter from you somewhere.

Ever your loving
Jos.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From the Stansfelds' house, 2 Sydney Place, Brompton, February 25th, 1851.

I write at last. I wanted to do so, dear, all these days, and I could not. I have seen very few people, done very little ; still time has gone rapidly as if I had seen or done wonders. The long journey has put me back in all my correspondence. London seems to me, just coming out of a room, amazingly large ; to go from Brompton to Coram Street a real long journey. Here, then, I am, fairly established in a beautiful silent room, with your painting on Moore's melody [Kathleen and St. Kevin] before me, and all gentle cares bestowed upon me, as if I had been born to be nursed in a cradle of roses.

I saw your Mamma : the first encounter was very sad ; she cried, and told me she felt tormented with the thought that she had not gone to Eliza ; she looked rather unwell ; better on Sunday. Your father is in better spirits than I anticipated. He welcomed me with an almost unusual cordiality. . . . Caroline thirsts after your letters ; and, long as they are, they seem short to her. Of the first day and the rest, I suppose she will have spoken to you. She says, and they say, that I do *them* good ; would to God ! And it is too sweet a thought to not accept of it. Nevertheless I wonder at it : there is just now within me a feeling —a wrong one I suppose—as if I could *not* do good : a feeling of uselessness and impotency, which often visits me. But I shall try to dispel it. Bem [Emilie's little Cuban dog, named after the Hungarian General] was enthusiastical about me, on my first calling. He recognized me immediately, and I would have felt sorry if he had not. He is affectionate, graceful, coward as ever. Caroline is both sisterly and maternal : she scolds me if I walk too much on foot, and threatens that she will tell you. Shaen has been, as you must know . . .

You have heard of the prosecution we are threatened with.* I am going to front it and start up an Italian agitation ; and

* Probably trouble about the Italian Loan and its agents. From the first James Stansfeld's father held that the position of the agents was illegal. In 1864, when Sir H. Tracy taunted James Stansfeld with being "the banker of the conspirators," the latter informed him that he had taken the opinion of an eminent lawyer, and, acting on that opinion, had requested that his name should be withdrawn from the notes.

a Society of the Friends of Italy. But I shall write again the day after to-morrow to your address. Ride, but do not ride too much. Love your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London, March 18th, 1851.

I have all your letters and notes, even to the one dictated, in a rather Sultan-like style, by Med[ici]. Do not silently complain of my not writing a long letter. I *cannot*. And it shall be only next week that I shall be able, I hope, to settle and write normally. Till now, between people calling and called upon, travellers, things to write for the *Italia del Popolo*, and others, and a host of things concerning our affairs, I have no time except for a few lines. But I am writing to you long, long and fond letters now and then with my heart. May I write, besides my own means, to Freebody for you? Will you see Cy. there? Do not take anything with you [compromising books or papers] and forget Genoa and your audacious habits altogether when at Rome. It is a quite different atmosphere; and I want you to be very prudent and thinking only of Art for the present. Have all possible cares too about your health, dear. Did you see *my* doctor?* Will you, when at Rome, abide by my prescription?

I am well, but rather tired: this evening, I cannot escape a banquet, where, I suppose, I shall be obliged to speak some common-place or other. I am busy about the Society [of the Friends of Italy], and—very slowly—progressing. Tell Med[ici] that I shall very soon write; but that I do not believe in invasion. Should it take place, every one must resist it of course; and if the Government acts cowardly, so much the better. We must act, call the provinces to resist, and make a basis of operation of Genoa. Should our flag be raised there, I would immediately run there. I do not believe at all that the misty man is a spy: he may have been very imprudent. I shall watch of course. He knows very little about our affairs, and nothing *from* me. God bless you, dearest. . . .

Ever your

JOSEPH.

Caroline is somewhat better, and according to her, owing to a globule!!!

Caroline bids me to say that to-morrow she will write a long *trivial* letter to you. O Heavens! what a great deal of slander there will be about me and others!

* Gaspare Belcredi, an old and tried friend of Mazzini, who, in spite of his having taken part in preparing the Savoy Expedition (1834), was now a deservedly popular and rather fashionable practitioner in Milan.

The reference to Medici's fear of invasion may relate to the dangerous position of Piedmont, whose difficulties in 1850 and 1851 were neither few nor light. "Again and again the Viennese statesmen were tempted to coerce her into a surrender of her constitution. At Turin and in some country districts the clergy swayed large numbers of the electors and had their cue from Rome to raise every difficulty that could help the party of Austria and reaction." Sooner or later a conflict with Rome was inevitable, for in Piedmont Church privileges had survived that had long ceased to exist elsewhere. The Church could shield real criminals, and she had extraordinary powers for putting in the wrong any who did not choose to be subservient. In the end of 1849 a lawyer named Siccardi had been sent to Rome to plead for the removal of two prelates and also for certain reforms. His failure intensified the growing restlessness, and ministers saw that the ecclesiastical courts, which could override all others, must be abolished. They passed a Bill to this effect on April 9th, 1850, and then the passions on both sides rose to fever heat. The Papal Nuncio left Turin, and the clergy were ordered to defy the new law. France put pressure on the Piedmontese minister, D'Azeglio, to yield to Rome, but a stronger than D'Azeglio—Cavour—prevented for the time a precipitation of the crisis. Perhaps, fortunately for Piedmont, Austria was preoccupied about her own status. At the Conferences going on at Dresden about the future Constitution of Germany she was pressing for admittance, whole, into the German Confederation, and for such a preponderating voice that Prussia would have been sunk to a second-rate power. Prussia, France and England opposed her pretensions. Moments fraught with danger supervened during the controversy, but in the end Austria's ambitions were baffled (May, 1851).

To Emilie, who had gone to Florence, or was on her way there. From London. Seems March 27th, 1851.

Thursday night.

You acknowledged, dear, my note of the 13th. You said that you would write next day. You did not. Meanwhile, I want to write and do not know how. You propose to stop only a week—which is rather absurd—at Florence. The means through which I can write there are safe but slow. I would not reach you. I prefer writing at [to] Rome, through F. until you give me an address of yours, or I know you are in contact with people

of mine. You must, dear, be very, very cautious and prudent at Rome: you must limit yourself to be an Artist, to think, to feel, and nothing else. Remember this. And do not hurry yourself back. Rome is worth some time more than you seem disposed to devote to [her]. And I want you to know and to feel Rome. Besides all, I want you to come back stronger; to be able to say with pride to your Mamma: "There; it must be Italy after all that does her good." What Medici says is wrong, dear. Unless events happen to come which we cannot foresee, everything will be quiet.

I have felt somewhat cross at the manner in which you disposed in your letter of my friend, the doctor. He may look as you like: he is not the less one of the best men I know. And for his doctrine, it may be that I exaggerate; but you will allow that judging a medical man by one minute's inspection of his face is rather an unsafe method. Generally speaking, you are, on that point, far more *tranchante* than I am; and with the importance that I attach to your health it is rather a source of grief and sad thoughts to me to see you and others so positive about matters which neither you, dear, nor I have deeply studied. . . .

I had a silent belief all the while that you would paint my mother. God bless you for it! I know it will be like. The young man whom I addressed to you last is coming soon; and I hope I shall receive the portrait through him. Caroline will tell you of the meeting; she was not there, but James and Sydney were. The only thing that I know is that I was dreadfully confused by the applause. It was the anniversary of the Viennese revolution [March 13th, 1848]; and I felt, as an Italian, bound to go; but I am not fit for such affairs as those. Within a few days the Society of the Friends of Italy will be established. All exiles are concentrating here to a frightful extent: driven from France and Switzerland where the persecution is now shameful. Saffi * and Sirtori will be here in a week.

Yes: my mother will miss you. She speaks of you in a fond way quite unusual with her. Love your

JOSEPH.

The "Society of the Friends of Italy" accomplished much good work. Many new adherents to Mazzini joined it, among them not a few clergymen. It was a moment when anti-Papal feeling ran high in England, and Italy's debt of misery to the Pope was not wholly unknown. G. H. Lewis, Macready, Edward Miall, Professor Newman, Professor Nichol, Lord D. C. Stuart,

* Saffi reached London on Easter Sunday, his last farthing in his pocket. Mazzini, who was staying with the Stansfelds, immediately introduced him to their circle.

D. Lonsdale of Carlisle, Arthur Trevelyan, W. Schofield, Sir John Fife of Newcastle, became members. Peter Taylor undertook to be treasurer, and David Masson accepted the secretaryship. The object of the Society was, by public meetings and by every sort of propaganda, to promote a correct appreciation of the Italian question; to further the cause of Italian Independence, especially, when possible, in the English Parliament and, in general, to aid efforts for Independence and political and religious liberty. The Society published many important papers, among others a complete history of the Roman Republic. They also published an account of the Sicilian revolution which stimulated opinion in this country and chimed with Mr. Gladstone's noble letters on the victims of King Bomba—the Pope's protector.

"It chanced that Mr. Gladstone was in Naples, and moved by the rumours of their sufferings, he penetrated to the convict stations in disguise. Here he found the prisoners, men of stainless life, ex-cabinet ministers, authors, barristers, chained to common prisoners and living in hideous degradation. He wrote (April, 1851) an indignant letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, and threatened the Neapolitan Government to publish it, unless it treated its prisoners with more humanity. When Ferdinand seemed defiant, the letter and a sequel were published in London, and ran through eleven editions in the year. . . . He [Mr. Gladstone] endorsed the Italian sentiment that the Government of Naples was 'the negation of God.' . . . The letters sent a shudder of disgust through Europe. But unabashed by his utter discredit, the King flaunted his contempt for civilized opinion by a new series of political trials . . . Even the apologists of the Government did not attempt to deny that the number of political prisoners at the time ranged from 2000 to 4000. There is reason to believe that Mr. Gladstone understated the number, and that some 40,000 were brought before various courts on political charges." *

The Italian cause owes not a little to Lord Palmerston, W. E. Gladstone, and other prominent Englishmen, but its debt is still greater to more obscure yet ever helpful friends. The present writer recently received from Italy the following, written by one who remembers Mazzini, and whose authority on the Risorgimento movements is weighty:

"I will not delay to tell you how very glad I am that you are

* Bolton King.

going forward with your work. . . . It does seem, among other things, an act of justice to the English friends, and indirectly to England, that more should be known about that friendship. A matter which I do not think has been gone into, is the financing of the Roman Republic which I believe was done by Messrs. Ashurst and Stansfeld."

So many years have elapsed without any thought of investigating the English contribution, that it is now practically impossible to endorse by details the belief here recorded. The Ashursts were not people to make their good deeds public. Few persons had any idea of the scope of their activities, and their caution in speaking of Mazzini's affairs was great, and wisely habitual. The late Mrs. Frank Malleson, who knew and loved Emilie, and had seen much of her family and of the Taylors, remarked to the writer that never, when friends were present, was Mazzini talked of by members of "the Clan" save in reference to his beliefs and principles; and scarcely were his movements or whereabouts mentioned even in the privacy of the inner circle. The particulars of financial help bestowed on a Republic which was the embodiment of their ideal would undoubtedly have been kept secret by the Ashursts and by Stansfeld, from all but a very few. All, therefore, that can now be attempted, is to bring before the public of both Italy and England, as clearly as possible, facts of the priceless personal aid, in affection, faith and constant readiness to furnish money, exhibited by some sons and daughters of this island towards the man whom they revered as the Prophet of God and Humanity. In a beautiful fragment left by E. A. V. she speaks of the wonder of the old mother at the depth of affection manifested by Mazzini for his "English family": "the wonder, the mystery to her was that he should have returned it [their love for him] so warmly, and found so much consolation in it. The last surviving member of Mr. Ashurst's family believes that the explanation of what otherwise might appear as mysterious to her as to Signora Mazzini may be found in certain of her son's own words in the autobiographical notes to the six volumes of his *Life and Works*: 'And now that my hair is grey,' he says, 'I still believe that next to the capacity of rightly leading, the greatest merit consists in knowing how and whom to follow. I speak, of course, of following those who lead towards good.' This, then, was the merit of those to whom became evident the *torment* of the 'sad unallied

existence' of a great Genius—necessarily separated from his fellow-men by that very genius which marked him out as a leader. Such a man remains aloof unless linked to the ordinary world by the golden bridge of affection. Upon its sacred arch, those who knew how to follow and he who rightly led were united. He who led, cheered and comforted by affection that knew no bounds, and they who followed were alike elevated and sustained by the ceaseless education unconsciously afforded them by the 'bright particular star' whom they gloried in being allowed to love, while realizing more and more that 'it is so far above us.'"

It must not be forgotten, in connection with Mazzini's remark about the number of exiles seeking safety in England, that for some of them an almost providential way of temporary employment was soon to be shown. There is no specific reference in the letters here given to the Great International Exhibition; but it was to be opened in May. Among the difficulties attending its preparation and conduct, one would at any other time "have been almost insurmountable, namely, that of finding interpreters to carry on the communications between the English authorities and the exhibitors, that came from all parts of the world and spoke almost every language under heaven. This difficulty was overcome by the employment of refugees, who, during the political troubles of the Continent, had fled to England. These men, being for the most part in a destitute condition, were glad to give their services for a very moderate remuneration." *

To those of us who have had a glimpse into the details of some of these troubles of the Continent, the above calm reference to their victims by a liberal historian, brings a painful shock.

To Emilie, in Florence. From London, April 5th, 1851.

What ails you, what torments you, dearest? Did you not know that white uniforms [of the Austrian Army] were there, were, in fact, visible or not, throughout all Italy? Did you not feel that we shall drive them away one of these days? And that to the necessity in which we are of driving them away we shall owe consciousness of our rights and mission, our greatness in future days? And why do you call your life a useless one? Are you not a comfort to me—are you not to Caroline and to four or five other faithful beings? Have you not added strength and self-emancipating will to many of those you came in contact to

* *History of England from* 1830, by W. N. Molesworth.

[with]? Or are you such a materialist now that, because you do not see an immediate definite result of your living, speaking, inspiring, you believe there is no result at all? Could I not say the same of my many—alas, too many—conversations had in England with peacemen, churchmen, and crotchetmen? And why do you lay your dear head on your hand and muse and grieve in loneliness during two days instead of thinking of those you love, of the great things around you, of the promises they contain, of what you yourself can do, and of life's being "a battle and a march"? Or is it my silence that annoys you? Don't you hear me when I am silent, dear? My silence is owing partly to my having no time, no quiet time at least, as I should wish to have when I write to you, partly to your journeying, partly to my fear of compromising you. It is on account of that fear haunting me that I wrote and sent to my mother a note for you which you shall have God knows when, instead of addressing it to your name in Florence. Or is it some other motive? Well; whatever it is, be blessed and strong. I want you to be such; I want to be such myself, and must not be enervated by thinking that you are weak. Will you, then, be strong again, dear, for my sake? And help me always, as you have done and do, through my task? And write to me a calm strong letter from Rome, from the Rome of the past and of the future, which you can feel and commune with in your own soul, spite of Frenchmen and priests? I have seen your letter on Florence and painting, dear; and I do not entirely agree with your views, though not daring, a barbarian as I am, to speak out what I think: *reality* is not the aim of Painting; it is only the field, the workshop of Painting; but never mind; we shall one day or other have a long talk about that. One thing, at all events, I highly sympathize with: your deception [disillusion] about the Venus [of Medici], and all the rest; I think I had already spoken the same feeling to you.

Why do you rage so against my doctor? That sort of exaggerated antagonism that you express against a man whom I know to be thoroughly good and loving and—in my conviction—scientifically clever, is rather painful to me. Sure, *you* cannot judge him from his beard or eccentric appearance.

Will you go, when at Rome, after all your artistical excursions, to Sant Onofrio, to the place where Tasso died, and gaze on a prospect from there? And think of Genius dying? And feel how Nature and Genius are sister and brother? And how landscape ought to be always idealized through Man? Should you go to Rome by sea, which you had once in mind but [which] seems now given up, go out of Rome one day, at the distance of five or six miles in the direction of the Tuscan road, so as to get back to the City towards the sunset and feel once at least

Immortality through Death, as I did. I shall write again when I hear from you. Be extremely cautious. Do not stand long—except for a glance at the Colosseum by moonlight—in the open air by night.

Write once to Th. Brown, Esq., 43 Lime Street, City—without any other envelope. The letter will reach me. I am well, but feeling tired: physically tired. You have heard of all the talking in both Houses; but, they will do nothing after all. You sent 50 francs to Nino [Bixio ?] whilst in prison. Was he in such a want? He sends his thanks. My mother has been writing a letter to me full with nothing but you. God bless you, and let my love rest upon you!

Jos.

Nino Bixio's is one of the names never to be forgotten in history of the Risorgimento. His father migrated from Chiavari to Genoa and undertook a position of trust. Nino's mother was "a woman of very superior type and was distinguished alike for great beauty and great good sense." She became intimate with Mazzini's mother. Unfortunately for her eight little sons, this excellent woman died when Nino was only nine years old. At thirteen the child rushed to sea as a cabin-boy, and got nick-named "the little gentleman." After many escapades the lad's latent patriotism became somehow aroused. He developed an ardent faith in the future of Italy, and, happening to be in Genoa in 1847 on the occasion of the extraordinary demonstration of loyalty to Charles Albert who, at the moment, symbolized the idea of a free Italy, Bixio, voicing the throbbing but unspoken thought of the multitude, rushed forward, laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse and cried, "Sire, cross the Ticino and we are all with you!"

"In April, 1849, the assurance of amity tendered by General Oudinot in the name of his master, the President of the French Republic, procured a peaceful reception for the French troops which landed at Civita Vecchia. When the mask was lifted, the French general was in possession of the fortress, and resistance was impossible. Bixio was there; burning with indignation, he burst into the room where Oudinot and his Staff were holding a council of war, and denounced the infamy of one republic coming to assassinate another. Oudinot replied with some platitude about the intruder being too young to understand the grave events which took them to Rome, and so the incident ended . . .

Bixio's part in the defence of Rome is told in a few words. He was Garibaldi's orderly officer; his right hand in a dozen brilliant engagements. On one occasion he had the good fortune to make three hundred French prisoners on his own account. In the action at the Villa Corsini he was severely wounded. 'Write to my brother in France,' he cried, 'and tell him I am struck down by a French bullet.'"

The brother in France, "a physician, naturalist, aeronaut and politician," became a Minister, received the Legion of Honour and once "fought a duel with M. Thiers apropos of the presidency of Louis Napoleon."

Bixio had not sufficiently recovered to leave Rome until after the French triumph. In the admirable monograph by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco, from which these citations are made, there is no indication of his being imprisoned in 1851. He had obtained a sea captain's certificate and was known to be in touch with Mazzini—facts which would suffice to make him an object of hatred to the Governments of the day; for had not Garibaldi's career begun at sea? In 1855 Bixio sailed the ship that first took the direct route from Genoa to Melbourne. His part in Garibaldi's great venture of 1860 accorded with his daring, impetuous yet shrewd and generous character. His extreme violence of temper inspired terror, but never detracted from the love of those who knew him.

To Emilie, in Rome. From London, May 12th, 1851.

I had your letters, dearest, and I would have written to you again at Rome, had you not led me to believe that I could not reach you there. I write now a few hurried lines; but I write a volume with my heart, and love you and bless you and thank you . . .*

Your feelings of the Campagna are exactly mine: I never did feel so much Immortality in Death as there: a secret of immense Life to come from there to us and others. We are slowly, but unavoidably progressing towards the crisis; still, unless

* It will be observed that the number of letters to Emilie increases and that the tone of affection running through them deepens. This was the outcome of Mazzini's profound sympathy with her in the seeming wreckage of her life. She had suffered keenly under the misunderstandings and actual circumstances that broke her husband first from her family, then from herself and all in her little circle. She would certainly have succumbed, if not before, soon after her mother's death. That he, who lived deprived of all personal happiness, was capable of enriching, even upholding, the lives of others, is one of the discoveries we make in perusing his intimate correspondence.

some events arise in France from foolish Presidential attempts, it shall not take place before the beginning of next year; and you shall have plenty of work to do for me here, where you are already, without your knowing, member of the Ladies' Committee for the "Friends of Italy." I *hope* you will see Kossuth here, and owing to me; but this is a secret just now. I feel rather ashamed for my letters to my mother having to be read through; it is really a useless work, dear, and they ought to be burned *en masse*. Do not forget to ask, before leaving Genoa, for a copy of Mameli's book of songs with a preface from myself. You ought, when coming, to do all that is in your power to come, you and Sydney, to live for a time, before you find chambers or what you like with Caroline.* It would be an immense benefit to her and to you. I would be in some lodging place as near as possible, at a few doors distance, with some members of our Italian National Committee. We must work together; and you *ought* to help me in such a scheme. Love and blessings from your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie, in Genoa. From London, June 5th, 1851.

Two words, as usual, dearest. The man who comes from K[ossuth] through Rome and Genoa takes up all my time; and besides, Americans, Italians and others are concentrating all in London from the four corners of the world† for no other purpose, I am sure, than that of annoying me: even Harro Harring! . . . I feel rather sorry that you have not prolonged your sojourn at Rome for one good month. I feel that as far as health is concerned the journey has been altogether a useless one. *Pazienza!* Do not move at least before having entirely recovered from this new crisis, dear; so that the first appearing does not destroy entirely the hopes of your Mamma. I went last night for the first time to a formal party at Wilton Crescent‡ with Caroline . . .

Dear, I have one thing to ask: painful, because I know it is so to you. Let me decide about my leaving Sydney Place freely. I already told Caroline and James that towards you all I feel weak, and that if pressingly insisted upon, I shall yield. But it would be wrong; and certainly you must think and know enough of me to believe that I cannot adopt this plan, without reasons.

* Tavistock House, Emilie's recent home, was bought about this time by Charles Dickens, and Emilie seems to have remained for a considerable period without a settled abode—owing partly to the sad circumstances adverted to above.

† To the International Exhibition.

‡ The home of Mr. and Mrs. Milner-Gibson.

Yield, then, to me, and do not distress yourself about this. I shall contrive to be *very* near; and you must have the room where I now am. Do realize this ideal of mine, and be good and trustful and blessed.

Tell my people in Genoa to send what money they will have for me through you; but do not take letters if you go through Milan. No, dear, I do not underrate my mother intellectually: she has a rare logical clear good sense; and had we lived together she would have applied it to all my concerns. Did you receive my little note for Medici? Is he always ferocious against me? Try to be as well as possible; love as you are loved . . .

JOSEPH.

To Mrs. Ashurst. Seems June, 1851, when the Stansfelds were still living at Sydney Place; but I do not know who was living at Stoke Lodge.—E. F. R.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I want you and Mr. Ashurst to accept a dinner from me: on Saturday at six o'clock, at no: 12 Stoke Lodge, Hyde Park Gate, Kensington Road, just near the turnpike.

I want you to lend Mary to me, for the day, or at least for the latter part of the day. There is there nobody except the cook: we could have the girl of Sydney Place; but I think that coming to help us would make Mary happy.

I want to know by post whether you object to that part of the arrangement or not.

And I want you to forward the petition to Mr. Ashurst in the most winning tone possible. I have no doubt he will yield.

Ever affectionately yours,

Jos. MAZZINI.

To Emilie. From Signora Mazzini, August 18th, 1851.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND!

Your letter of the 5th August was very welcome to me particularly as I was uneasy about your health, deducing that your journey might be by reason of it, and I see instead that it might concern your husband, who is now, I am glad to hear, restored. In a letter of the 7th from our Angelina [Mazzini] she mentioned her journey to you [at Hastings] and you say very truly that she would like to repeat it often for her health, which is a sad and painful thought for me. Her life is so laborious, it is only moral force that resists its stress, but in the long run it is

impossible that it should not react on her physique. I see that you are about to seek a new house and that you have not put aside the idea that Angelina should live with you, and you will tell me in due time. Perhaps she will have told you her and my idea of making Maurice [Quadrio] who, as you know well, loves Angelina as a daughter, come with her as well. He would be very useful in helping her in her work and I am doing all I can that he may come and it will be a great joy to me to know that he has arrived. If this succeeds, as I hope, your Maria will have a real consolation. Oh, my dear daughter, how full I am of love and gratitude to you no words can express! The certainty that my Angelina has in you a most loving sister, as well as all your blessed family, is a great solace to my poor heart!! I thank you for all the details about her health, and beg you to give them always, especially about that known trouble. I also thank your husband and Caroline's for seeing Angelina home at night, a thing which eases my mind. May God bless you all a thousand times as I bless you every moment. I have given your note to Signora Enrichetta [the wife of Carlo Pisacane] who is always good to me and visits me as does also Signora Albina. I should like to know whether two poems which I sent for you to Angelina and which she said could not be found, have been discovered or not. Will you, for my satisfaction, say whether those accounts that Girolame R. . . ought to have given, have been given, because it is a matter that I care about. Giulia Modena [wife of the great tragedian and herself great as an actress: a very beautiful character] was here for a few days; she told me that there would be a sum of London money to be recovered on that business note about which they had an understanding with "nostro bello" [probably Medici, who was extremely good-looking]. He comes to see me as often as he can: always dear and good and for me the only person in whom I have full confidence, for I esteem him for his heart and his intellect and love in him such excellent and rare qualities. Love him as you do, for he well deserves it. I will write to you soon at greater length. Love me always and believe that you are woven into my heart. My women and Domenico wish to salute you affectionately and say they have not forgotten you. Addio, my good and dear daughter. The embrace of my soul is cast round you, and do not forget your sincere friend

MARIA MAZZINI.

It was suspected by Mazzini's friends that his death at the hand of an assassin would rejoice Continental rulers; and London, being full of foreigners of every description who had come over

to the Great Exhibition, seemed to them less safe than usual. It must not be forgotten that a great secret League for throwing off the yoke of Austria, the centre of which was in Mantua, had come into being, and was probably within the knowledge of Signora Mazzini, who would understand its implication of added danger to her son.

To Mrs. Ashurst. From Emilie, covering a letter from Signora Mazzini with translation. December, 1851.

DEAREST MOTHER,

Maz. gave me the enclosed to translate and send on to you which I herewith do to the best of my power, but I cannot give you a certain charm and grace which there is in all Madame Maria's expressions as in her son's.

The reason she had not yet had the book was that Dr. Bertani did not take his luggage with him, but sent it by sea. I dare say she has it by this time.

Poor Mary came to me yesterday. She has a good heart, poor little thing. Maz. is seldom mistaken in his favourites.

He has been very poorly lately, so much so as to confess it himself, and to my thinking he is altered for the worse lately, and I think the miserable conduct of the French people has distressed him much.

Poor little Louis [Blanc] has come back dreadfully cast down, and no wonder.

Adieu, sweet mother. Hoping you are pretty well, I am ever and ever your loving daughter,

EMILIE.

Signora Mazzini to Mrs. Ashurst. Translated by Emilie. December 6th, 1851.

MOST ESTEEMED FRIEND,

I answer with real pleasure your dear letter of the 10th Oct., which was given to me a week since by Dr. Bertani, and which was very gratefully accepted by my heart as a new pledge of the friendship you bear to me and to my son. My kind lady, I know not how to express to you in words how great a consolation it is to me to know that he has found in you the love of a second mother and also the affection bestowed on him by your worthy family. Have a thousand blessings from me and believe in my eternal gratitude.

I thank you for the news you give me of dear Matilda.

Remember me most affectionately to her, to her worthy husband and her children. I thank you from my heart for the book you sent me, which I have not as yet received, but I shall have through Dr. Bertani, and which will be very dear to me as coming from you. Salute most cordially from me your husband, your son and his wife, assuring them of my lively and sincere friendship. Addio, I embrace you tenderly, begging you to believe that I am most sincerely and affectionately your friend

MARIA MAZZINI.

(To the Mother of my friend Emilie.)

Six more letters from Signora Mazzini, of 1851, have been preserved by Emilie. From them can be gathered some details of the loving vigilance in regard to Mazzini that was exercised by the Ashursts. His mother commissions Emilie to see that his wardrobe is adequately provided against the winter, and more than once expresses the hope that her son and Quadrio, who arrived in London at the end of August, may share the new house for which Emilie seems to be on the look out.

Dr. Bertani came to England early in September, and, among his other concerns there, Signora Mazzini urges that he should not omit to prescribe a curative regime for Emilie's incessant ill-health.

In two of the letters reference is made to a ring which his mother had had made for a birthday present for Mazzini, to replace the one he lost, or rather left behind, at La Vallée Noire. It was transmitted to him through Medici, who adds a postscript to one of the old lady's letters, asking for the assurance of its safe arrival. Later, the mother wants to know how it fits, and on which finger her son wears it. That ring is now in the possession of the writer. It is composed of a double band of gold, the outer one pierced in a design of ivy leaves—the symbol of "Young Europe"—which allows to be seen finely plaited strands of the mother's hair. The workmanship is extremely good, and the effect original and artistic.

Reference also occurs in these letters to a Sicilian who has gone to England, and whom Emilie finds an "excellent man." He may have been, like Giuseppe Finzi, an emissary connected with the great patriotic League, or conspiracy then preparing in Mantua. Finzi obtained permission to journey to England to

visit the Great Exhibition, but in reality to inform Mazzini of all that had been done in and around Mantua and to consult him. He was one of the few who survived the vengeance of Austria when the conspiracy was discovered. At the time of his trial he is described as being 37 years of age, and of the "worst political conduct."

1852

From Signora Mazzini to Emilie. January 12th, 1852.

My dear Daughter,

Your letter of the 22nd of December was very welcome to me because your silence had made me fear that you were ill. As to the infamous success in France [the *coup d'état*, December 2nd], I know little, except for the immediate consequences to which we were exposed in the departure of our Angel. Oh, my dear Emilie! from the moment that I knew of the assassin's blow in France, this fear has not left me any peace, and knowing what your kind heart feels for us, I understand your own sorrow in all its intensity. Now this fear is removed it has pleased God that another should supervene, and that is that through the fall of Palmerston there may ensue certain hardships to our poor exiles who have had in him a protector—as I believe. But who knows whether it was really so? You, as a far-seeing woman deeply interested in the sorrows of others, find out through your friends and tell me whether or not to fear this new disaster. By Bacchus! I shall not wish to believe that the English Government, always so gloriously distinguished from all other governments in such matters, should now have to condescend to obey the behests of other Rulers. I hope not. But you must tell me about this question, for my peace of mind. I thank you for the care you show about my health. I must say that I ought to consider myself in complete health considering my age and the wintry season. And you, how are your troubles? Do you follow the cure that Bertani prescribed, or do you follow the English way, which to my thinking is, as you know, unreasonable and quite pernicious? Answer me on this matter and tell me also of our dear Caroline—who said that Bertani was near her. Tell her that I embrace her heartily and recommend the greatest care in her state of health: and that I will soon write two lines to her, though I cannot to-day because of the time taken up by the customary New Year's visits. . . . Tell your mother that I have received the beautiful present and that I thank her from my heart

and that I will write to her direct as soon as I can. I commend our Angelina to you. Keep her as happy as possible. . . .

It would appear from the above that the mother and the Ashursts had feared Mazzini making a journey to France on account of the crisis. There are no indications that he carried out such an idea. He had foreseen a speedy end to the Republic, and his letter on the *coup d'état* to his mother contains an explanation for its collapse and for the condition of France, which should not be forgotten: "Things are going badly in France. Louis Napoleon has no party, yet he succeeds. . . . There are two great reasons for this: moral sense in France is lost, and the foolish, impassioned preachings of socialism have terrified the middle class. The preaching of material interests to the working people and the peasantry has rendered them egotistical and violent. Louis Blanc, Proudhon, Cabet and a dozen other foolish men, who believe themselves saviours of the world, have filled the heads of the people with unheard-of notions of improvement, enchanted palaces, and dreamlands of delights, and if the people see no possibility of immediately realizing all these dreams they will not stir. Honour, liberty, the opinion of Europe, are nothing to them. . . . The actual apathy in France is just the consequence of all these systems set forth in recent times, and of the anarchy, the moral disintegration, that has been introduced. . . . It is sad to see France not rising as one man against such an infamy, and that it is possible to cut the throats of 2700 persons (the official figures) without the very stones crying out against the butchery." *

It is strange that Lord Palmerston should have read so little in between the lines of politics in France, and that he came so near to countenancing the military sleight of hand, the rapid application of ruthless force which converted Louis Napoleon into a virtual Emperor, as to endanger his own great position. That this was not the sole count in the accusations of Lord John Russell against him, stands, however, to his credit. He had befriended the Hungarian refugees in Turkey to such good purpose that the Sultan had been able to retain them in safety upon his own soil; and finally to facilitate Kossuth's passage to England *en route* for the United States at the end of 1851. Palmerston's dismissal from the Foreign Office within a few weeks of Louis Napoleon's

* Quoted by Mrs. J. W. Mario in her *Life of Mazzini*.

conquest of power may well have appeared to those aspiring to "self-determination" as a second blow dealt to their cause.

The next letter, in order of dates, is one from Medici to Mrs. Ashurst. It possesses enough interest in itself, and as an illustration of the feelings expressed by the writer while there was still republican breeze enough in Europe to float Mazzini's banner, for partial reproduction here.

It was endorsed by Emilie, who bitterly resented Medici's subsequent ingratitude and his desertion of Mazzini, "written to my mother and preserved by her with affection, so I cannot destroy it."

The letter is written on large letter-paper with a very narrow black border, and the caligraphy is remarkably beautiful.

Genoa, January 21st, 1852.

. . . You are so generous that I may hope of being excused for not having answered sooner your affectionate lines brought to me by Dr. Bertani together with a beautiful present, which will ever be most precious. Since I left England I have been visited by great misfortunes, nor do I venture to hope in future a less cruel fate ; we are running towards times of persecution ; the poor emigration in this country is on the eve of being compelled by brutal force to seek a new asylum, and God knows where it will be found by those who have no money nor friends, while the reactionary party is successful. I would under any other circumstances feel too happy to appear unexpected at Muswell Hill one Sunday when you and your family are united, but now I would appear dejected as a soldier after a retreat, and retreat must be always the last determination, and never without a last attempt is made to hold the position ; however, as I might be forced out of it, my appearance in England is no longer to be considered improbable : so in my sorrow I think of England with a heart full of love and gratitude, it being the spot where are united my best and dearest friends. . . .

To Mrs. Ashurst, Muswell Hill. March 10th, 1852.

Thanks and blessings, dear friend. If the fervent prayer of such souls as yours and your loved daughters' does not help my Cause, there is no magnetic power in souls. I shall see you on Sunday. Ever affectionately yours, Jos. Mazzini.

Friday [March 12th].

In same envelope, on separate paper, the following to Mr. A.

DEAR FRIEND,

Next Sunday, we all dine at Cesarini's, 10 Golden Square, at four o'clock precisely. Will you join us, and as once you promised, accept a republican Italian dinner from me?

At eight o'clock, we shall meet Kossuth at Sydney Place. You did not join the deputation of the "Friends of Italy" yesterday, and you must have felt disappointed. So, I shall take him to Sydney Place.

I send, of course, the same invitation to Mrs. Ashurst.

Say yes, and be punctual.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOS. MAZZINI.

Thursday.

To Mrs. Ashurst, Muswell Hill, Hornsey. May 25th, 1852.

DEAR FRIEND,

Will you accept on this day [her birthday] a view of Rome* from me, a friend who thought of you and yours whilst there in the midst of an absorbing struggle, and who will think of you and yours, living and dead, up to his last hour, with equal fondness if it shall crown a life of struggles with victory or if it shall seal it with martyrdom?

You will be sad this day. But do not forget our faith: do not forget that Life and Death are nothing but the day and night of the Soul, advancing in everlasting progression towards the Sun that night can for a while conceal but not efface. And think too of those who love you and stand in need of your friendly smile. May they see it for many years!

Ever yours affectionately,

JOS. MAZZINI.

May 25th, '52.

Ten letters of this year from Signora Mazzini to Caroline and herself have been preserved by Emilie. They are of an extremely intimate nature and difficult to render adequately into English on account of the immensity of the love breathed into them, felt by the writer for the son she had seen only once since their separation in 1830. She also expresses sentiments for the Ashurst family which are very touching to read. Her heart literally overflows in gratitude to them as she realizes that their love has been the one

* A large and very beautiful photograph, now in the possession of Mr. William Malleson, who married the sister of P. A. Taylor.

true support he has found in his "life of a martyr." Her touching anxiety about his health and about his wardrobe—upon which she knows that he spends next to nothing, and for which, through Emilie, she adequately provides—grips one with the sense of her inexpressible suffering. She trembles lest his one safe refuge should be taken from him through the spread into England of reactionary influences, and entreats to be kept *au courant* of English politics. She gives a glimpse of the beginning of defection, through subtle political currents, among his friends in Genoa; a matter on which she abstains from writing to him while the hope she still cherishes can be kept alive. One man of whom she had written in glowing terms of appreciation shows signs of falling away to a shadowy "party" that is said to be forming. She speaks with gratitude and affection of Caroline Celesia as being always good, and her constant visitor. Mazzini's speech in February at a meeting of "The Friends of Italy" in London, affords her much delight, as calculated to refute the calumnies then being heaped upon him by the Socialists, particularly those in France. She expresses her thankfulness to the Ashursts for their faithfulness in refusing longer to receive Louis Blanc and others, after their attacks upon Mazzini. Possibly the continuance of modified relations between James Stansfeld and Blanc was never known to her. Her anxiety about Caroline, during the critical months before the birth of the latter's child in April, is as great as though Mrs. Stansfeld had been her daughter.

The manner in which she writes to each sister affords, also, some index to their characters. Her affection may be the same for both, but to Emilie she opens her heart as to a second self. Such is her opinion of Emilie, of her intellect, her courage, and her "heart," that though she expresses warm thanks they are unmingled with surprise when she refers to Emilie's rising in a theatre to make an appeal on behalf of the poor exiles. When it is recalled how, in 1852, the bare idea of a woman other than an actress doing such a thing would scandalize Mrs. Grundy, how women "swooned" on the least provocation, how their lives were hedged about with restrictive notions of propriety long since scrapped, it may be possible to estimate the nerve, the self-command and the clearness of brain, needed for such a proceeding. Signora Mazzini's calm reference is the only indication we have of Emilie's daring act of compassion.

In her last letters to the sisters, written the day before the seizure that ended her life, Signora Mazzini assures them that her health is good, and there is no suggestion in her handwriting of physical failure, though, perhaps, her sentences are a trifle less clearly composed than usual. She was spared the misery of a long illness, and Mazzini the long drawn-out agony of watching in spirit by a sick bed while fate cruelly held him at a distance.

On Sunday, August 8th, on her return journey from church, Signora Mazzini received and began to read, to a dear friend, a letter from her son. She was suddenly seized with giddiness; sight and consciousness both almost at once failed. Medical assistance availed nothing, and she expired about twenty-four hours later in the arms of the friend who had not left her. As soon as breath had gone from her the priests tried their best to obtain possession of her son's letters, but Napoleon Ferrari, the executor of her will, secured them.

Alberto Mario, who was in Genoa, and one of Signora Mazzini's frequent visitors, has recorded, through his wife, that the English and American steamers in the harbour set their flags at half-mast, and some of the American officers joined the funeral procession. An immense concourse of people followed in reverent sorrow the remains of the noble woman whose son all the rulers of Italy were unremittingly seeking to destroy.

To Emilie, Caroline and the other Ashursts, after Emilie had had to send him the news of his mother's death. August, 1852.

I am strong, and I have nerved myself to this hour these last six months. Do not distress yourselves too much. My mother is too much a sacred thing for me not to be strong. Do not come. I want to be alone for one day. But write each one word of blessing; it will do me good. And you, Emilie, write what particulars you have. God bless you.

Your

JOSEPH.

[Endorsed: "Emilie and Caroline, Bellevue."]

To Emilie and Caroline, Bellevue Lodge, Beaufort Street, to which house the Stansfelds had moved. August, 1852.

I trust you go all to Muswell Hill. One day lost for your mother would be a sin. But if she is ill and you think that the sad news can do her harm, do not say the whole. Take

Mazzoleni * with you, as agreed. The blow is hard to bear, now especially that I had a hope to repay, within the year, her long years of loneliness with a moment of joy. Now, even if I reach that moment, I shall be an exile in my own land. Perhaps it is better so : who knows what can happen ? I feel as if they had taken from me some essential part of myself; but I am calm and firm. She has not lost me; and I deeply believe that I have not entirely lost her and her holy influence. Tell James that I know all that he feels. Your notes have done me good. And I feel your presence and love around me. Try to be well ; it is now a double want for me. You can see me one moment when you come down with the cab. Then on Monday. Remember me to Bessie and William.

Your

JOSEPH.

To Matilda. August 26th, 1852.

(From Jessie White Mario's papers: partially quoted in *The Birth of Modern Italy*. Fisher Unwin.)

"I am sadly well. My heart, dear Matilda, is full with grateful love for you and for all the members of your family—I may say mine. I wish that I could do you all, the members of the family, half the good you have done to me. I am at work as before, though from a sense of duty. But I shall arouse myself soon to better, to more living feelings. The atmosphere is thickening and the times for realizing what I intend, are approaching. I shall, however, write to you before leaving England. Herzen is here : † he will come and see you. There is a Committee forming now in London for the shilling subscription. How are you, dearest Matilda, and how are yours ?"

Among Emilie's papers is a copy of the interesting circular for the shilling subscription here referred to, and also a copy of the beautiful engraving—perhaps the work of Linton after a design by Emilie ?—which has direct relation to it. How many such engravings were published and distributed does not seem to be known.

The circular begins :

"Some few months ago a Shilling Subscription for European Freedom was proposed and initiated in a printed appeal to the English public, issued with a number of influential signatures . . .

* Pericles Mazzoleni, an exile who may have come over about the same time as Quadrio, and almost devoid of means. Much trusted by Mazzini.

† See Introduction, p. 26.

"It has been thought by a certain number of the signatories that the time has come for a new step in aid of their individual action . . .

". . . abundant motives exist for an increased and multiplied activity, if we reflect on the conditions of the nations of Europe, oppressed to the utmost limits of human endurance, and, especially at this present time, on the wholesale persecutions by the Emperor of Austria and the Pope, in Lombardy and Venice, and in the Roman States. Against the misdoings of despotic power it is needful that there should be a protest in the name of outraged Humanity, on the part of all who feel and breathe for Liberty in England. It is time that there should issue from our land a word of comfort, of encouragement, and of approval for those who suffer a living martyrdom for their country; that there should be a popular recognition of the sacredness of and unity of the causes of all oppressed nations—Italy and Hungary standing together prominently amongst them, by reason of their recent struggles . . ."

Appended to the circular was a letter from Mazzini, a few sentences from which should not be lost among other forgotten records of the subscription:

"I trust the straightforward, consistent, unsophisticated good sense and feeling of the majority of your fellow-citizens. Peace-preachers may sing idyls on European life groping its way between the scaffold and the prison; cold, short-sighted Economists may contrive to apply the *laissez-faire*, *laissez-passer* to usurpation, injustice, and crime; but there lies something in the depth of your nation's heart that neither Peace-preachers nor Economists can quench: a noble feeling of manly resistance to godless tyranny, a quick-stirring sympathy for all those who struggle and suffer, and are going to conquer or die for a noble cause, a recollection of times, Cromwell's and Milton's times, in which England was valiantly protecting the cause of liberty of conscience from home to the poor inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys. Let your Appeals find their way through, not the few sectarian circles, but the millions; the millions will yield a worthy response: they will help us to 'hurl the inkstand at the head of the devil' . . ."

September 30th, 1852.

To Emilie. Seems September or October, 1852.

Here is my word of blessing and love, dear—as for the rest, I am cross as ever for an absolute absence of news concerning things and men who most interest me, and for the one hundred applications for money coming to me, just as if I was the most wealthy man existing. You have had a very bad evening: damp and raining. Of course you did not sleep through black beetles, or any other cause; and you are consequently feeling ill to-day. I went yesterday night to Caroline's, I walked there and back. Sydney came, and we came back together; he came as far as Radnor Street.* They are arresting exiles in Piedmont; preparing an *envoi* to America; I fear to see Scipione included; between illness, seasickness and rage, he would die before reaching. Ah me! The landlord of my house in Genoa is willing to let it; and should he be allowed and succeed, he would give back the rent, in proportion of the time, to you. I believe you ought to write to Bertani to abide in that matter by all that would be suggested by Bettini.† The furniture must be disposed of. After such a hard blow as that of the £400 to be paid on the 8th of November [a confiscation by the Government], I shall really be unable to help Scipione or Quadrio or others; and I think I fulfil my mother's probable thoughts in making some money and applying it to such purposes. Once the furniture away, the house is nothing. Besides, you may depend upon it, Genoa will be the last place in which I shall be allowed to live. Think of it and do what your heart suggests; it will be right. [No signature.]

To Emilie, in London. From London, 1852.

[Concerning a subscription offered towards a fund then being raised for the Italian Republican paper at Genoa, which was nearly ruined by the daily persecution of it by the Government and the seizure of the press and type following upon the suppression of the numbers by the Police before publication, imprisonment of the responsible editor, etc., etc.—E. A. V.]

Friday.

No, dear. I cannot have your five pounds: but we shall have an extraordinary *collect* with my name at the head; and you

* On his return to England, rooms had been found for him—by Mrs. Carlyle according to J. W. Mario—over a post office at 15 Radnor Street, Chelsea.

It would seem as though the scheme of taking a suitable house where Emilie could receive him and Quadrio as guests had fallen through; for the correspondence points to Emilie being either in lodgings, during this autumn and winter, or staying with Caroline at Bellevue Lodge. The allusion to black beetles, of which Emilie had an unconquerable horror, suggests that at this moment she was in lodgings.

† The lawyer employed by Signora Mazzini, and one of the Trustees for the money she left to her son.

will give to me one pound for that. Is it right? I have no need to justify myself to you for this refusal of the 5. I hope I have never hesitated in accepting your sacrifices; but I do keep you and the few others truly friends and devoted *en reserve*. Let me see what we can do elsewhere. It is probable that such a collect will yield enough to be able to go on.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

To W. H. Ashurst, Sen., 6 Old Jewry, Cheapside. December 24th, 1852.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

First of all, let me thank you, in the name of my oppressed countrymen, for your liberal gift of £100 to our National Fund.

Secondly, the time has arrived for me to avail myself of the sum of £100 put at my disposal, for the same object, by our friend Dr. Epps. I know that he has empowered you to advance them. Will you do so?

God bless you as I do!

Your friend,

Jos. MAZZINI.

To Mrs. Ashurst, covering the appended letter of introduction to Dr. Forbes, December 27th, 1852.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,

I send the introductory letter to Dr. Forbes.

For God's sake, try to surmount all objections, and to place some friend near you as soon as possible. The thought of you both being taken ill one night, alone and far from your daughters, will haunt me wherever I go, whatever I do. After the loss of my mother, *you* are my mother: all that I have of love within me—and I find that I have still much more than I presumed—has been centred on your family and yourself, and the day in which I shall hear that you have some affectionate watchful person around you or that you are near your children, will be a day of real joy for your deeply affectionate

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

27 Dec.

In separate envelope, to Dr. Forbes, 12 Old Burlington Street, Piccadilly.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I want your influence in the Brompton Hospital in favour of a boy threatened with consumption, the case of whom will be explained to you by the bearer. I know you well enough to know that my note will only be the *occasion* for your doing a good

thing. Still, I feel bound to say that that good thing done will find me more grateful than I can express. The boy is recommended by Mrs. Ashurst, one whom I esteem and love as a second mother; and any kind thing you will now or in future do to her, will delight me more than if done to myself.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

15 Radnor Street,
King's Road.
Dec. 27, '52.

The inference, not without justification, from this anxious note to Mrs. Ashurst, is that her health had begun to fail. Both she and her husband—who made a journey to America in 1852 or 1854—may have begun to feel that Muswell Hill was too far out of London as their age advanced, for we find that the home which the whole family and a large circle of Italian exiles had loved so much was given up in the course of 1853 or early in the following year.

1853

Writers have concurred in stating that the year 1853 marked a turning-point in the fortunes of Mazzini and the Republican Party. In treating of this subject none—so it appears to the present writer—have endeavoured to judge the situation from the point of view of Mazzini himself. It is not sufficiently realized that this man, with no advantage of birth, with no pecuniary means, with no military influence, with nothing, in fact, but his genius, had transfused such life into the *people* that veritable miracles were wrought by them in 1848–49; miracles of self-liberation unhappily nullified by more timid, better-class men who had not completely understood, or had not welcomed Mazzini's gospel; men who distrusted the people's exercise of self-determination and who looked to one of the old, discredited authorities to cast off its frequently revealed vices and seize the guidance of the new-born forces. These men turned over the direction of the Lombard war to the King of Piedmont, whose incompetence—and worse—quickly sealed the fate of Venice as well as that of Milan. But, though this and the treachery of Louis Napoleon, re-shackled Rome by reinstating the atrocious Pontifical government, the extraordinary achievements of 1848–49 proved to the "man in the street," to the man in the workshop, and to the peasant, that under an inspiration which their hearts understood they were capable of working out their own salvation.

Although apparently extinguished by the weight of Austria, Louis Napoleon, the Pope, the Bourbons of Naples, and the Dukes in northern Italy, the ideas implanted by Mazzini struck ever deeper and wider-spreading roots because, being founded upon a religious synthesis, they constituted the basis of that religious conception which is destined to carry mankind forward through the new age.

The old story of Lucifer affords an illustration of the key idea

which severed Mazzini's conception of God from that held by Church and Monarchy. It was by virtue of that supreme gift—*self-direction*—which makes of angels and lesser beings potential gods, that the beloved Son of the Morning rebelled against the Divine Scheme and sought to possess this world for himself. Were the Supreme Being an autocratic Tyrant, such rebellion would have been impossible because none but He would have possessed the power of self-direction. All that came forth from Him, lacking that divine possibility, would have been static, *i.e.* without any power of self-movement. Advance, had it entered into the scheme, must have been accomplished not through live, conscious action, but through a mechanical shifting of the pieces by the Supreme Autocrat. Mazzini saw in God, not this Autocrat, however benevolent, but the Source of that power in men and angels which constitutes them beings capable of conscious progression : beings destined to develop by means of self-direction, and therefore *bound* to discover the aim towards which they should move. Earthly authorities ought, he perceived, to be the reflection of the Divine Authority which ordains and administers the Law governing Life, the law that earthly tyranny has constantly violated—Progress. Earthly authority, instead of placing obstacles in the way of individual self-development and collective progress, should do its utmost to remove them. It should teach and illustrate the Law governing life, leaving to each individual freedom to follow it while emphasizing the fact that none may hold back without wronging other individuals, and, therefore, wronging collective Humanity. Mazzini's religion thus starts from a conception of the Supreme diametrically opposed to the conception at the root of Papal and Monarchical authority. God, to him, is the Source, the Teacher, the Aim : not the Autocrat demanding obedience and punishing its breach. In Mazzini's view, to turn the people away from a course of intelligent, well-ordered self-direction of which they were showing themselves capable, in order to subject them to the guidance of an arbitrary crowned head, meant teaching them to abandon their most sacred attribute—meant inducing them to shuffle off the responsibility laid upon them by the divinity within their nature. No King, no Church, taught mankind this fundamental law of individual responsibility. Pope and Monarchy were alike calling for simple obedience and trust, assuming the right of exercising *for*

the people all responsibility. Salvation of the soul by the Blood of Christ, and material salvation by the strong arms of earthly rulers, formed the groundwork of the gospel hitherto preached to the peoples of the peninsula; and herein lay the only point of contact allowed between religion and politics: both taught that the exercise of responsibility pertained to Authority alone. Salvation was vicarious—to be obtained only through and by the efforts of a substitute.

The ennobling faith underlying Mazzini's idea of nationality had been seized upon by hundreds groping in the gloom spread by Empire and Church, and the years 1848–49 afforded the opportunity of proving its validity and worth. But hundreds of others, chiefly of the middle class, had thrown themselves into scepticism, limiting their interest to what they believed to be the "practical" side of Italy's problem; or, hoping against hope, in the ancient watchwords, Church and King, had flung themselves into the task of getting old bottles to receive new wine. The Federalists, many of them agnostics, looked either to France or to Victor Emmanuel, or to both, for the *deux ex machina*; Gioberti found himself obliged to abandon the Pope as Saviour and transfer his hopes to Victor Emmanuel. Mazzini and his real disciples alone trusted the dynamic power which was working in the people. How great this was becomes manifest when we examine into the two vast conspiracies of 1850–53.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, Lombardy, Venice, Romagna, and the Duchies were desolated by condemnations. The Bourbons at the same time desolated Naples and Sicily. It was an offence, in any of these places, to possess writings that spoke of patriotism. Any suspicion of correspondence with Mazzini or other *proscrits*, or the supposition of uttering a word of comfort to an Italian in the service of Austria, incurred rigorous penalty. For such offences, Sciesa, Dottesio, Grioli and Varolin were put to death. Count A. Arrivabene and Count L. Tedeschi were sentenced, but the sentence was commuted.

The city of Mantua, which had played a somewhat pitiful part of abstention from the revolutionary stage of 1848, now redeemed her character. She had been overawed by her clownish Governor Gorzgowski, a coarse, venal Pole. Signor Luzio has recently brought to light a vivid picture of life under this servant of Austria, so worthy of his master.* In addition to the Governor,

* *I Martiri di Belfiore.* Milano, L. F. Cogliati. 1916.

the Prefect Breinl, with his colleague Wallerstein, carried out a series of insults to the citizens which read like a bad mediæval record. It was a common practice for these men to strike any person in the street whose conduct displeased their fancy. The son of Breinl habitually flourished a whip in the faces of the townsfolk. No complaint found acceptance with the Prefect, and complaints were few, for "the bastinado was the alpha and omega of the *règime*." For instance, in June, 1850, Prince Schwarzenberg, who succeeded Metternich as Austrian Minister, visited the Castello, liberated many prisoners guilty of crime, but ordered twenty-five cuts to the feet of a political *détenu* who had fought in Rome, simply because he unthinkingly referred to Radetzky without his full title.

But no savagery could stifle the spirit touched into life by the religious-political propaganda of "Young Italy." Satire flourished and sometimes caught the oppressors on the raw. True Christian pity also shone out in the darkness, for a certain priest, Enrico Tazzoli, ashamed of the abstention of his city in 1848, made no secret of his sympathy with fugitives from the battle of Novara, and brought himself under arrest by preaching against the excesses of Austria. Though soon liberated on account of his position and great popularity, he, of course, became an object of suspicion to the Government.

After Gorzgowski's transference to Venice in 1850, there gathered around Tazzoli a group of young men fired with his own admiration for the valour of Milan and of Rome. Their enthusiasm rose to ebullition-point, when by various secret means—as, for instance, coloured handkerchiefs which, when immersed in bleaching liquid, revealed print—Mazzini's manifestos reached Mantua. Then came his famous National Loan, the notes of which found ready acceptance as secret currency.

Mazzini's trusted agent in Mantua, since the year 1841, had been G. B. Angiolini, and to him Mazzini seems to have suggested the formation of a definite revolutionary Committee in the city, some time in 1850. After many efforts this was managed in the November, under cover of founding a literary-scientific journal. Tazzoli became the centre of the new movement, and by common consent was elected President, in spite of his position on the Austrian black books. Luzio says that he found his path bestrewn with obstacles raised by the petty jealousies of the Mazzinians;

but it is open to us to believe that the immense necessity for secrecy and caution, where so many invaluable lives would be concerned, may have occasioned doubts as to the wisdom of putting a man in his peculiar position in a situation bristling with special difficulties. A basis of feud already existed between the Pope and Vienna, inasmuch as the Austrian Emperor claimed the right of appointing Bishops for Lombardo-Venetia; yet here was no case for the Mazzinians to hope that when thieves fall out honest men might come by their own, for there was no ground for believing that in a conflict between the Vatican and Vienna the priests would be able to sever themselves from the Vatican sufficiently to uphold, against its pressure, the principles of revolution. But if Tazzoli was the centre, Acerbi was the inspiring Mercury of the conspiracy. A born conspirator, staunch to the faith of "Young Italy," he had fought in Milan and Rome, and seemed to the Austrians to possess the faculty of vanishing. To them he became a veritable Cagliostro, a "devil incarnate," so often did he elude and baffle them. By an irony of fate, however, it was through Acerbi that the Judas who eventually betrayed the patriots—Luigi Castellazzo—got appointed to the secretaryship of the new Society. From Mantua branch committees were established in the province and even in the Papal States. Brescia, Cremona, Pavia, Verona, Venezia, etc., had each its centre, and the ranks of the affiliated contained many who were in a good position to facilitate propaganda—booksellers, customs officers, postmasters, an official of the Po navigation steamers, etc. But the cardinal weakness of the conspiracy lay in a cipher used by Tazzoli, founded upon the paternoster, and of an almost transparent simplicity.

The immediate cause of discovery was an accident. There had been an extensive forging of Austrian banknotes, and during one of the searches for these a police agent happened upon a Mazzinian Loan note concealed in a silver penholder belonging to an official named Pesce. This man revealed the name of a professor intimate with Tazzoli, who proved unable to support the prolonged tortures to which the prison authorities subjected him. Searches and arrests followed. Three or four of the victims, knowing that by Article 430 of the Austrian code, a sustained plea of ignorance or an adamantine refusal to speak would withhold them from execution, found the moral and physical

strength to maintain silence. Among these was G. Finzi, who, under pretext of visiting the Great Exhibition in London, had brought to Mazzini a long, explanatory letter from Tazzoli, the answer to which he also successfully bore back. This heroic man survived horrors calculated to overcome the strongest. An amnesty finally released him, and he lived till towards the end of the century.

Of the 110 arrested, 10 perished on the gallows, their deaths being rendered as ignominious and barbaric as possible by the exasperated Government. The student of the Italian Risorgimento, who is to-day unhappily familiar with German and Bulgarian atrocities, cannot fail to conclude that Austria maintained the school from which "Hun" methods have been inherited—and scarcely excelled—for the tales in these records seem, by their diabolic cruelty and effrontery, to be cut from some modern newspaper. Women called to defray the expense of butchering their nearest and dearest, starvation, filth, pollution, insults of every description, intimately foreshadow German and Bulgarian inhumanity.

This Mantuan conspiracy had been practically confined to the well-to-do class; very few working men were included in it, but a large number of the clergy were connected with it; and they would almost without doubt have proved an uncertain element when the moment came for action. Though the working-class element had been largely unaware of the existence of the conspiracy before its revelation to the authorities, the appalling vengeance wreaked upon the members defeated its own end, for the heart of the people rose in secret revolt, and the result was a movement of even bolder conception, of far wider scope and of far more complete organization. The working men of Milan created an organization that surprised Mazzini when at length they appealed to him for sanction and for leadership. At first he distrusted a tale that sounded too grand to be entirely true; but on being informed that the Committee would brook no delay, that action would be taken with him or without him, he sent an experienced and trusted military man to investigate the situation and judge the chances of success. On receiving his astonishing report, Mazzini threw himself heart and soul into the project. He himself went as near as possible to the scene of action, and enabled others whose names were less anathema than his own to the Government to

move through the provinces, carrying moral and material support. Initiative and plan were alike the work of the people themselves, quite independently of Mazzini; but, when failure resulted, he, to save others, shouldered all blame and became the voluntary scapegoat.

Recent researches have made it fairly clear that one at least of the leaders—not a working man—had been from the first under the sway of the enemy; and he probably remained so after exculpating himself to Mazzini.

The failure of this attempt threw profound discouragement into the Republican Party, for the reason that every adverse fact was cleverly enveloped by interested opponents in a dressing of falsehood; and men who would still have remained faithful to the party, or who would have rallied to it had Mazzini been free to speak, were unable to see through the deception. Assuredly some of the bitterest moments of Mazzini's life followed upon February 6th, 1853, when through calumnies and aspersions his work among the people was turned out of the direction he had given it into a channel where its religious significance became overclouded.

Caroline has left on record that Mazzini left England on January 2nd, 1853. The first intelligence the Ashursts received of him was in his own handwriting, and consisted of the three following words:

"Antwerp—Safety—blessing.
3." [January 3rd.]

The next, also in his own handwriting, was from Cologne as follows:

"Coln—about leaving—blessings and *hope*—to Bellevue Lodge.
4. Evening."

To Emilie, in London. From a hiding place on the Italian frontier. January 8th, 1853.

Saturday.

I am here. I write only a few lines, dear, but it will be a joy to you to know that so far, I am safe. I have reached at four o'clock this morning; and, as soon as I reached the place

appointed, I found that I could not stop there. *A commissaire de police* had been the evening before looking for S[affi] who has been of course walking everywhere and showing himself to everybody. So that I have been already obliged to go, through fields and valleys to another house. Scipione, too, is threatened, and I foresee trouble for me in a few days. Never mind. I shall provide. I have been loving the Alps as ever, but I have been nearly frozen to death. The journey has been, physically speaking, very heavy, tiresome; but one night of rest will cure all. I have been thinking of you all as much, I fancy, as you have been of me. I have been uncommonly well on board, and I fancied that it was owing to the warmth of my chest given by your Mamma's waistcoat. Tell her this, and tell B[essie] that, had I not wrapped myself on the St. G[othard] with her own gift, I would have been frozen to death. It is all very fine of William to speak about sweetness of expression, etc. The fact is that he felt I looked like a Jesuit,* and was struck with perfect horror; friendship prevailed; but I dare say B[essie] has his first impressions. Somebody must have received a *lettre de change* for me from Genoa: if it is to order . . . it must be sent here, so that I write my order to William. Linton is about sending a sum from the sh[illing] subs[cription]. If I have time I send a few lines to Mazz[oleni] for him, so that I can receive it here. I am very grateful for the letter I found here; more even for the promise concerning your health. Tell your doctor of me. How is baby? How Caroline? With whom does she play at chess now? Be together as much as you can; and dine, and be as much of the evening as you can all together. Tell me of your mother and father: of Bessie and William, of James, of Syd[ney], of all. Remember me to Shaen, etc. I shall write soon. Love your

J.

To Caroline. From the same hiding place as the last, January 12th, 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I am here still safe, but of course a prisoner in my room; the first result of my imprisonment being a cold, which is nothing but the result of the myriad snowy, icy atoms which accumulated round me during my crossing the Alps. I have been thinking, whilst crossing, of you and wishing for your seeing the Alps, still fearing that you would not undergo the experiment. Talk of the cab turning Park Lane! The *traineau* leaps from right to left, from left to right, unexpectedly though incessantly; and you have precipices on one side, and a very narrow road

* He started on this journey clean-shaven, to alter his appearance.

indeed to go through. There is no real danger : horse and man are both "mâitres de la position," but all the transaction looks alarming to the inexperienced. Still, you *must* see the Alps; if once we conquer, if they are ours, I shall come and take you by the hand and lead you and bid you be brave. I cannot tell you anything *positive* about what led me here; but probabilities are increasing; the state of things is serious: I have an admirable people; a middle class hostile of course to the Austrians, but convinced that a movement would have no chances and consequently preaching against. From the popular classes delegates come to me declaring that they do not want to be led by the gentlemen; and that they know me and will do anything with me. I do not give a great importance to the opposition of the middle class: after [the movement is successfully initiated] they will follow; but the first step, through the popular element alone *must* be a victory and a brilliant one; if not, I shall be accursed—thas is not much—and the cause will be lost, ruined, and subjected for ever to a foreign initiative. This is something to be thought of seriously. I have never felt my own moral responsibility so highly involved. I will decide in a few days and you will know the decision. Meanwhile, fresh arrests have been taking place at Venice, in Parma and at Milan amongst the working classes.*

What is James doing? And what Baby, darling ungrateful baby who does not know how much I love him, both for his own and his Mamma's sake? Has he recovered from his cold? Has nurse? Do you have a maid now? What sort of weather do you have in London? Do you walk much? Too much? How is your head? Can you, will you, write a long beautiful chattering letter about all these things, all interesting to me more than you believe? I have been dreaming of you all the other night and you were all displeased with me through some unknown cause which I had not made out when I awoke. Of course you gave my news and love to Matilda. Will you give me her address and Bessie's? I would ask you to give me news of Emilie's health; but I fear "compagnonage" will damage sincerity; and I shall get them from elsewhere. At what o'clock do you go to bed, both? Let my absence at least produce a more rational system of hours. But dine and sit and talk together as much as you can. Tell me something about the *Daily News* and what you see of the English press. Here I have nothing except—the *Nation* [?] of Bruxelles. I have been on the top of the Cathedral at Köln or Cöln, as you like. The view is beautiful. I have seen the model for the completion of the Cathedral. It is very

* Not because this new conspiracy was suspected but because the one already discovered had made the Government ruthless to stamp out any embers of rebellion.

good, but it will never be executed. The Cathedral must remain as it is, incomplete as Christianity : the Church of a fraction of Humanity. I am continuously at work ; whenever I am not, and whilst I am, I long for England and you.

My love to all.

JOSEPH.

The next letter—too long for insertion—is of much interest ; first, as showing that Mazzini and Kossuth had come to an understanding on the subject of the Proclamation to the Hungarian soldiers, about which Kossuth afterwards made statements antagonistic to Mazzini ; secondly, as giving a glimpse of Orsini's character and Mazzini's shrewd estimate of it ; and, thirdly, by its reference to a horrible attempt in Paris which the Austrian police afterwards falsely declared to be closely connected with the Italian revolutionary movement of February 6th.

The instigator of the Paris plot bore an Italian name, Bideschini. No patriot, only a venal, mercenary seditionist, he is thought by many to have wormed himself into the circle of patriotic conspirators, to have contrived to "get at" Piolti de Bianchi, one of the better-class men whom Mazzini trusted in Milan, and so to have engineered the wrecking of the February 6th plans. Bideschini absconded two years later with a considerable sum of money, but left behind his papers, which were seized by the police. Amplification of these records came through the confessions of Bideschini's accomplice, which, as they were framed in order to save himself, or at least to obtain a lenient sentence by placating his captors, should not be received as altogether veracious.

It will be readily understood that—as Mazzini foresaw—the attempted assassination in Paris had more than a reaction upon affairs in Italy : it became part of the scourge of calumny with which the Party of Action was pursued by the Moderates and by men of all factions who did not see eye to eye with Mazzini on the religious side of the Italian Question.

To James Stansfeld. From the same place as the last, January 14th, 1853. From a copy by Caroline.

DEAR JAMES,

You are the Statesman of the "Friends of Italy." To business, then : on condition that even this business letter

will go round through the blessed little circle—baby excepted. I have no sufficient proof of his devotedness to the cause.

The Petition: Should I succeed in coming to a solution, a discussion coming nearer the time, some speeches, etc., expressing sympathy for our oppressed people, would be of some importance. . . .

The Tract on Italy's martyrdoms: It would be, in case or action, the best manifesto justifying it with England.

Shilling Subscription: I have had from Holyoake £100: all my expenses, and regularly all that is collected ought now to be offered to Kossuth and myself. It is true that Kossuth owes to me the £250, and, moreover, if I act it will be soon; if I do not, Kossuth will go to the United States in February. Manage as you choose. . . .

Soit dit en passant; the Frenchmen [supposed republicans, but perverted by a materialistic socialism] are every day more sickening. The "Avenger" is living with a woman and spending all our money. I have a whole tale of sorrow and disgust to tell about them all, for all that concerns money. Our middle class are rather like the French, but our working men are such as to make me feel proud of them. . . .

To Mrs. Ashurst. From the Italian frontier January, 17th, 1853.

One word at least and a *written* blessing—silent blessings come to you from my soul every day—to you, too, dearest friend and my second mother. From the night which I passed on sea and in which I fancied that your waistcoat was protecting me from seasickness to this moment, not a single day has elapsed without my thinking gratefully and affectionately of you, and I know I shall to the end of my life. "Strange," as Mr. Ashurst calls it occasionally with Matilda, I feel sure that you too think of me very much and miss me in the Sunday—little—sacred—circle. I am here in almost solitary confinement, at work all day, still unable to tell you a decisive word concerning our prospects; but enabled only to say that within a very short time, either action or an indefinite adjournment will have been decided. Of course, I shall write. Meanwhile, the Canton is extremely alarmed, and threatened by Austria on account of the suppression of certain convents of Capuchins, who, I do not know on what grounds, have appealed to Austria as subjects of the Empire. And the weak authorities of the Canton are trying to soften the heart of His Imperial Majesty by a little persecution of the few exiles who are breathing here the air of the Italian Alps. The two friends I had here, S[affi] and P[istrucci], have been obliged, the one to go away, the other to conceal himself. I must be very cautious;

not so much for any personal danger—there would be none,—but for the sake of being free, should action be decided upon; then, once known and arrested, I would not know how to reach England: French and German frontiers being equally dangerous. I trust I shall receive to-day letters from Bellevue and know through them something of yours and Mr. Ashurst's health. Do you think of my last prayer to you, and is there any chance of having it fulfilled? Will you be so good as to write my news, without naming the precise spot, to Miss Glascott? I shall write myself one day or other; but I cannot now. Tell Mary that I am safe and well. Remember me to Dr. Epps, and as cordially as you can to Mrs. Gillman. I am sure that Mr. G. misses me at the Bagatelle; as a contrast. God bless you, and may I have good news to send! My love to Mr. Ashurst.

Your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. After an "excursion" of two days. January 26th, 1853.

I am back from my excursion, and safe, dear Emilie, and happy at receiving your letter of the 19th: good and perfect as usual [he had had to make a short, secret, highly dangerous expedition to meet certain men]. I write hurriedly; but never mind. I have so much to do. I have been obliged to spend one day always talking, literally from nine o'clock in the morning till two after midnight, and another yesterday in writing little notes during the same period of time; and it seems to me as if I had done nothing: so much I have and ought to do. I have seen people you know, like Cos[enz], Ac[erbi?], etc., and others you do not: things, in spite of all dissenting from a whole class of important and after all good men, going on rather fairly according to wishes, only that fearful Damocles sword of sudden discovery hanging all the while over the whole affair and it will hang on to the last moment: my whole edifice resting on the basis of something which may vanish in half an hour: still, if we reach . . .

My letters posted in different places, will reach you all in a disorderly way; but as the one to Syd[ney] about which I had doubts, has reached, soon or late all others will. . . .

Before ending, I can't help telling you all that I have been discovering a horrible thing: they eat cats, sell cats, possibly for the purpose, in the place where I am: there is a Minister, who, to save his own cat, is compelled to give yearly five cats to the Commune!

To Caroline. From a copy by her. From Switzerland, January 29th, 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

Thanks many for your letter. To a man living in a room, writing notes, letters, instructions, on very thin paper, from nine o'clock in the morning till two o'clock after midnight, with the interruption of three-quarters of an hour for the sake of dining; receiving twenty notes a day, the half breathing discomfort, the half excitement, it is a true blessing—a dew-drop in the desert, a flower between the pages of one of Hansard's volumes. You often think of me? You cannot, at any time, without meeting my thought: it is the background of all my thoughts, a sort of interlinea writing between every two lines of my notes. God be thanked, I am tried now: there is not a single morning in which I have not, awaking, the small circle of Bellevue before my eyes,—not a single night in which I have it not before me as my last thought, and I am really swimming [keeping afloat] through affection. There are moments in which it seems as if an Italian initiative could have only one reward, that of sending the news to Beaufort Street. I have received—and you must tell William—the second part of the sum and his affectionate lines; not the letter which Bessie is announcing. William says that your mother is better; and I am so glad that I find myself admiring her as if it was all her own merit. He says to me that you all wish for me and expect that I shall come back. I shall not. Spite of all, chances are daily increasing. I will speak more clearly in a few days. There may be, most unhappily, a débâcle every [any] day, every [any] hour; but unless *that* comes we shall have a battle. Do you have your map back? I am so sorry that you have not a good one. I have recovered part of my own here; and feel very proud. They are here, these poor Swiss republicans, frightened to death by threatenings of Austrian invasion, and fancying that the best way to avert it is persecuting us. They have been arresting the other day three exiles near the frontier, and they are giving orders everywhere for the capture of S[affi] and P[istrucci], the first being actually far, the other concealed. Oh if I can once have these terror-spreading masters on a fair open field!

To-day I ought to receive the *Leader*. Your speaking of my friend C. is ominous: [Campanella was by some thought like Mazzini: the gendarmes next year arrested him in mistake for Mazzini] it recalls to my mind what I told you [at] one of our last meetings about a Swiss girl who had sworn she would never marry because she could not marry me, and who, marrying, of course, wrote to me "that he was like me." I must, evidently, call him away as soon as I can. Who comes by night [at night,

or in the evening]? Do you see Masson? Holyoake? The Don? Did you see Madame Ledru? Do you walk much? Do you play at chess with M.? Is that horrible Dickens [affair] over? Are you all going to bed earlier? Do your men make a point of never writing a word? Do you ever sing my *green* song? Do you feel a remorse in your having conquered the point and having never sung before me? Tell me about everything, and about baby especially. How is Emilie? And is there a chance of her drawing to an end Kossuth's portrait? When is the Italian opera beginning? I have my reasons for asking. Don't wonder at my foolish questioning letter, dear Caroline. I really am trying to deceive myself, and fancy that I am near you, harassing you with little questions and getting—as the case is now—only one-fourth answered. Give my love to all; tell me about your own dear mother, about baby, about yourself as much as you can. Think of me and trust the affection of your

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, February 1st, 1853.

Your letter of the 27, dear Emilie, is good and sweet as yourself; and I *must* write a line to thank you: it is not formal, but felt, and you must guess many things that I cannot say for want of time. Yes; my eyes are nearly worn out and look, as Dante says beautifully, like "anella senza gemma." But such letters as yours and that of dear Mamma, are just the things to revive one's soul and rekindle something like life even in worn-out eyes. Bessie, too, in her calm way, so trusting and trusted, does quietly good; . . . Tell Ledru that he is very silly. Does he believe that I left you all and came away from everything I love on earth, for the pleasure of an excursion? Do not be adverse to Kossuth. I dare say I shall be at the end, more satisfied with him than of [with] my "protected" Ledru. I am sure he feels more sad than Ledru does. One day more without a radical change in our conditions; a few more have to pass: and if I could only tell you how everything is hanging on a Damocles' sword, on a hair! Will you remember, dear, that if a telegraphic dispatch comes to you saying "agreed," you must immediately send to Mr. Nathan for me the words "all wrong"? And will you, should the dispatch come, not be too sanguine and remember that even one hour before, everything can be caused to vanish? How is Bem? [Emilie's little Cuban dog.] You never said a word about that important personage. That horrible Pericles must have sent the trunk through the *roulage*. I have *four* shirts

in all. God bless you ; remember me to all, and take care of your health.

Your Jos.

To Emilie. From the Milanese frontier, February 4th, 1853. Written on very small English note-paper with a fine blue edging. Saffi, in his notes upon this period, says that Mazzini was at Chiasso, on the confines, on February 5th.

The trunk * has come, hurrah ! Let this blue-or-what-it-is-edged little note bear witness to the fact. I have scarcely looked at the contents, dear Emilie ; mainly because I know that if I unpack, I shall never be able to pack again everything in ; but I have dived enough to see traces of sweet cares and secret folly very dear to me ; eau de Cologne, high-coloured coats, etc. I am very grateful, dear, for Lamberti's ring ; but I shall keep it for you, and not wear it. I lamented the loss of the other, because *he* attached a mysterious value to the little Fortune on it and thought it would protect me through dangers. The one you send not having been used by him and containing no hair cannot supply the loss. Your coat I shall not wear except in Italy or in London : crotchetty perhaps, still good [right] as I feel it. There seems, from what Pericles says, to have been an immense disorder in my letters coming to London. How is your health ? Does Ledru come often to you ? Has he got any prospect of selling those accursed diamonds ?

Everything safe as yet. Remember that I shall not be at rest before you and Caroline have got the map from Dr. Epps, or any other very good large map of Italy. God bless you, dear Emilie, as does your

Jos.

I send—I think so at least—a proclamation of Kossuth and perhaps if it comes in time, one of mine. They ought to be translated and kept ready for the *Daily News*, if . . .

My love to dear Bessie, Syd., Will., and all.

At last the silver lamp has been sent to you.† Some liqueur or wine will reach too. It is for Caroline. Should there be any alchermes, which I doubt, Doctor allowing, is yours. The cap will be precious. It is somewhat large, but can be mended.

* The trunk—specially made for the purpose, and containing many things that might have revealed for whom it was intended—was taken to the Continent by an Englishman. It ostensibly contained only clothes, and fanciful-looking trifles such as a wealthy and somewhat self-indulgent traveller might require, but it had a false bottom under which were papers that Mazzini needed.

† The silver lamp was his mother's, and he had had a great wish that Emilie, whose artistic eye had always appreciated it, apart from its tenderly valued associations, should possess it. It is now in the possession of Mr. J. J. Stansfeld—the "darling baby" of Mazzini's letters.

You shall have one word to-morrow—which, mind, may *still* prove ineffectual.

To Caroline. From a copy by her, February 5th, 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

Everything right up to the four o'clock. Still, rumours are afloat about the forthcoming events, which could be fatal. May God help the right! Blessings on you. Love to Emilie and all. I send another proclamation. Should everything succeed, by having them ready for the *Daily News* before the other papers have them, you may conquer a regular opening. Your hurried

JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From somewhere very close to Milan, February 6th, 1853.

DEAR EMILIE,

My notes are going down to the most infinitesimal homeopathic possible, but to-day I really cannot write: not through want of time but for nervous feverish expectation. It is a question of hours whether I shall go [to Milan] or not. To-morrow you will receive in some way or other a word for good or bad. I hoped to receive a note of yours or Caroline's to-day: you wrote, I think, on the 28th; Caroline on the 27th. But I have been deluded [disappointed]. Blessings and love to you and to all. Your

JOSEPH.

My sojourn here is known: the French Embassy at Turin has given the instruction to Piedmont and Bern. But the real annoyance will not begin before to-morrow if our hopes are baffled: if they are not, I shall be out of *their* reach.

[E. A. V. comments on this that had he been taken he would have been shot by the Austrian authorities.]

To Emilie. From somewhere not far from Milan.

February 7th, evening, 1853.

It is a failure! I know nothing of the causes as yet, nothing of the losses or of the chances left; but a first attempt has been unsuccessful. I am safe; I have had no time to reach. Yesterday, between four and five in the afternoon, the first movement began; it was quenched in the evening; the gates of Milan were and are now shut.

I wish I am in time to prevent your publishing anything: Kossuth's proclamation especially would do harm.

The moral consequences of the failure—if such it is—will be incalculable; not only for me—that would be a trifling concern—but to the popular active party.

Your

JOSEPH.

8.

I have your note of the 4th, dear Emilie. Rumours reach of a new outbreak at Milan; but I shall not be able to ascertain the truth before the post. My love to all.

The preparations for the splendid effort so fatally arrested had been indeed extraordinary, not only in Milan but through one-third at least of Italy. In Bologna alone the conspirators numbered over 3000, many of them furnished with arms despite the vigilance of the Government; and Saffi, who was in a position to speak with certainty, asserted that these 3000 would, at the moment of action, have drawn along the whole population. Many of the Hungarians in the garrison had linked up with them.

The three principal points in Milan were, as before mentioned, the Palace, where resided the commander-general, the Gran Guardia and the Castello. The Palace, on the day chosen, was guarded by twenty-five men only, and it happened that the commander was entertaining at dinner all the military and secular officials of the city. This *surprise*, therefore, carried out by a hundred resolute men under Fanfulla, who had served among Garibaldi's officers, would have deprived the enemy of leaders. The attack upon the all-important Castello had been planned with as much elaboration as wisdom. Eighteen citizens were suddenly to overpower the eighteen soldiers left in charge of the outer court; then, at a signal, two divisions of insurgents were to rush in from the posts where they had been stationed on the watch, and the few soldiers within the building would be unable to offer adequate resistance. The great magazine of arms formed, of course, the chief object of this attack, and the leaders felt the more certain of seizing it because the two armourers who kept the stores in repair belonged to the secret Association and had arranged to have the doors open in readiness for the conspirators. To make sure that nothing was keeping these men from playing their part, the military leader, Eugenio Brizzi,

contrived a pretext for entering the Castello one hour before the concerted time and ascertaining that they were faithfully at work. A dyer, named Assi, was elected to lead one of the groups told off to rush the attack begun by the eighteen men. A carpenter was to lead the other group. Everything, as far as humanly possible, had been thought of; every contingency that foresight could suggest was provided against. Men and materials were ready for throwing up the barricades which the first success would render necessary. The head of the Gas Works, who was in the conspiracy, had undertaken that where necessary the city should be deprived of light. An ex-officer sent by Kossuth had seconded the work of preparation and it was arranged that on the Monday the distinguished Hungarian, General Klapka, himself should take over the command of his compatriots.

Numbers of men—students and others—in Pavia were holding themselves ready to advance on Milan the moment the signal should be given. On the banks of the Po, Acerbi waited with a large quantity of arms and ammunition. Horsemen stood ready to carry the news to distant points whence reinforcements could converge upon Milan for its defence against the inevitable Austrian attempts to reconquer it. Yet, notwithstanding the vast scope of the preparations, no part of the secret leaked out. The Governor of the city, warned by some one who had scented an undefined danger, made a few investigations among the well-to-do classes; but he despised the working people too much even to suspect them. Everything on the appointed day went without a hitch until the very last moment; then it was found that Fanfulla and Assi had vanished—perhaps, at the prompting of Piolti Bianchi.

The success at the Gran Guardia, under a valiant coal-merchant, succeeded even beyond expectation. This, and the extraordinary prowess of the bands whose business had been to overpower the soldiers dispersed about the streets and cafés, threw the Austrians into veritable panic. Nothing but want of ammunition stayed the work of these indomitable insurgents.

For the full understanding of the situation it is necessary here to turn to the record made later on by Mazzini himself, who explains the failure, not by accusations of treachery, but by the continued abstention of those classes whom the people were accustomed to look to for leadership. These poor artisans had carried on the work of preparation alone without being discouraged

by the indifference of the men whose record in 1848, whose intellect and education, indicated them then, as now, as natural commanders, in the hope that once this initial labour was accomplished they would have joined in the struggle. But as the supreme moment approached, as the workers thought of the lives they so willingly risked, of the sacrifices that should have endeared them to these more educated men, and they saw themselves looked upon coldly, suspected, even reproached for staking the fate of the city on the attempt, they vacillated and dared not assume the immense responsibility of an unshared initiative. No broadcloth was, in fact, seen on the 6th February among the people. Doors and windows remained closed. Milan wore the aspect of a deserted city. One, only, of the better class had mingled in the conspiracy, Piolti Bianchi—then in close touch with Mazzini, but afterwards a deputy.

"From the moment when the labours of the people pointed indubitably to action, I had foreseen this peril," says Mazzini, "and it also appeared to me that even if the powers of the Association proved sufficient to sustain the ordeal in Milan, it was most desirable that in a struggle undertaken for the good of an entire people, all should be represented. I therefore turned to some of the educated young men who in 1848 had gathered with me round the banner of the *Italia del Popolo*. But I found them changed, sceptical, shrinking from every thought of action. They began by declaring any vast organization of the people impossible; then they fell back upon the impossibility of the secret being kept; then they expressed doubts about the choice of the hour . . . and began to argue upon the indisposition of the Lombard cities to follow the lead . . . Their minds, dwarfed by semi-scientific pedantry, by the materialism of the French school and by the miserable coldness of the *bourgeois* writers, misdoubted that uprising of the people which ought to have filled them with joy and pride for Italy."

So these men wavered; gave neither money nor arms—of which they possessed a quantity—saying they would furnish them on the *second* day. Visconti Venosta had consented to become delegate to a small directorate composed of Piolti, Fronti, Brizzi and himself; but he soon detached himself, and declaring that he must consult a military leader he sent to Giacomo Medici, then living in Genoa, who not only had nothing whatever to do with

the movement but was entirely ignorant of the resources behind it, of the plan—of everything. His reply ran: "Prevent by every means; if you do not succeed in preventing the movement, strengthen it." In accordance with this advice all was done that could be done to turn some of the leaders from the scheme. "This was the chief cause," says Mazzini, "of the undoing of the plan . . . And yet, I am certain that by this labour of spiritual self-preparation, the attempt helped forward Italy's rebirth. Signs of moral transformation in the labouring classes soon became noticeable in the Associations of working men publicly formed in Piedmont and Liguria; and were manifest in the part played by the workers elsewhere in the attempts that followed. To me, specially, came addresses, proposals, declarations of affection, at a time when there rushed over my head an almost universal tempest of reproaches and coarse calumnies. From Genoa, from Parma, from the cities of the Roman States, the *people* declared to me: You believed in us who were esteemed by all incapable of action: we thank you, and when we may we will prove to you that you were not mistaken in us. The 6th February sealed between the working people of Italy and me, that pact of love and of educative communion which has borne fruit and will bear fruit, and which comforts my last years, shortened by profound and bitter sadness, by disappointments and by the desertions of many who were to me most dear, with serenity and hope for Italy."

To Caroline. From near Milan, February 9th, 1853.

It is too true, dear, dear Caroline. It is a failure; and, spite of all the wretched opposition of the middle class, an unaccountable failure. Of an organized mass, all equally good, equally promising, equally thirsty for action, one-twentieth part only did act. What did keep all the rest? There is still a mystery which I cannot solve now. Everything being hanging on the brilliant fact, on the one point, nothing has stirred. May God prevent Bologna from acting! A movement in the Central part of Italy would lead to nothing. The two leaders had not been taken on the 7th and were in hopes of reaching me; but every hour is increasing danger for them; and I am trembling. If they reach, you shall immediately know. Aur[elio Saffi] too is in danger elsewhere; and some days will elapse before I am able to know.

My soul is bitter, as if it was saturated with absinthe. The consequences of the failure cannot be calculated by anyone just now.

At Milan, terror and executions under martial laws.

Tell Pericles what I say. I shall write to him, but not to-day.

I have received Emilie's and yours, to those of the 5th, the only drop of strengthening sweetness that I could or can ever have. Had I not your love I do not know what I would do, sick as I feel with this everlasting triumph of Evil.

Be good, careful about your health, and strong. I am feeling wretched, but am strong and loving and trusting. My love to all. I hope James is better.

Your

Jos.

An Hungarian, named Gergics, subsequently revealed all he knew of this attempt when undergoing examinations by his Austrian captors. Though his knowledge was limited, for he said he only arrived in Milan on the morning of the fatal 6th and his information had been purposely kept meagre, his account seems to bear out the statements about Piolti that were afterwards unearthed in the Bideschini papers. Gergics said that at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 6th, a small conference took place at the Ambrogio Inn, after which Piolti conducted Gergics to his appointed post close to the barracks and himself went—as he averred—to take up his own position. Where did he go? Gergics asserted that he himself waited near the barracks till nearly seven, when, no one having joined him, he essayed to reach his lodging. This proving too dangerous, he sought refuge with the wife, sister and daughter of Scipione Pistrucci. Here he found the military leader, Brizzi, having his hair cut to alter his appearance. The recital of Gergics affords additional proof of Kossuth's accord with Mazzini *before* the failure, for Gergics stated that he received through Pistrucci a paper from Kossuth himself, authorizing his participation in the conspiracy. This authorization was dated from London January 1st, 1853. It will be remembered that Mazzini left London on the 2nd, after an interview in which he had made all arrangements with Kossuth.

Bologna, as already stated, did not rise. Saffi, who was being searched for everywhere, remained there, eluding the police, from the 6th to the 15th. On and after the 9th rumours of failure reached him, and on the night of the 15th he and two others contrived to get away in a cabriolet. The baffled authorities sentenced them to twenty years' imprisonment should they be taken

and revenged themselves on the citizens with bastinadoes and many executions. Saffi and his companions somehow crossed the Apennines and found refuge in a country house at Sarzana, then, with the assistance of the friends there, got to Spezia, where they embarked for Genoa—wearing caps of the National Guard. At Genoa Saffi stayed with Ernesto Pareto, who got him a passport so that he was able to embark for Marseilles. But knowing that by that time Mazzini had reached the lonely little house of Susannah Tancione on the outskirts of Geneva, he managed to go to him before embarking for England.

To Emilie. From Italy, February 10th, 1853.

To-day I have nothing from London. All is lost for a while. The plan was betrayed to the Government on the very day, or the night before. It was enough to prevent all surprises on the citadel, etc. There has been, however, on the side of our men, a fundamental error, that of never foreseeing and preparing a "plan de resérve." They did not retreat, and the most daring went into action trying to take the "Castello" with daggers only. Those who acted have been heroic ; but only a few acted.

The leaders are still free, but in danger. The gates are shut : none can go out without a special permission.

The enclosed is for Kossuth, but you can give it to Pericles.

I am well : the dangers, or rather the annoyances, are beginning now for me. A Federal Commissary is sent here ; and of course will try to find me out. But do not trouble yourself about that. Only, you ought not to answer this before you hear again from me. I might have to change sojourn. Of course, I must stop in Switzerland.

Your affection, that of all of you, is my only comfort in these wretched moments. Love to all. Your

Jos.

To Caroline, February 11th, 1853. From the Italian frontier. Seems somewhere in Tessin. From a copy by Caroline.

One word again to-day, dear Caroline. It seems the only sweet thing in life. Writing a word to you, to Emilie, to all your loving and loved circle is just, for me, as the sinking of a sorrowful child on the bosom of his mother. Do not mistake me, dear, I am neither desponding nor cowardly sad. I grieve for the thing itself which, although very few will ever believe or understand, has been so near to its accomplishment. Twenty-four hours of resistance at Milan would have been everything : the kindling of a universal fire throughout Italy ; and twenty-four hours of

resistance have been depending on such trifling circumstances. You shall know all at a later period, and see that I was neither mad nor dreaming as all Italy believes at the present moment. As to me, individually, unable as I am to explain and to reveal things, I am, for the directing *active* rôle, lost. So I shall resign at once, dissolve the National Committee, give all powers, etc., to the Central Direction in Rome, and withdraw. I shall be, of course, in contact with Rome; then, the link between Italian Democracy. I shall write to my countrymen what I believe to be the truth without all those tactics which were commanded by my organizing for action. Action, too, I shall dream of; for I must end with my Italian cockade on my breast, and not from an attack of palsy on books and papers; but it shall be a separate independent sort of affair, left to my own almost individual activity. Of all this we shall talk; not now. Two months at least will be necessary for the reorganizing of all elements under Rome; and this *must* be accomplished from this place—country, I mean. Here, where I am, I cannot possibly stop beyond three or four days. My next will tell you where to write; but I know nothing about myself at the present moment. Why did you dine all together on Thursday last? Was it a *jour de fête* for somebody?

Of the meeting I trust I shall see an account in the *Daily News*, or some other paper sent, to-morrow.

Tell Emilie to keep Belcredi in London as much as she can now. Let him be useful at least to her. They kill at Milan. The most important men are safe, but still in danger [safe for the moment].

Blessings and affection on you all from

Your

Jos.

It is truly pathetic, in the light of what is now known, to think of Mazzini basing hope and plans of reorganization upon Rome, where "my man," Petroni, was supposed by him to be the secretary and loyal representative of a strong, if small nucleus. The nucleus was, in truth, a phantom. Poor Petroni! His life at this moment, all unsuspected by Mazzini, was a veritable imprisonment, his voice stifled and his pen enslaved.

The Central Direction in Rome had, since the end of 1849, existed in name only. A conspiracy as insidious as it was mischievous, inspired by Cardinal Antonelli, was gradually but steadily turning the eyes of the people towards France, depicting the mirage of a great socialistic revolution to come there which would transfer the riches of the rich to the pockets of the poor.

At the same time as these immoral aspirations were being aroused in the illiterate poor, all sorts of nefarious plans were being put forward among the more educated classes, endorsed with the name of Mazzini. The political intrigues of the period would take too long to disentangle here. Suffice to say that it suited Louis Napoleon and a faction in France to advocate a system for Italy—should she achieve freedom from Austria—which would divest her of all power of initiative by dividing her into small States dependent upon France, or at the mercy of the Pontificate. Michel de Bourges, who was instrumental in lifting Louis Napoleon to an Imperial throne, Cernuschi, who had proposed ceasing the defence of Rome, and who had defeated Mazzini's proposal to continue the war outside, raised, along with G. Ferrari, the Neo-Latin banner, which meant for Italy, Federalism. These men put forth their utmost exertions to defeat Mazzini's conception of a United Italy, and their machinations played perfectly into the hands of the astute Cardinal. They did not scruple—as already mentioned—to accuse the great Republican of turning Royalist because he was willing to aid monarchy to unify Italy, should monarchy accept the task. But after the Milan failure there was literally no limit to the aspersions and accusations hurled at him.

About half-way through 1851, the treacherous "Mazzinian" committee in Rome, believing its sinister preparations sufficiently advanced, decreed its own dissolution; then the men who had composed it represented to Mazzini's friend, Petroni, that in order to exert a more potent influence on the people, as well as for reasons of safety, he should run a secret Association. All unsuspecting, he fell into the trap, and, although some correspondence quickly came into his hands that revealed the nature of the situation in which he had placed himself, he saw with consternation that he was powerless to move. "The agents surrounding me," he says, "were my personal custodians." Guilty in the eyes of the Government through his own fault in having hidden himself, he could not leave Rome, for the means that would have enabled him to do so secretly were not in his hands. Helpless, he remained, "God alone knows with what distrust." The distrust grew. Brief examples will serve to show its reason. The agents who had mastered him required of him to affiliate thieves to the Association, in order that on the day of insurrection

the Vatican should be given over to their mercy. In spite of all Petroni's efforts to prevent this vile step, thieves were affiliated, and ostensibly by him, as he came afterwards to know. It was proposed to him among other things to issue false money for the benefit of the Association. Quite unknown to him a massacre was arranged by the plotters, in the name of the Central Direction, to take place in the Carnival of 1852; but this was discovered in time to circumvent it. In the face of these and similar machinations Petroni, fettered in every way, remained helpless. The wrong he committed, perhaps from a false hope that things might yet come right, lay in his entire concealment of the facts of the situation from Mazzini, and in carrying on with him a wholly deceptive correspondence—a wrong which he expiated, when the jaws of the trap presently closed upon him, by seventeen years' imprisonment. Not until after his release did his long-suffering, forgiving chief, know the truth.

To Emilie. Seems from same place as the last, February 12th, 1853.

I have your lines of the 8th, dear Emilie; good and dear as ever. Nothing new, alas, to tell you. We are surrounded here by Austrians at the frontiers, and forbidden all news. The railway from Monza to Como is in the hands of the military. No man allowed to cross the frontier. I am shut in a room, watched, looked for; and with difficult communications even with the town; still, obliged to remain, until all is decidedly at an end. The watchword having gone through many points, though they were to await for the sign which has proved [the attempt] a failure, it might be that some point has acted. From Central Italy I cannot receive positive news before to-morrow. It would be deplorable *now*; still, of course, should something take place, I would try my best to help. I hope I shall be able to give an address to-morrow evening, when I shall have settled something with—myself.

A column of ours has been arrested by Piedmontese forces whilst crossing the frontier for Pavia: the young Hungarian officer Türr, whom you have or Caroline has seen, being one of them. Here the Tessin Government, daring through terror, have been arresting some of our Hungarians. The league against us is complete.

Still, after all, a great teaching is given: the "guerra al coltello," daggers against cannons; and by the *people*. It will not be fruitless, depend upon me: it shall be, soon or late, renewed. . . .

To Caroline. From Switzerland, February 13th, 1853. From a copy by Caroline.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I am obliged to leave, and I am so sorry at my journeying without a single line of yours which I hoped for to-day. Starting by night and going through cold and snow, without having, the very day, the warming comfort of a line from Bellevue, leaves me a perennial dreamer, as if I was an outcast, a sort of wandering, accursed Cain. Never mind; I shall think of yourself and all in the best mood possible. The letters, if any there are, coming to-morrow, will reach me on my way. Write, until I give new directions, which I cannot now, to M^r^ G. B. Passerini, Zürich, *pour l'ami*, under cover. I have no news: all is grey and sad and silent. Do not despise your poor friend for his not having succeeded. You will know everything one day: until then let everybody, every friend, I mean, suspend his judgment. Take, all of you, care of your health for your sake and mine. I feel uneasy, too, about your mother, who was not well when last you wrote. Love and blessings from your

JOSEPH.

After the first letter to Zürich, write to Madame Sophie Hohenemzer, Villa Brandt, aux Pacquis, Genève, and alternate. Do not be astonished at my giving you two far distant addresses. I shall certainly be between the two, and with the loss of one day I shall receive them. Tell Pericles to not write oftener than wanted. For the present he may give yourself or Emilie his own thin notes. Let him have at all events the two addresses. Of course the same addition, "pour l'ami" must be under cover for the second address.

To Emilie. From somewhere in Switzerland, February 16th, 1853.

I have your note of the 10th, dear; dreadfully painful to me who am like a dead man rising from his grave to read a glowing page of life, still, good and strengthening. What a deception [blow, disappointment] for you too, who feel so much for me and for Italy! What a falling back for all that is dear! And what reactionary feelings must arise in the hearts of all our friends! Better now not to speak of this.

I have crossed the Alps, the St. Bernadino with all the elements raging on me, a whole day in open traineau—for the Diligence could not pass—under snow, wind, cold, and all physical evils possible; my horse rolling twice in the ocean of snow until I really began to think that we would not reach the summit and I would have to send you my last farewell from there. I could not

help dreaming of Cain, thrown away from the terrestrial Paradise, the wrath of God threatening after him, the accursed. I too, accursed now by all, by all those especially who have ruined the scheme through their ill-will; but this I scorn. The *Thing* itself is preying on me. The occasion lost; the series of operations which were depending on the first fact, vanished; my best men persecuted here, in Piedmont, and everywhere; all our arms seized in Piedmont and at Poschiavo in Switzerland; the leaders still in danger; the heroic working men of Milan baffled, persecuted, imprisoned, and worse; all the party in a débâcle, and through the absolute impossibility of explaining my own schemes and resources without betraying, cancelling all my influence and credit, and by that the unity of the Party.

I am looked for here, in Switzerland, by the cowardly Governments anxious to give every satisfaction possible to Austria; I am bound somewhere and trying to reach. I suppose I shall. Keep quiet and calm; and especially let no friendly impulse lead anybody to stir. It would be useless and damaging. I cannot come now. I must try to reorganize; to fight against absolute anarchy and despair, and I cannot be helped except by myself. At a later period I may want somebody, and then I shall not hesitate to say so. But now make an effort too. Take care of your own health. Bid all the others to do so; and love and trust. That is what you can and must do for me.

I am sorry that the proclamations have been printed. It will do mischief with Kossuth and it could be the last blow. I trust that Haug [a Viennese exile] received the bad news in time. Should Belcredi leave England, ask him to go through Geneva. There he would find Scipione * who really wants a good advice for his asthma, or what it is. He is very poorly.

I shall not be able to write now before three days. So do not be uneasy at my silence. . . .

Blessings on you and all; and never mind; spite of all Italy must be free. There is such a beautiful vital sap in the hearts of our people that nothing can prevent it from blooming into life. What I cannot achieve, others will. Your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, February 20th, 1853.

I write a few words, dear Emilie, merely to let you and all know that I am well. More than this I could not say: this wandering of mine deprives me for the present of every information I wish for. I have neither papers nor letters. I know nothing of S[affi], nothing of the Milanese leaders. All this dreadful state of

* Scipione Pistrucci suffered imprisonment in Alessandria before the year was out.

uncertainty will, however, very soon cease; correspondencies must be following me from different points. You know that in Piedmont they have been grasping eagerly the occasion of getting rid of the best part of the emigration; one hundred and twenty, I think, are to be driven away; the rest *internè*. I fear for Q[uadrio] who was living in Genoa in concealment,* and for Medici. Medici has been, throughout all this, acting badly; he and his military colleagues are, in fact, for the two-thirds the cause of our failure, but this will not prevent the Government from persecuting them. Maestri himself, they say, has received an order of leaving. I long to explain the causes of the failure, but some are, as yet, unknown to myself. The man I had sent as a Commissioner in Milan [Eugenio Brizzi] and who had been behaving wonderfully until the day came, has certainly great and decisive faults to reproach himself with: he threw down [staked] the whole affair on one single card: and he felt so sure of succeeding that he had no plan for the case of a failure of the original scheme. But the main cause has been the fatal dissent of the middle class; the guilty behaviour of our best republicans belonging to that class. They denied to the last that the "people" could or would initiate. They kept aloof. Had there been fifty men of their nucleus ready to lead, even with all the *coups de surprise* failing, the initiative would have changed itself in a regular war of barricades, and twenty-four hours of such a war would have caused all the towns of Lombardy to move; and the Lombard movement was the Italian movement. I could, after the Milanese failure, have caused the Centre to stir, but what is the Centre without Rome? The movement would have been unavoidably crushed after a fortnight; and I thought it was better that *I* should be crushed. For crushed I am. Opposition, people, those who acted and those who did not act, will happily [gladly] lay all the responsibility on my shoulders. The leaders and their faults are and will remain, unknown: they are nothing to Italy; and I must be the scape-goat on which all the faults of Israel will be heaped with a curse. All this is very little to me: but the unity of the party will be broken, and yield to something like French Anarchy, unless a strong effort is made towards a speedy reorganization under a different Centre: it is this that keeps me here for a while. Were

* "In the year 1880, when Mr. Shaen attended the Congress of the British and Continental Federation at Genoa, he and other members of that Congress were conducted by he Italian members to see a tiny underground room in the house of a working man, wherein Maurizio Quadrio . . . had dwelt concealed for years, plotting freedom at the risk of his life, and superintending the issue of Mazzini's and other revolutionary writings by the clandestine press. All who went upon that pilgrimage were deeply moved; none more so than Mr. Shaen, who, on leaving the cell in which this work of silent sacrifice had been carried on, said that he felt as if he had gazed upon a martyr's t(mb."—From *Memoir of William Shaen*.

it not for this, I would fly to my only harbour for grief and joy, Bellevue. I must try to regularize my own political suicide and to ensure the safe inheritance of all my power to Rome. All my web of correspondencies is actually broken and I must find out new ways and means. This will require a few weeks; six, seven, eight at the most. Then I shall find my way back to you. The difficulty lies now in my getting these weeks without additional troubles.

Your last was of the 10th. How wretched and deluded you all must have felt since! I hope I shall receive something from you to-morrow. Tell me all you know of Kossuth? Has he written anything on the papers? It would be very wrong in him, but I fear he will persist and break our alliance. The affair between us stands thus. His proclamation was written during the last month of his sojourn at Kutayah, and sent to me, under his own signature, for our Party to use it whenever the time for action would come. We never spoke about it any more. But a copy was deposited, since then, in the hands of some men of mine in Lombardy; and when action was decided upon, they asked me if they could print it: I answered in the affirmative. And they did print it, at Genoa. Make use of this explanation. Pericles has the original in his hands.

Give me news of your health and of all that is dear to me. Do not believe me to be cold on account of these dry letters of mine. I have never loved so much as now. But if there has ever been a time for trust, it is this. Every feeling within me is powerful in proportion of its being centred to the heart, and compressed there. But to *speak* love whilst so many noble hopes for the millions have been vanishing, and so many noble lives are still in danger, is entirely impossible. Blessings on you all, who are a blessing of every hour on me. Your

Jos.

I receive now one of Pericles; not a line of yours; but I am not astonished at it. Other letters tell me of Kossuth's protestations. Read the lines I write and have them inserted somewhere. This universal storm raging on all sides from people who would have boasted active fraternal work, had we been successful, makes my blood boil. Pericles will tell you about me and my wanderings.

Unfortunately for his own reputation, Kossuth did write to the papers. The first news that reached London of the insurrection seemed so favourable that he went round to James Stansfeld to ask for a loan of money to take him to Italy. The next

morning brought intelligence of the failure; and, instead of starting for Italy, Kossuth rushed into print with the statement that the proclamation [calling upon all Hungarian soldiers in Austria's employ to rally to the insurrection] was purely and simply an invention of Mazzini's. On being informed of this Mazzini wrote a few lines to the *Daily News* saying that the original proclamation was still in his hands and could be seen by anybody who cared to do so. Although this satisfied England, the Italian Governmental press continued for a long period to accuse Mazzini of forgery, using Kossuth's name in support of the charge.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, February 22nd, 1853.

I have your letters of the 14th—and of the 19th: God bless you for them, dear Emilie; they are doing me a world of good in everything they say. And God bless you all who love me so dearly, sometimes, I think, undeservedly; and this is the only bitter thought that creeps within me now, after this lamentable occurrence. Still, you do love my heart; and the heart is good and loving. I am glad of what you say of the English feeling about all this. The system of terror displayed by Austria must go on to show that the danger has been felt; and that this new element—new as an initiating power—of the working man, of the *people*, coming down so suddenly on the arena, is not to be trifled with. I have reports from Milan: the middle class is dejected; the people, bold and threatening, spite of the hundreds of arrests and of the executions. This sad, very sad failure, will still not be, I trust, without results for the revolutionary education of the Italians. As for myself, individually, it does not matter. The affair of Kossuth is very sad; our keeping together was of a supreme importance. He is acting badly. Speaking jesuitically to an intolerable extent. The "perhaps expressions written now and then," whilst he knows that the whole proclamation is in our hands, is strange. The declaring that he has never written a proclamation on English soil, when he landed, etc., whilst he knows that during his first sojourn in England, he wrote and signed with me a proclamation of which I gave you a copy, is a substituting the dead letter to the sense of our course of action, which makes me fancy that he was in fear of being persecuted [prosecuted?] in England on account of the proclamation. I sent to you yesterday a few lines [for publication] on the subject: they will do as far as I remember them. I hope the matter will end thus; everybody being at liberty to judge as he likes. Should there be any polemics to be kept on, the three principal things to

be adhered to are these: 1st. The whole proclamation is his own individual thing. 2nd. It was given for the case of an Italian insurrectionary movement. 3rd. The Italians alone were and are the judges of the moment. I said the truth to him and to others. He had the right of doing the same; but not more. As for the rest, he damages me and us, but more himself, and even with the Hungarians.

Kossuth was so much recognizing a short while ago that we were the best, the only arbiters in the matter, that he sent to me in Lugano, and I sent to Milan, through a Hungarian, an order to the Hungarians to recognize as his own agent the Italian who would show himself in the possession of the autograph power. This I had asked him to send to me for my own Commissary there. The man is living, but not yet safe. The power was, however, seen before its being sent, by Scipione who is in Switzerland and free.

There was hesitation in the decision until a few days before the fact. There was no time for my writing to him, his writing a new proclamation which he, no doubt, would have done, its reaching us, our printing it secretly, etc. The Proclamation was already in their hands, and it was printed at Genoa; from there sent to Milan. I did not mention any of these things in my short note of yesterday; and I shall not now that I have his protest, because I want, for the good of the cause, the matter to drop as soon as possible. But in case of an unavoidable discussion, this may be stated; and that the power was sent to me, when Kossuth knew perfectly what we were about; since the conversation we had before my leaving in which I told him that I was obliged to go on account of an impending movement.

Another thing; whilst he prints that the proclamation is perhaps a mosaic, etc., he states to his agent Teleki at Genoa, in a letter, that the proclamation is an old one, and just all that I do state and he could fairly state himself, saving himself and not losing us.

But enough of this. I feel impatient of any individual concern. . . .

To Kossuth. From a copy by Emilie. February 23rd, 1853.

I regret exceedingly, as much for your sake as for ours, what you have just done. You have sacrificed to the Lances of a newspaper something of real importance, the necessity for public accord. You have rendered, without intending it, a great service to Austria by your proclamation to the Hungarians. You have thrown upon us, who have only one wish at heart and who are not in the least troubled by the outcries of journalism, the suspicion, not of indelicacy or precipitation but of falsification.

Far away, knowing nothing of the causes of the failure, nor of its effects—which are much less disastrous than you seem to believe—you have bowed to men who are only familiar with minor diplomacies and who know nothing either of your mission or of our own.

Even had you wished to break silence your only right course would have been to say what I did, that the "proclamation was an old one. That it was published when I could not judge of the circumstances: had I been free I could have judged them: I ought to have been consulted: and I should have said 'no.'" You would thus have saved yourself from any possible hurt without branding good, energetic men who would have been acclaimed as heroes had they succeeded, and who only failed through unforeseen circumstances. But to speak of a "mosaic," to deny from top to bottom the thing which I hold in my hands, is something which I cannot understand.

My line of conduct towards my compatriots is the opposite one; and I can assure you it will not injure me. I wrote a few words to the Italian papers declaring that I assumed full responsibility for the Proclamation to the National Committee; that I am proud of it and that I shall very shortly explain my motives to the people. This I shall do, and you can rest assured that I shall lose nothing by it.

I have had to write a few words in reply [to you] and I have made them as moderate as possible; but it is well known that the National party would not have printed such a thing [as the original proclamation] had they not received it from me: and I cannot rest under an accusation of forgery.

If you really love the Cause above everything else—if you can catch a glimpse of the real results of the attempt—if you consider the future, and the supreme necessity of our union—listen to my voice: let us leave it at that. People will forget. And we shall find ourselves firm and strong to act. *That* is our aim; there lies our duty. The rest is but smoke and shadow.

You have mistaken the sense of my words "you were right," etc. I spoke of the actual fact. Given the avoidance of a few avoidable faults committed, and given a few more precautions, I should not hesitate, if our machinery were still intact, to do the thing over again.

Yours, JOSEPH MAZZINI.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, February 24th, 1853.

DEAR EMILIE,

. . . This Kossuth affair annoys me very much; his proclamation to the Hungarians especially. I shall not say now

one word more to him or to others on the subject. But should all intercourse be broken, as I fear the case will be, between us, it will do equal harm to him and to us. He cannot dream of Hungary except through Italy, nor of making a revolution in Italy himself, choosing, as he says, his own time. Tell me all that he does or writes.

It is snowing and has been. In fact, an immense *linceuil* of snow is covering Switzerland. It is quite indifferent to me; not so to poor Scipione who is with me, physically broken down by cough, and asthma, whom I feared to lose on the Alps so unequal he seemed to the labour of crossing and who has come out of it trembling, delicate and downwards bent like a willow. His *main* complaint now is real asthma, shortness of breath: if he is sitting or at rest, he looks and feels well: as soon as he moves he is ill: loses breath, is obliged to stop every now and then; and a sort of whistling produces itself in his throat. Will you be so good as to say all this to Belcredi; and ask him if he has any advice to send. Tell Caroline to not send the *Leader* any more to Dall'Ongaro; he has been sent away from the Canton, innocent, poor man, as ever one was: he knew nothing of what was about being done. But if she can go on disposing of it she ought to send it to Antonio Burlando, Geneva. There it will be useful; and it will in the end come to me. I am wearing your green *surtout*, which is very warm and comfortable. Thanks for the L. R. [letter from Ledru Rollin] whom I shall answer. Has Pericles sunk in everlasting silence? Who is the "chevalier errant" of Kossuth? He is quite unknown to me. I am trying to write what I must, but I have not yet succeeded in penning out the first few lines. I feel in that state of blessed emptiness which borders idiocy; and would feel much obliged to anyone who would lend me at least a beginning. Your letters, dear Emilie, are like the oil of the Samaritan; mine are dry as parchment, but under the icy surface the stream runs warm as ever; and with a little time, the surface too will break. Blessings on you all from your

Jos.

To Caroline. From Switzerland, February 28th, 1853. From a copy by Caroline.

All the letters from Bellevue have come to me, dear Caroline, like doves from the ark, through this ocean of snow now surrounding me on every side. Never have I seen so much snow in my life—it snows since one week. Saffi is safe. He was running a great deal of danger where he was, and I am very glad that he has succeeded in finding his way back. Quadrio too, who was in Genoa, and in danger of being arrested by the Piedmontese

Government, is safely out. Of my own Commissioner and his friends in Lombardy, I know nothing yet, strange to say: they are not taken but must keep concealed, there being plenty of difficulties for anyone to get out. The Proclamation of Kossuth is very unfavourably received by such as Klapka—whom, by the bye, I found very good and ready when I called him—Teleki, his former envoyé in Paris and London, and others. There are symptoms of reaction against him in the emigration which may carry them far. They have conveyed to me the expression of their regrets and asked for suggestions, which I gave, telling them not to show themselves hostile to Kossuth, but to work independently in Hungary and keep closely allied to us.

Do not mistake me, dear; and let Emilie not mistake me in my actual mood. I am not plunged into childish despair or discouragement. But I am as one "whose occupation is gone." The failure of the attempt is sad enough; but it would raise up my spirits to a more active and fiercer contest; the cause—not the incidental one, but the superior one of the failure is the worst. My own ruling idea throughout life has been not the Italian *revolution*, but the Italian initiative; and do not smile at this, dear Caroline: it is not a feeling of mere pride, it is in my brain connected with the whole of my historical social European belief, too long and complex for being now explained. To *that* I have been continuously directing, as far as I could, the Italian education. Since the *coup d'état*, [December 2nd, 1851] I saw the possibility wonderfully increased, and all my working was accordingly framed. Everything I did, both individually and through the European Committee, has been rather successfully tending to pave the way to the emancipation from a fixed local initiative, and to establish the fact that, whatever the place from which the signal would rise should be, it would be followed: it was Europe substituted to France, the Alliance substituted to monarchy. I felt and feel perfectly convinced that the rising of Italy was the rising of Europe. And I felt and feel convinced that the rising of Italy is a comparatively easy fact, the idea having now reached the multitudes. It is bitter to find them counteracted by my own best friends, by the very men whom I thought to have conquered [attained to] the consciousness of Italian strength in Venice, in Rome, and elsewhere; by such men as Medici and all our military men, by such men as Maestri, Bertani and all the enlightened men who, before I reached the *logical consequences* of all my doing, action, were at work with me. Now, these men, who despising France in their heart, are still unconsciously crouching before her initiative, cannot be changed: they are too mediocre in intellect. Without them the people, the working-men, cannot successfully act, unless I had a gigantic means in my

hands; and I shall not have, for a long while, a single individual from whom I can ask pecuniary sacrifices. I am therefore *annulla:* aimless, powerless. Write, you will say. For whom? The people cannot read except in the living book of action: the sceptical will not read with their soul. Besides, I think I *cannot* write any more . . . But never mind me! . . .

To Emilie. From Switzerland, March 2nd, 1853.

DEAR EMILIE,

I have your letter. Will you be so good as to date always? I did not expect one to-day, and it is, consequently, doubly dear.

I hope you have given the letter for the Kossuth affair to the Press. It contains the mere truth and I have nothing to add. . . . It is a mere duty to tell you that after the fall of the Milanese attempt I received a short note from Sirtori, breathing goodness and love, and saying that he hoped I had forgiven him for his past conduct towards me. I mention it for his own sake and because I know it will please you . . .

Have my warm and loving blessing. Your

Jos.

Do the English press translate all the Austrian proclamations which you see in the *Italia e* Popolo*? Do they comment upon them? If you read them attentively you will find not only strange cruelties but strange terrors, worthy being noticed. The proclamation of Radetzky from Verona with the date of the 11th February ought to have been reproduced everywhere. It avows that *all* the population, a few excepted, are adverse to Austria. Did you see it? This following up the proclamations ought to be the work of yourself, Caroline, Matilda, etc. Something could always be done with them either for the *Leader* or for the provincial press.

To Caroline. March 5th, 1853. From a copy by her.

I wrote, dear Caroline, a few lines yesterday to Pericles. . . . But now will you be so good as to scold somebody, I do not know whom, for the delay in publishing my few lines to Kossuth. Emilie told me that they were kept back for two days; it was, I think, the 21st, and on the 26th they had not appeared. I cannot, before my countrymen especially, accept so quietly an accusation of forgery. I have published a short letter in the *Italia e Popolo* on the subject; and I fear some English paper will translate it whilst I prepared the other for England. I cannot understand the cause of the delay. Did you disapprove of it all?

* The title of the paper changed from *Italia del Popolo*.

I cannot, of course, imagine that the papers refused it; moreover, the last private letter which I wrote to Kossuth and about which having been given [to him] not a word is said by Emilie or you or Pericles, alludes to the other one. I trust it will have appeared by this time. . . .

I have seen in a French paper the articles of the *Times* concerning Mr. Smith, and although it speaks of my "striking" face in rather a flattering way, the hint given to the Continental polices about the possibility of catching me, is rather too broad. . . .

Take care of yourself; kiss the darling, unconscious, ungrateful baby for the absent friend. Were you already obliged to change nurse? Give me again, the first time you write, a little insight into the household. Think and speak of me with your beloved Mamma. Your

Jos.

To James. From Switzerland, March 9th, 1853. From a copy by Caroline.

What have you done, dear James, with the tract *The Martyrdom of the Italian Nation*? Did or does Filopanti translate it? Does it not strike you that such a publication is the best answer to all those who wonder at our plunging into action, seemingly with few chances? Prove the insufferable, abnormal state in which we are living or dying; every abnormal attempt towards a better state is explained. Let me insist then on this tract. I am rather differing with you about the necessity of re-shaping it, of making it readable. Such a tract is not to be read, but looked at. It is a churchyard. The purchaser must read the few lines that I would send as a preface, with my name: then peruse the first three pages, then seeing that all the following pages look precisely alike, throw the pamphlet away in disgust. The last page would contain a recapitulation. But whatever the shape be, let it appear, and let everybody exert himself and make it known to the press and through the press. I think I would do something with it for Italy could the MS. be kept and sent after the English one is printed.

The Petition! That too, if you could manage to have a discussion raised, would have its importance.

I hear of the young Craufurd having been thrown out of Tuscany.

Why are you coughing? It is clear that I must come back to England. I hear that baby is flourishing. God bless him, and you all.

Your deeply attached friend,

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, March 9th, 1853.

Once more, dear Emilie, a few words about Medici. After the letters I wrote to him, every suspicion in him, as far as affection was concerned, is decidedly wrong. But, politically speaking, he and his friends have been the main cause of the failure. All that I could do to persuade them of the earnest dispositions of the popular classes, and of the impossibility of preventing an outbreak, was useless. They persisted in denying that the people would act; they persisted in not only keeping neutral, but spreading everywhere distrust, scepticism, and bitter blame. A meeting of the most important young men in Milan were only awaiting for a word from them, they refused it. And the action of that nucleus would have proved decisive: the bourgeoisie would have followed their own, Milan was [would have been] ours; and with Milan, all the rest. Should those men say: "we did not like you or your plan—we shall do better," I would forgive, forget and serve them. But they have made a shameful theory of dissent from action. They, the brave and able, the men who have seen Venice resist during 17 months, and an open town like Rome hold out for two months against 30,000 French soldiers, they maintain, in the face of the bulk of the people whom we have succeeded in making ours, that we cannot get rid, are not to try to get rid of 100,000 Austrian soldiers. They know, they see that the Hungarians [the Hungarian regiments in Lombardy] are ours, and it is not enough for them. They want France, they want half Europe stirring before. It is a moral cowardice to not be forgiven, to men especially who pretend to admire and love me—for what? I have done nothing throughout life but preaching the very thing they applauded on condition that it should remain a vain theory. So there is an abyss between me and them. Rome will go on organizing. And I have written there that conquering, persuading, transforming them, would be of the utmost importance, that they all are brave, mistaken men, and so forth. That was my duty. But as to me personally, there is an end of my intercourse with him and them.

10.

Another thing. Your delicate and loving thought concerning my mother's house has failed.* I think Bertani, though, having received the money from London, does not want to sign himself the Agreement. The landlord having insisted with my agent there, has been left free, and, consequently, something has been settled by this time concerning the furniture: this according to my

* His English friends were attempting to purchase for him his mother's house and furniture.—E. A. V.

old instructions, which were to reserve a few things for me, to give a few for an individual charitable purpose, and to give all the rest to the Committee for the Exiles. I feel sure that I am right and that my mother would not disapprove. But without the furniture the house is nothing. And you ought to withdraw money and all from Bertani. Deep gratefulness for the *thought* is living in my heart; but the thing itself would be useless. I shall never live in my mother's house again. Besides, as once I told you, my feelings do not frame themselves exactly in the same manner. I could not sleep, study, enjoy, talk useless or convivial talking near the room of my mother: plenty of things would take place there which would look to me desecration. These feelings cannot be explained in words, but they are mine; and I mention them merely to diminish in you the feeling of the disappointment. Spiritually, my mother is living within my heart; materially, the only spot I would and will kneel upon is the spot where she is buried. And I believe that my best course towards her is to do good through her. Conclude at once with Bertani and let there be an end of his talking, suggesting, proposing. I do not like the man enough for that; nor for his being your intermediate in this affair. There is such a distance between your souls! You do really love me and my mother; he, whatever he may deceive himself about, loves neither.

I wanted to send this to-day; but your last letter and the last from Caroline, was of the 28th. To-day is the 10th; and your silence is growing rather long. I shall await till to-morrow, when I trust I will receive a letter and add to this an answering word. I know from the Italian papers that the few lines to Kossuth have been printed: why without a date? On this want of date the *Opinione* has been building up I do not know what dark hypothesis. I hear too, confusedly, of some new answer or declaration from Kossuth: what is it? Do you ever see Ledru [Rollin] now that the portrait is finished?

I am undergoing all the consequences of my wanderings, and of my having unavoidably things done through intermediaries. I must give you an instance which has made me frantic. I want both for public and for individual matters, letters from Milan. The difficulties of corresponding have now considerably increased. I found, at last, safe means through which letters would be conveyed from Milan to Lugano: from there a friend was to dispatch them from me. Still, the letters were to be partly written in invisible words. I have been awaiting all this time, anxious about friends in danger, etc. Two letters came the other day: insignificant in their open meaning. I applied the chemical agent, and found only this, "look at the third page." Both the two third pages, apparently white, had been torn [off] by the intermediate

friend for the sake of diminishing the bulk of the parcel! I have now to await during ten days at least for having the lost part of the letter repeated. From Rome I have not one word since the 6th of February.

Did you see the new victims at Mantua? And the condemnations to prison? Finzi is one of the two young men who went once to William: the tallest; and he must remember him.

II.

At last—I receive just now—all together—your letters and Caroline's and Pericles' and all the rest and two half-notes and the *Leader* and one *Daily News*—of—from the 4th to the 7th: why delayed some of them I don't know; one evidently still delayed with the other half-notes; but it will come to-morrow. And now that I have all this here, and feel quiet about you all, I do not care much about the delay: it is past. It is too late for me to answer now. I shall within two days. I would before, but I *must* be prudent and not write every day. There is a great deal of fuss made just now by polices, embassies and governments about fulfilling the advice given them by the *Times*—taking me. They will not, however.

All that you say about Kossuth is right; so what you say about Medici. About the second, you must understand me. It is *politically* that I do react against him; not personally; and personally, I shall have contact with him whenever occasion suggests . . .

With hasty but warm blessings,

Your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, March 17th, 1853.

I write very laconically, again, dear Emilie, but it is owing to some good thing; that is to the safe escape from Milan of the man who risked the most and whom I valued the most there. He was all this time concealed, but in continuous danger, and I was fearing very much that he would be detected. He is safe now and near me. The details which he alone could give, have kept me absorbed all the day, and I have scarcely any time left for writing. Perhaps I shall post only to-morrow. I cannot enter into details about the Milanese affair: there have been faults in the working classes too; but the main cause of the failure rests with the middle class, now partly repentant, only too late. They have been themselves struck by the conviction of what could have been done, if they only had lent a hand: they have seen how the scheme was organized and how the Austrians have been and are

struck by terror with the feeling of the unseen dangers which are surrounding them. The scheme itself, though still unknown to the enemy, cannot be realized any more, through changes and measures instinctively adopted. But all the elements are safe. The rage and the boldness of the people have increased, and upon the whole the *moral* results are favourable. I must add that Medici is now behaving better and reconciled to the active party. Only, for the present, all these *revirements* come too late. You and Caroline must not misunderstand me when I speak discomforted words. Italy is not concerned; only my *actual* party is; I can do no good. As for the good which I have done and which you both, of course, are exaggerating, it is nothing to me individually speaking. I feel that had I been supported by those who had promised once to support, I could have done much more and that is enough for me to feel gloomy and discontented partly with those I loved and esteemed, partly with myself who have or has not succeeded in convincing them. That's all . . .

In the following letter to Emilie, dated April 2nd, 1853, he says that an *élève* of Calamatta, the engraver, has stolen a copy of the engraving of the portrait of him which Emilie had painted for his mother, and that all the European police have obtained a reproduction of it.

"One was shown days ago by the Bruxelles Director of Police to a Parisian traveller who was believed to know me, and he was asked if it was like.

"Whether Montecchi is a party to it or not, there is in Rome a betrayal in the high spheres of the Association, which, if carried, is a way to the anarchy which he contrived hitherto to keep away from our ranks—and a shame on Rome. Fancy Rome—that is a Roman Association, concealing the republican banner! Some men there tried to revolt the party against me: they did not succeed; and now they are speaking of inviting me to enter a new National Committee where all the *nuances* would be represented. I have written to-day that I shall never enter any such atheistical Committee nor have correspondence with men desecrating Rome. . . . Ah me! what will become of my poor Italy?"

To Emilie. From Switzerland, April 6th, 1853.

I had, dear Emilie, your note of the 30–31. I think I shall have another to-day; but if not, I shall not complain. . . .

They are, meanwhile, shooting me—on a target—in Tyrol.

The Tyrolese *chasseurs* have been setting up two targets with the names of Kossuth and mine; and exercising themselves very innocently. Under Kossuth's name there was an English flag painted, and under mine—a heart! Is it not complimentary from enemies? My pamphlet will reach you, I fancy, very soon. And a copy will reach you for Matilda; and you will forward it as quick as possible. I had forgot his [Mr. Biggs'] address when I sent the order to Genoa; I have it now through your before-the-last letter. You do not speak a word about my commission concerning Lemmi. Do not forget it, and let it be an entirely joint work. I want as many letters as possible prepared. I write very calm and very good; only bothered by that Roman affair, about which I know nothing more, and which, if carried, would almost destroy a scheme of mine for action which I had contrived to sow the seeds of during these last weeks. Pazienza! Yes, I have written to Caroline Celesia, whom I shall always love on account of my mother. God bless you, dear Emilie, as I do. Your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, April 22nd, 1853.

Thank God, dear Emilie, I have yours and Caroline's. I write to her, and you will read, the wretched delay in your letters and how unhappy I felt on account of it. I am relieved and bless you for the sweet details of his visit to your bedside. [Referring to the Stansfeld baby who had been ill.] I do not think he will exhibit all his capacities to me; I think he will be antagonistic. No; I am not alarmed at his being *now* cured by a homeopathic doctor, that is by no doctor at all. Nature wanting to unfold itself and a good hygienic method through his parents' care, are all that can help him out of such troubles. Still, homeopathy is one of the sad thoughts which are almost always watching within me concerning you all; and very sadly do I think of your mother whose complaint is almost a surgical one, to be fought against almost mechanically, and which homeopathy must allow to progress. I shall write to her in my next. She has written to me such a sweet letter. I have had, since I wrote, no tidings from Rome. I am almost sure of receiving letters to-morrow; and you shall know the substance of their contents. You must tell me as soon as you receive the pamphlet. As it will be seized, I fear the copies will not reach you. As for Italy, the seizure does not matter. First of all they will only be able to seize a very few copies: the rest of them will be already scattered in different directions. Then, it will be reproduced by the clandestine press in Tuscany and elsewhere.

You must, for all that Pericles asks, exhaust the £12 in

William's hands. His responsibility will be "mise â couvert" by these lines. But it grieves me to see that five or six men cannot find work; and I feel assured, on the other side, that they might be helped by our Italians, if my Italian friends would only ask, which I know they do not. Every farthing of money going to mere relief, whilst it could be had from people who will not otherwise help the cause, is a sin against action, which we ought to devote everything to. Beyond this and some consequent complaint about my own limited financiary position, which makes it impossible for me to help out of the sphere which surrounds me wherever I go, I do not know that I have written anything. . . . Did you ever read a beautiful bold letter of the "Englishman" * about the Milan affair and Lord Aberdeen's words? I see it only translated from the French! in the *Italia e Popolo.* Did you at last get the lamp? † Do you know, of late, anything of Medici? I do firmly believe that an extensive letter-opening system is applied by your Government to letters going to Chelsea addresses, and elsewhere to letters coming to Geneva. And this will account for my silence about many things. Our letters ought to go, and *could*, in *three* days: they scarcely ever do. Take care of yourself, blessings and affection from your

Jos.

To Caroline. From a copy by her. From Switzerland, April 24th 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

Thanks and blessings for your letter of the 21st. So baby is well and you are at Hastings. There you must have found out my "sermon." ‡ It ought to have been posted in London just in time for the 19th, but something may have caused a delay. I would take it as a bad omen to me if it was lost; and dream of no possible friendly feeling from little Joseph to me in the future. So tell me that you have received it. As for my pamphlet, it is nearly problematic to myself. I have no copy. I know it is printed. There have been three police searches for the sake of seizing it before it appeared. The searches have been unsuccessful. That is all I know. But where are the copies?

* The letter was one of a series of excellent letters which appeared in an English Liberal paper, written by the late Mr. John Sale Barker, who became known to Mazzini when he returned to England.—E. A. V.

† The silver lamp which his mother had always used and which Emilie had asked her Italian friend (Signora Caroline Celesia) to buy for her. The friend had found a note to herself written by Signora Mazzini shortly before her death, saying that if her son had no objection, should she wish that lamp to be given to Emilie.—E. A. V.

‡ A short exposition, addressed to both James and Caroline Stansfeld, upon the principles to observe in the education of their son. Mazzini's ideas on this subject were those at which many are arriving to-day: that education should be the reverse of the cramming process, and that—as Germany has demonstrated—intellectual attainments, if not based on a developed morality, may be a source of evil rather than of good.

I am puzzled and annoyed by my Roman affairs and by the two hostile camps which are now there, the one still belonging to me, the other to hostile men under the influence of Piedmontese and almost English agents. But I shall speak again about that. I trust you have a better weather at Hastings than I have here. Trees are blossoming, birds are singing, and the spring meaning clearly to assert its rights, but everything is spoiled by the wind blowing frequently and suddenly from the Alps, and turning the temperature from degress of warmth to degrees of cold which I, as a prisoner, have the privilege of feeling more than the rest.

My room is somewhat larger than usual ; I have no flowers. I have looked only once at the little mirror, and it was the day of the fatal discovery. [An accidental glance into a mirror made him think he had become "very ugly."] God knows what the next inspection will bring forth !

Ever your
Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, April 28th, 1853.

Emilie, dear, I have received your good, three times good, letter of the 23. Do not take now to the fancy that I am extremely sad and wretched. I am rather sad ; and have made no secret of it to you ; but I cannot be too sad, whilst I am blessed with so much affection as I am by you all. And I am not ill, if you take away that slight degree of weakness which is unavoidable with the room-life that I lead since three months. Yours and Matilda's were truly strengthening letters under all *points de vue*. Better news of your mother. God grant that they last—good news of baby ; rather good news, spite of the eyes, of you ; and all that is my spring, for here there is no spring. Yesterday there was snow falling. My pamphlet grows decidedly problematic. The printer continues to be in prison. One copy only has been seized ; but unless the printer is released the others are not to be found. I am obliged to change residence ; and there will be again one day of delay in our correspondence. I am glad of your going to spend one week with Matilda : it does not alter, I suppose, the other scheme of one week in the midst of paintings elsewhere, does it ? I have already asked, I think, the question ; still, I ask : did you read the letter, which the "Englishman" [John Sales Barker] wrote on Lord Aberdeen's judgment of the Milan attempt ? I wish I had it in the original. Perhaps I would have translated it myself for the *It. e Pop.* as the only thanks I can give to the unknown writer. It is too late now. The *Leader* has been very wrong in not reproducing it. I see, from what Pericles told you about the Milanese, that you have destroyed all rights of hierarchy ; and that all *my* people are *yours*.

It is very natural, altogether. I shall tell you before ending whether Caroline has written on Monday; but I doubt the fact. What I wish, however, is that she should have found out my "Sermon." I am puzzled by its having disappeared. I have written another very short pamphlet or tract, worse than the first, called "Il Partito d'Azione"; I am in search of a printer.

I had written to Matilda, and the note has been sent, through a mistake, to somebody at Lugano! Tell her so; the note will come back.

No; I have nothing to-day from Caroline, nor from anyone. I shall not be able to answer her to-morrow, if I receive from her; but only the day after. You will send her my love and tell her.

God bless you, as I do, dear Emilie. Give the enclosed to Pericles. Your

Jos.

My love to Bessie and William. I write a word to Caroline.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, May 1st, 1853.

DEAR EMILIE,

I hope I shall receive a note from you to-day. Your last was dated 23. From Caroline I had one the day before yesterday, stating that neither the "Sermon" nor any other letter has reached her. I know the "England" was omitted in one. Still, the letter *went* from here: where I cannot conceive. But the "Sermon" must have been posted in London; and that gives the idea that the fault lies with the Hastings Post Office. I am very sorry if none, after wanderings, reaches. Then, I wish I had a letter from you to-day. I cannot allow the four days to pass without dreaming of illness or of something wrong. I have read the long letter of Kossuth about his being spied. The letter is long and washy: still, what is going on is really a shame; and ought to be sifted. The fact is that there is a state of war between all that *is* and all that wants to be. We must accept the fact and try to make our way through it. Here, where the official creed is [supposed to be the same as] our own, and where all the men in power have been my political friends, twelve or fourteen years ago, we are persecuted as if we were brigands, outlaws: driven away on the mere bidding of Austria: so we are in Piedmont: so everywhere. The atheism of beliefs and the immoral cowardice which are systematically displayed are a sickening, revolting exhibition. I would be taken to Cayenne or shot upon the ramparts of a fortress without protesting. Protesting to whom? The *fact*, the triumphant fact only, is worshipped. Let us try quietly to grow into a triumphant fact. It is our only business.

What grieves me more is the want of comprehension, of intellect in our own party. We are like two armies. There is one grand battle to be fought, the victory being for all. We are bound to choose the most favourable ground we can for the battle. Then to concentrate all our means, all our forces on that point, so as to be sure to conquer. It is acknowledged by the Hungarians, by the Poles, by the Germans, by all the populations comprised under the Austrian Empire, that the proper field for that battle is Italy. Ought they not to concentrate all their activities for money, etc., on Italy? The idea seem to me to be an elementary one; and still it is not understood or applied.

Did you see the shameful declarations of our Ministry? I have written an article *à propos* of the seizure of the *Italia e Popolo*. But I do not know whether or not they will venture to insert it. If it is, perhaps it could be translated for some English paper. As for your copy of the pamphlet, it cannot go to you from Genoa; it would be seized; but, soon or late, you will have it from me.

Cannot Bezzi find work at all? I am really grieved at the perennial botherings they inflict upon you. Caroline blows me up for having written that the case of your mother is almost a surgical one. Never mind: I am so glad at her improvement. Blessings on you from

Your Jos.

You are right partially about the "Englishman." Still, I cannot help wishing to know who he is and to thank him for his last letter. My love to Sydney.

The next letter, dated May 2nd, is from Switzerland to Caroline. In it he tells her that his pamphlet has at least done one thing, "It has caused our (the Piedmontese) Ministry to get out of temper after Brofferio's interpellations, and to utter such imprudent things as 'money is everything!'; 'government can do anything through it'; 'they will put down the democratic press, even through illegal means' and so on. I have just written a letter on that subject which *may* be published in the *Italia e Popolo*." He is compelled to live in a room partly deprived of light because the landlady insists on his curtains being kept pinned for fear he should be observed and recognized. He seems in his patient way, however, to feel that this is about "the limit," for he remarks "beyond this I know nothing to be applied." Altogether his circumstances must just then have been peculiarly trying, even for his hardened power of endurance, for among other causes of discomfort and anxiety the money difficulty was becoming

accentuated—owing probably to the number of friends he felt obliged to help.

To Caroline. From Switzerland. Partly from fragment of original, partly from copy by Caroline. May 7th, 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

Since your letter dated of the 28th not a word has come from Hastings; it is a mere historical statement. Besides, I think I shall receive a note this very day. Spring is breathing everywhere and I rejoice in thinking that it must be even more powerful where you and baby are. The snow lingering on the mountains makes it cooler here. Did you ever hear of such a fate as that of my writings? I wrote that pamphlet on the Milan affairs, not so much to explain—which I could not do without betraying others—as to point out to our young men where the fault, essentially marring all our efforts, lies, and to pave the way to a new scheme of reorganization which I endeavour to forward under the name of Action Party. It was badly written, I fancy; but was to prove useful, and at all events to be the starting point of the new plan. It was printed under all legal provisions. But when printed, threatenings came from the Government and the man who was to sign it as our Editor withdrew his name. Three others gave their own and withdrew it in succession; the last sheet had to be printed four times. All the copies were concealed by the printer so that the seizure should lead to nothing. The Government proceeded—unlawly [unlawfully]—before the first copy was out; they had bought by gold, as the Minister barefacedly declared, the sheets from one of the compositors. They found nothing. They searched other printers and booksellers; unsuccessfully. They searched private houses: they found one copy. Enraged at the failure, they imprisoned—unlawfully again—the printer, who is "au secret" since thirteen days. Four days ago they imprisoned the *gérant* [editor] of the *Italia e Popolo*. Not a single copy, meanwhile, is to be found by me or my friends. The whole has been buried somewhere by the printer, whom they endeavour to pervert by prolonged imprisonment and bribery, so as to have the edition suppressed. I suppose they will succeed; and I shall have, pledged as I am, to print the thing very late at my own expense and with very few chances of getting the copies in. Meanwhile, by relying on the speedy appearance of the little book, I wrote a second very short pamphlet under the title of "The Action Party," as a development of the first. I sent it to Genoa, to Rome, to Malta, so as to have three chances. From neither of these places I have an answer. I put a copy to be printed in some small German-Swiss place. The man, through some foolish

preconceived idea of mistaken addresses, did not even open the small parcel but sent it somewhere where Quadrio had been living. But Quadrio had started for the land of Julia: it reached him there at last, and was sent back. I sent, during this wandering of my MS., an article concerning the seizure of the first, both to a paper in Turin and to the *Italia e Popolo*. I know nothing of it.

I was right; I receive now your sweet letter of the 2nd and the *Leader*. You are well; baby is well, and the weather soft. Yours are the only good news I receive; but it is quite enough for me. Some of my letters have reached, too. The "sermon" was addressed to *your* name. It was not, I suppose, *carefully* opened [by detectives], and it was thought *à propos* to suppress it rather than to unveil the foul deed. I feel quite sure that there is a wide opening-of-letters-system going on under your Liberal Government; and it is a real shame that it is not detected and exposed. The undenied spying organized about Kossuth is very bad, too, and the matter ought not to rest there, were not inertness and indifference, and a certain soul-laziness, which springs from a general want of belief, the characteristic of our times, there ought to be such a storm raised from all parties against this cowardly, immoral subserviency to Austria, as to make the Members of the Cabinet hide their faces in shame. For they do not like Austria; they do not esteem her Government; they are even now half-plotting with Piedmont against her; they know that the conduct of Austria in Italy and on all her provinces is wicked and horrible. Duncombe or any other man ought to take the lead of some widely popular meeting in Palace Yard or in any open place, there to expose to the working men how their flag is dragged into the mud of foreign despotic Chanceries or Diplomatic dens. You have a foreign police department; you have foreign agents travelling to London for the purpose of setting up inquiries and making discoveries; you have letters opened; policemen acting as working men and gliding like thieves, into private houses; what do you want more? By the bye, why is James so silent? Am I not to be informed of the state of things concerning myself? What does Mr. Clarkson mean when he speaks of "an absent foreigner"? Is it of Kossuth that he speaks, or of others?

I am sorry your mother refuses to join you for a while. I always thought that she ought to come to you or go to Matilda's. Why do you read *Royalty and Republicanism* in English? Not in Italian? I want you to read as much as you can of Italian so as to enable yourself—if you have not already reached that point—to read it as rapidly as the English. I feel very proud at your reading something of mine. I have been obliged to write, the other day, a short note to Madame Sand, asking her to give some

introductory letter to Madame B. (Polly; not yours), who wants to teach somewhere; and I added to my request a few lines saying that I had read *Mont Reviche* and it had made me sad.

Many things to Josephine and all your fair neighbours; and many kisses to baby. Blessings on you from your

Jos.

You will tell me the result of the "row" about my "sermon."

To Caroline. From a copy by her. From Switzerland, May 11th, 1853.

DEAR CAROLINE,

I have all your sweet letters. They come to me like little doves back to the ark with the small olive branch to tell me of a place of rest beyond this cold damp rainy atmosphere. It rains since nearly three days. I hope baby is enjoying better weather. I wish you had found out *his* letter. I am sure that it lies at the Hastings Post Office owing to some mistaken word or syllable in the address. What you tell me about the Edinburgh novel is very interesting, I could say important to me.* Of the two Ruffini one is ill at Genoa, and I thought he was, through his physical condition, unable to write a novel. The other is in Paris, and he is inferior in capacity to his brother and of rather lazy mental habits. Who is the writer, of the two? Agostino is the younger of the Ruffini. I think he had in him all that Masson says: only marred, checked by an exaggerated tendency to analysis and by want of faith in himself and others. The name, Benoni, is, strange to say, of my creation. It means in Hebrew, "the son of my grief"; and I mentioned it to them some fifteen years ago as the title of a hypothetical novel I was proposing to write. The subject I do not like to see treated in a novel; the memory of the martyrs is too solemn, too sacred to me for my possibly liking fancies and unrealities to be put round it. But I feel nervously impatient of seeing the book as a revelation of feelings, past and actual, in the writer. You had read only Masson's review, it seem, when you wrote.

I am glad that Carlyle took my part against Azeglio. Azeglio is, or rather has been, a very clever man, a good novel writer, and a far better landscape painter: narrow in his political conceptions; narrow in his love for his country, which amounts to a little feeling of pride and nothing else; despising the people; sensuous in his life; a sceptic in everything, from woman to religion; a

* A clever novel published in Edinburgh (Constable) by the Ruffini, who had resided there. The title was *Lorenzo Benoni*, and in one of the characters the author gave a graphic portrait of Mazzini. Ruffini wrote this novel, like his *Dr. Antonio*, in English.

true emanation of the XVIII. century. I suppose the conversation took place at the Ashburton's. . . .

A seizure must have taken place again against the *Italia e Pop:* on account of the article I wrote about the persecutions of my pamphlet. I hear of the "Penny Shakespeare" having been handed over to Kossuth. It is well. I have read Lord Palmerston's and Lord John Russell's declarations about the duties of the exiles, with unmitigated disgust. "Laissez votre âme à la porte, s'il vous plait."

This ought to reach London on Saturday—James being with you, give my love to him, and a kiss to baby.

Blessings on you from your

Jos.

To Emilie. From the Italian frontier, May 11th, 1853.

I had your letter from Barden [Barden Park, near Tunbridge Wells, where Matilda Biggs and her family were then living], dear Emilie; and would have answered it before, had I not been troubled by external causes and obliged to remove again: it is a little storm which will have no result whatever. . . .

The declarations of your Ministers are very foolish, to not say immoral. They reveal all the political atheism which is the ruling principle of their policy. You are quite right in what you say about England's duty. But what would be the use of protesting against Government, when the same atheism is pervading all branches of your society? I except a powerless minority, you all and some hundreds besides yourselves. Is there amongst you a single Society feeling the oneness of life and tracing duties there? Your so-called religious Societies are declaring that the Pope is a living Lie, that Papacy is the enthronement of the Evil Principle: are they helping me to put it down? They know that one of my first acts would be the proclamation of freedom for all religious ideas to manifest themselves in Italy: they believe, they say, in the truth, consequently in the triumph, of protestantism once allowed to expound itself: do they volunteer to help me in [towards] the opening of the arena on which what they profess to be the Truth and Salvation would peacefully triumph? Your Peace-Societies are witnessing the daily war led on in Italy against us: they are witnessing the daily loss of lives; they must feel convinced that one day's battle would lead to peace: are they helping us to that glorious, short, decisive battle? Mr. Grote declares that he is fond of Italy: that her cause is in his eyes a sacred one; but he has promised to himself to never devote pecuniary help except to domestic affairs: the testifying for universal truth is not for him part of an Englishman's duty.

Christian brotherhood is talked of everlastingly in all your chapels: is there a single token of brotherhood given to those 24 millions of Italians who are suffering in their souls and bodies? Your Government is the echo of your Societies. I am sick of writing, talking, and anything but action. Words have no meaning whatever with the majority of men. And I feel really inclined to shut my mouth for ever and not open it except amongst yourselves.

I suppose you are in town now; and I address my note there. You must have received two at Barden. Remember me to Pericles, Saffi, and Campanella. I have just now nothing to write to them. Give my best love to your sweet mother; and my best thanks for her remembering me to *Miss Daniel*. God bless you, dear Emilie, as I do.

Your

Jos.

To Caroline. From the Italian frontier, May 14th, 1853. From a copy by Caroline.

I have, dear Caroline, a faint hope of receiving a letter to-day from you and Emilie. If so I shall be able to write a few words of answer before I send this to the post. I saw from the *Leader* that a question had been put to Lord Palmerston about the letter-opening. But no one except an Englishman could put the question in that way: your countrymen are so innocent in these matters. If I was a Member I would put the question in these terms: "Did you give a warrant to open all letters going to no: 15 Radnor Street, or to any name at Bellevue Lodge?" and so on. I doubt very much his being able to give the answer he gave. The list ought, of course, to be increased: the address of the Society, W. Ashurst, Shaen, etc. The matter ought to be thoroughly sifted for England's sake; as for me, I must say I entertain a *superbe dédain* for all that. There is a state of war between the past and ourselves. I accept that state of war. Let them do what they can; let us struggle to the last and conquer if we can. There is no common standard of morality between us. There could never be one in point of belief; the only one that could be possible between men of good faith would be the "fair play" ground. We believe in certain things: they in others: let each be allowed to *speak freely* to all men what he believes in, and let the majority decide between us. That ground we would accept; in fact we adopted it whenever in power. But whilst it is not adopted by them we must be conspirators, purchase grenades, have false passports, smuggle, and rise with daggers if we can get nothing else. In Piedmont, a constitutional country, they have

decided that I should never speak a single word. The pamphlet has been seized, the printer imprisoned. I sent an article about the seizure to the *Italia e Popolo:* it has been seized. Another writing of mine was printed last week by the printers of another Genoese paper, *La Maga :* it has been seized and they are looking for the director of the printing establishment who has absconded. All those writings were not calling Piedmont to insurrection : they were only preaching the crusade against Austria and summoning to it the Piedmontese Government. The arrests in the Roman State are frightfully increasing every week : they take all our best to Ancona. Men and women are beaten in Lombardy : only yesterday a list from Ancona gives the names of seventeen. A man, Montanari, has been, in Lombardy, obliged to pay a certain sum for the expenses incurred in the hanging of his brother. What can we do except to stir heaven and earth for retribution, rise with daggers, organize war even to the knife? I *am* trying. Whether successfully or not, a not very long time will show. Before that, however, I want to get up a little moral strength ; and I mean to do so, if I can, on your mother's birthday [25th May]. Pray give the enigma to solve to Emilie too, but do not speak of it to others. . . .

From a copy of a letter to Caroline. May, 1853.

Blessings and thanks for your sweet, long, confident letter. Little Joseph is a darling for cutting teeth so bravely—I love him, and I feel sad when I think that he will soon forget me, *nearly* at least ; for I trust you for his not absolutely doing so. I have been relating proudly to Quadrio all the little peculiarities of his loving intercourse with me, his smiling first, then seeking in my pocket, then uttering very musically, Māā. Does he improve his dictionary? Tell me always something about him. I fancied the day before yesterday that he had come to visit me under the shape of a little swallow which came straightforward into my room. You have never examined or had in your hand, a swallow, I dare say. The grasp of the little paw or hand—for it is decidedly like a hand—on my finger, a warm, small, soft, yet very firm touch, reminded me instantly, I don't know how, of little Joseph. . . .

Mazzini's "affinity" with dumb creatures of all kinds was remarkable, though more especially with birds, as there will be occasion to show later on. The only living thing he could not tolerate was the spider, and of that he had an insurmountable horror. If he discovered one in his bedroom, sleep abandoned

him. He despised the weakness, but never succeeded in overcoming it.

No letters preserved by the Ashursts bridge the interval between the June and November of this year. The internal conditions of Austria and the belligerent attitudes of France, Russia, and Turkey, made Mazzini eager to fan the outraged spirit of his countrymen and also to put a spoke into the wheel of "the man of December," whose usurpation of authority represented the enthronement of military despotism. Mazzini had the advantage of particular information in regard to Louis Napoleon, and made singularly few mistakes about his character and policy. He knew that a war was a necessity to him. He also foresaw the time when the French Emperor might not be averse to aggrandizing the King of Piedmont—at a price ; and he was determined that such price should never be paid if human effort could endue the Italians with the policy, and not merely the aspiration, for achieving Unity.

In June, 1853, the Crimean War had virtually begun. After the settlement of Russia's just grievances in regard to the Holy Places under Turkish domination, the further claim to definition by Treaty of her rights of protection over 12,000,000 co-religionists, became the moot question. The Russian diplomatist, straight but clumsy, played unwittingly into the hands of his practised British opponent in Constantinople, and found himself obliged to leave the city with all the diplomatic staff. The next step open to the Tsar was the announcement that his troops would enter the Danubian Principalities under Turkish protection ; and this was done in the middle of June. The nightmare of Austria combining with Russia to divide Turkey between them haunted all minds. Russia, perhaps, alone knew the fallacy of this idea ; but she confidently reckoned upon Austrian neutrality as compensation for the enormous service which, with no desire for reward, she had rendered that country in 1848 by crushing the Hungarian revolution.

All Europe protested against the Tsar's aggression into the Principalities, particularly as Turkey, under advice, bore that aggression passively : and the Tsar sustained a disillusion in the conduct of Austria, who at once massed troops upon the Serbian border. Not that she wanted war : indeed, she welcomed a Conference whereat a Note was drawn up which the Tsar

accepted. But the Powers failed in persuading Turkey to do the same. The Sultan, deeply angered, saw that he could reckon on France if he took up arms. He amended the Note. Nicholas refused to accept the amendment, and by the beginning of September war appeared certain.

The fleets of England and France found a pretext for passing the Dardanelles, as a counter-move to the occupation of the Principalities.

The situation was thus throughout the autumn one of acute tension : a tension snapped at the end of November by Russia's destruction of a Turkish squadron at Sinope, on the northern coast of the Black Sea. Still, an actual state of war between England, France, and Russia remained in the balance till, in January, 1854, Russia demanded to know whether the allied fleets were out for the protection of Russian as well as Turkish interests. The response rendered the issue clear. In February England and France declared war.

The situation was curious. Prussia, under the rising star of Bismarck, cared only for gaining supremacy in the German world —especially over Austria ; but it did not suit Bismarck's ideas for Russia to be crippled any more than it suited him for France to acquire further power, for he had in mind the rectification of his western frontier. England and France, therefore, found themselves coupled in isolation from the other European powers.

It was while Europe held her breath, concentrating on the probabilities of war, and while Austria remained embarrassed by a double fear of Russia and of Prussia, that Mazzini saw the possibility of rousing once more the fires of patriotism which Austria had failed to quench in the blood of Mantua and Milan. Holyoake, who knew Mazzini well, said that he was "the one statesman in Europe who had a European mind. . . . His address to the Republicans of the United States (1855) is an example of his knowledge of nations whose characteristics were as familiar to him as those of individuals are to their associates, or as parties to politicians in their own country. In that document may be seen his wise way of looking round an argument in stating it. No man with a nature so intense had so vigilant an outside mind."

The position of the Poles, and the half-plans of the Hungarians, were never absent from that mind, in which there always worked a realization of the solidarity in interests, as well as in

suffering, of all oppressed peoples. He sought to make understood the fact that it is only by keeping up an incessant ferment in tyrannized countries that the oppressors can be exhibited in their true colours.

The middle class and educated patriots of Italy, daunted by the horrors that followed the Mantuan movement, seemed, in 1853, stricken with a paralysis of prudence. For such a condition to spread deeply into the working class was the surest way to reinforce despotism. To allow an appearance of success to the barbarities of Austria and the illegalities of Piedmont would be disastrous while there yet remained men who thirsted for the action which alone could procure liberty. Mazzini decided once more upon action.

His choice of leaders had always to be restricted by circumstances and means. Orsini's own account of his acceptance and conduct of an undertaking in the Lunigiana in the September of this year leaves the painful conviction that the weaknesses qualifying his audacity and powers did not for the first time undermine the chances of success. His audacity could never be silent; his estimate of persons to whom he gave hints and more than hints frequently opened the way to fatalities that no bravery could retrieve. In this case he owned that before leaving Nice he acted "with some imprudence in the selection of certain persons who were to" accompany him; and he found no one on the scene of action when the moment came, except the Piedmontese riflemen, who were out after him. He took to the mountains, but was quickly caught and, unluckily, papers which he ought to have destroyed as soon as read were taken with him.

This movement was to have coincided with another in the Cadore led by Colonel Pietro Calvi.

Calvi had resigned his commission in the Austrian army before the uprising of 1848, and served the cause of liberty in Venice. He helped in the admirable preparations for the 6th February and after that grand disappointment he undertook, jointly with an excellent priest, the organization of fresh revolutionary forces. In him Mazzini possessed a coadjutor in every way worthy of the cause, who might well have succeeded where others failed. But once again the well-paid spy system of Austria justified its existence. Calvi stopped on his journey through the Canton Grisons to dine at a small inn where the servant played the

eavesdropper. This man hastened to the place whither Calvi was bound, warned the gendarmes and enabled them not only to take the heroic colonel, but a paper that identified him and gave the clue to his object.

Of Mazzini's sufferings through the sufferings and fate of his officers it is easy to form an idea from his letters, although for obvious reasons he avoids specific references. Calvi, who was very dear to him, underwent nearly two years of aggravated imprisonment in the fortress of Mantua before paying, by a malefactor's death, the price of his patriotism. His fate remained for a considerable time unknown. Orsini, less deserving, but more fortunate, was taken to Genoa, where he was relieved from his chains, allowed books, and finally received sentence to quit Italy. His case had been so much more flagrant than that of Calvi that it is open to believe that his boastful character and his inability to keep silence made him too valuable to Mazzini's opponents for them to abstract him from the revolutionary party.

We can only infer Mazzini's own doings until the letters recommence in November.

To Emilie. Dated by her "late in 1853." Seems from London to her at Malvern, and is probably November 7th.

Monday.

Dear, most unexpectedly and gratefully I receive this morning two notes instead of one . . .

I have had Kossuth yesterday, and a host of other people. Kossuth was the same dreamer as before: still, decided to go. Only, it may be late. He has written and sent to one thousand persons in England a copy of an appeal, enclosing two bonds of his Hungarian Loan, one for £10, the other for £20, giving the option and asking for an answer by return of post. This reminds me that I have myself started a more modest appeal, of which I enclose a copy. You all have done so much and have so often applied to people, that I had decided to be quite silent. Still, I think it better to send a copy. In a list which I keep, you, mother, William, Caroline, etc., have already your names with "paid." And you have, all of you, [paid] fully. But I think that you might perhaps find a single solitary well-wisher even at Malvern . . .

[Referring to unhappy circumstances and the divergencies which had been for some time darkening the Ashurst family circle, Mazzini continues:]

And *you are all, most fatally, mistaken about one another.* But I have made within me a decision, which I shall not transgress, of not going into the thing, and being silently sorrowful. Dear, did you see whether or not you had letters at the mysterious Post before leaving? Medici told Orsini—who has just arrived—on the steamer, that you were to look. Lemmi has arrived too. No letters for you. Not only faithful Piper, [husband of his landlady] but two more postmen take letters to your house; I think we have overcome their difficulties . . .

In his next note Mazzini mentions that he is to be "Claudet-ized" to-morrow: *i.e.* taken by some friend to sit to Claudet for a photograph. The result was one of the most excellent likenesses ever made of him. The reproduction here given is from a "positive" prepared for the stereoscope and kindly lent by Miss McKee.

To Emilie, at Malvern. Seems from London, November, 1853.

Monday.

. . . Cold, sceptical Goethe has somewhere written something which is true, "Do the duty that lies nearest you, then, etc." Consider everything, dear, to [by] the light of your own conscience: let not enthusiasm for a good action out of your own sphere drive you to forget what you have to fulfil within your own. You have been already put "in a false position." Do not plunge headlong into it without examining: do not yield merely to impulses, but only to spontaneity which is active and calm, not passive and troubled. I do not know whether you will like my reflections but I have, from the first time that you spoke to me about all this, felt and certainly shown to you that I was feeling puzzled, uncertain and not quite agreeing . . . And I have been very often thinking about it—and feel bound to speak to you these few words . . .

I had yesterday night a long interview with Kossuth. He is in intercourse with a London Banker for £200,000. "Excusez du peu"—and similar things. I have received £5 from Miss Linda White: that's owing to you. Silence from the rest. From the 1000 letters Kossuth has got £140.

I have been to-day at Cesarini's with Peter Taylor, giving him lunch and making him believe that all the Italian restaurants give lunch for nothing to the Chairmen of the Friends of Italy—I have been winning something like eight shillings—in the reform style too—at cards. My love to your mother; bless her and

MAZZINI
From a photograph by Claudet lent by Miss McKee

you, for her and you being tolerably well. Your father had rather alarmed me . . .

Your
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. From London to Great Malvern, probably November 23rd, 1853.

Wednesday.

One word, dearest Emilie, about the subject which stands prominent in your letter and which I feel in conscience bound to not discuss. When I wrote that you all were, according to me, mistaken in something towards each other, I meant of course to speak of *motives* and nothing else: motives, I mean, attributed to words or deeds. I still believe you all are so in some degree. The manner in which you put the question and which would carry evidence with itself, may be the just and right one in your own conviction; it could not be mine without my being decidedly unjust, which you do not wish me to be, and which I could not be, *not* even for my sacred mother's sake. Wherever heart is concerned I might trust you blindly; whenever intellect and business-matter appreciation is, I cannot trust blindly you, nor Sydney, nor James, nor Mr. Ashurst. I must judge by [for] myself. The double question for me to solve would be: was the agreement fair or unfair? If unfair, was the degree of unfairness such as to imply consciousness or allow of an unconscious error? To solve this I must study the Agreement, which I have never seen; and study on the books, etc., the accuracy of evaluations and calculations which must have been the ground of the Agreement itself. I am entirely unfit for the task; unwilling for it,—unless I would produce an immense advantage by undergoing such a sorrowful task. I am consequently silent. I have never been unjust to . . . I have never spoken a word against him; nor can, nor would. I have always had the same language. I have always deplored, suffered, and endeavoured to soften, to soothe the wounds. Leave me, dearest, to this task. It is the only [one] that suits me. Let me be the—weakened, powerless, I fear, still the—link or the phantom of the link, instead of the *judge*, which I cannot conscientiously be. For such a sphere as that in which we began by moving, even phantoms are sacred. I shall have, I think, I hope, to embark again in attempts of life and death. Let me carry away with myself the feeling of having kept my "angel-like" (as you would say) position between you all. It will strengthen me in my own mission.

And *à propos* of my mission, we have accounts to-day of a—

not battle, but serious engagement, between the wings of the two armies which evidently has been a successful one for the Turks. Attacked at the bayonet, they have kept their position, and *that* is a victory. Chances of prolongation of the war have consequently increased. I have made my mind up as to the "to be done," etc.: I told you not "to trouble your mind." I tell you now to trouble your mind about collectors and subscribers; that is to the double extent of not getting more ill than you are and of not desecrating yourself and the cause by addressing persons too uncertain and sceptical. Press your Tom Taylor, who is evidently in a specially sympathizing condition for you, and I have not only sent but written a little note and another to Linda. I have too much to do to-day for my being able to send to the others, Landor excepted, to whom I shall *not* send, I shall to-morrow. Meanwhile, I send you all that can enter one of your envelopes. To-morrow I will complete the dozen. And you will do your best; supporting your own judgment with some friendly suggestions of Mr. Ashurst's. Only, for God's sake, even if you were on the best possible terms at the present with Miss Cushman, do not ask her. Miss Cushman has been stating, together with Miss Hays in Rome, horrors of me, and amongst others, that I was systematically making love to women for the sake of getting from them all my material comforts. I could, if wanted, quote the person to whom they spoke so. I believe her to be an *untrue* woman, and I am sorrowfully glad that my instinct did not deceive me. You are evidently very ill; and if you were nearer I would come and see you. But now I really cannot. Every day's work is urging. And I have been working these three nights, to the edification of Campanella, from one quarter to eleven downwards or upwards, I do not know which is the correct word. So you must take an immense care, and be better. Is Mr. Ashurst really in town? I shall know this evening if I am going to Bessie's. [Peter] Taylor as yet has evidently admired me very much for my being exact, but nothing more. I am to see him to-morrow. He seems good as ever to our cause and I have no doubt that at the latest moment something he will do. It is to-day very cold, but clear and bright. It is the first day. I hope it will be the same with you; and that it will help you to a better state of health. Ah me! if I could know you a little stronger and better, and the things a little more settled! Now there is Mrs. Burbridge. I must go down. With a blessing.

Your

Jos.

I cannot send Mr. Piper to Oxford Street. He has no time; but I shall manage somehow.

To Emilie. From London to Great Malvern, November 24th, 1853.

Thursday.

I have no time, dear, and write only a few words. I have your letter of yesterday: good as if written with an angel's pen. I trust I did not miswrite and you did not misunderstand anything that I said in my last. Let us hope brighter days still will shine on all . . .

Do not react, pray, too much internally and externally against Miss Cushman on account of what I said. It would be really bad; but I shall verify to-morrow from the person whether *she* said that or was merely acquiescent. At all events I do not care a straw. The reports of to-day are again favourable. I work in consequence. But there is still a little time and some uncertainty to overcome. Intanto, cerchiamo di far qualche lira.

To Emilie. From London to Malvern. Seems November 25th, 1853.

Friday.

I have this morning, dear, such a heap of letters before me, that I am ready to fall in despair. They *ought* all to be answered, and the very thought that I shall be most likely unable to do so makes me nervous and less fit for the task. So you must not expect from me a long answer to your letter, which I have been just now attentively reading; and you must content yourself with the summary declaration that with intense pleasure I have read your declaration—that of course I do believe in it—and that very willingly I retract what I said about motives as far as you and Sydney are concerned. Much of this arises too from a different meaning which I give to words often uttered by you in English; as selfishism which for me implies always consciousness, and so on. And for the rest, dear, continue to be good, tolerant, not too severe in judgment, and loving and reverencing the Past, and not speaking or feeling desolate or aimless as if you had nothing but Italy and myself to love, whilst you have Caroline, father, mother, William, Bessie, etc., all more or less loving you and worth being loved. I would give I don't know what to have the half the family ties and affections you still have in this world.

Here is a letter of Medici, most unhappily not for me. I was in a hope that the external circumstances would have modified his theory of "opportunity"; and that he would have written a few words to me; but it is not so. I must make a last attempt, and I shall; but I shall tell you all about it. Yes, the Turks are gaining ground. And I am working and hoping.* God bless

* The prolongation of the war, though Mazzini deplored the policy of England, would be Italy's opportunity.

you. Try to get a little strength. Give my love to your mother.

Your hurried
JOSEPH.

To Emilie. Dated by her in 1852, but it seems more like 1853. It seems to coincide with the letters to her addressed to Malvern in the November of that year, so I judge it to be November 29th.—E. F. R.

To yours of Monday, dear, I am doing what I can for money, just as you do; and with very little result. I am really sorry at it. I am economical as much as possible for our affairs as well as for myself; still, I must send here and there; now a traveller to Rome from Genoa; then another to Wallachia—since our people will not decide themselves to stir without events compromising Austria in the East—and so forth. All this absorbs the very little money I collect; and I find myself with nothing before me for the very moment of the action. I do not want, like Kossuth, the fabulous sum of £200,000. I want the microscopic sum of some £500 or 600; and it is a pity that the 600 unknown persons who most certainly could and would give £1 cannot be reached. I hope something from Birmingham. Peter Stuart has given before the February. He will feel disappointed [by that failure] and will not give.

I should myself think that Brighton is better than Norwood, though Ledru Rollin came back from the latter place flourishing. I do not see what selfishism there would be in going for a few months at Genoa or elsewhere. If your mother means [that it would be selfish] towards Sydney—and admitting that she starts from a radically different point of view—why does she not see that if any real advantage could be had for your health, it would be far better for Syd. to have you far [away] for a short while, than suffering, as he ought, through your being continuously ill and in pain? That at least would be my heart's calculation. Now, I have a little annoyance to give, or rather to ask you to avert. I receive, through Mrs. Milner-Gibson, a letter of Madame Celesia, full with complaints about my sister, which, though I am far from looking blindly at my sister's doings, are annoying to me, as everything concerning the furniture, etc. The selling of it is for me a *sad* necessity; and, beyond all, I wish for silence. To have to explain, discuss, etc., is painful to me. You wish for certain things; and God knows that I feel and appreciate all that you feel. Had I known before *what* the objects were, they would have been yours. But when I wrote orders about that to Bettini, I wrote from a sacred feeling and sort of duty arising from my mother having been my sister's mother too, that before the sale, my

sister was at liberty of taking all that she would like. So it seems she did ; and besides other things, which I do not know of, she took sofas and other objects which you wished for. Madame C. went to her ; my sister refuses to give them up, without an order from me. Mad. C. writes to me. What can I do? Can I write to my mother's daughter "give them up"? After having told her "chose what you like"? I do not think I ought. And sorry as I am at your being deprived of things you wished for, I trust you will understand my feeling. If so, tell me. I shall write of course, so as to satisfy Madame Celesia herself and say that she was empowered ; but that both you and I yield gladly about the point. I have a great reverence for the Past, and do not wish to hurt my sister. I send you a letter which looks as if it was from her though the name is not there. Of course I have not read it, after the first line. A correspondence between two women may be a fearful thing. You will tell me if she says anything about our affairs worth being known. No news ; but it is good news. The only fear is that the Turks are beaten, and every day completes the landing and strengthens them. I am to meet Holyoake this morning. It is dreadfully foggy and I am rather foggy too. You will tell me when your mother leaves what place they have chosen . . .

I am well in health. You? God bless you. Ever your

Jos.

1854

In order to understand the letters of 1854 it is necessary to grasp the fact that from the moment of the failure in Milan, Mazzini never ceased reweaving the strands that should lead to action. Despair never visited this giant soul and even despondency could find in it no true lodgment.

When Saffi, after staying with Pareto in Genoa, slipped across to Geneva before making for safety in England, he had found Mazzini, sad indeed, but not a prey to sorrow, for, says Saffi, "his soul was retempering itself in preparation for the trial. He was studying the causes of the failure, meditating on how to revive fallen hopes, how to overcome divisions of opinion, how to raise anew the cry of action and of unexhausted faith. We exchanged brief words of affection. 'If you can pass through Paris without being arrested,' he said to me, 'go and see Sirtori and greet him for me. He dissented from our methods, but he is good and longs for an Italy as much as we do. The web is all broken—it must be woven again from the beginning.' And already he was girding himself for the work."

On Mazzini's return to England he resumed his simple, laborious life in Radnor Street, where Saffi joined him, but in November the latter went to Oxford, where he made many friends and won golden opinions. In his vacations he always returned to Mazzini.

Saffi tells us that in the summer of 1854, conditions in Europe seemed more than ever propitious for the liberation of Italy. Austria was being suspected by everybody. The Sardinian Ministers were entertaining high hopes of receiving help or support from the allies, and even beginning to whisper the thought of action. Mazzini, therefore, decided upon one of his risky journeys to the Continent. Saffi left Oxford to join him in London, where they held weekly conferences with Kossuth and

Ledru-Rollin, thus keeping true to Mazzini's principle of the solidarity of the peoples, and upholding the great truth that Italy's cause was the cause of all.

To Emilie. From Strasbourg, April 18th. Received April 20th, 1854.

Tuesday morning,
Strasbourgh.

DEAR EMILIE,

I am not entirely out of the "land of the enemy"; but when this hurried note will be thrown to the post, I shall [be]. I could not write before; and besides, it meant nothing to write from Paris. I change my mind *en route*, and instead of going straight forward to Geneva, I go to Basle first. Still, you write when and how I told you. I was threatened with sea-sickness on the steamer; and I actually cured myself with your mother's brandy: tell her so, and that it is the first time I have drunk brandy pure. We have been on the point of being split into two by a sailing ship; the fore part of the steamer, where the rudder is, has been crushed on one side by her: a few yards more towards the middle of the steamer, and there was an end of all my concerns. Perhaps it would have been better: who knows? France is going beyond all my sad expectations, dear. I met with Bonapartist young men—with lads taught by the Jesuits—with people extremely clever about railways, railway shares, and other *practical* concerns, but entirely devoid of every moral sense, very proud of their 40,000 men going to the East, and caring nothing about the aim, the flag, or the leaders under whom they go. Since Saturday morning I know nothing of Europe. There is no paper to be seen anywhere in France: a number of *Punch* which I had bought on the road, has been confiscated by the Empire at Valenciennes. Take care of your health. Write to the address I gave, on foreign paper. You will see, I suppose, very soon your mother and Matilda; do not forget me with them. Remember me to Syd. Tell me how Bessie is. Write a word to Mrs. Milner-Gibson. Try to do something with the *spoiled* painting. Pray for Italy and myself.

Ever your

JOSEPH.

To Caroline. April 20th, 1854.

Caroline dear. A few hurried words only. I do not know where you are or when or where these lines will reach you. James puzzled me by saying something about your going to Tonbridge on Friday. I am still in France; but when this note will start, I shall be on my way to Switzerland, to Basle. I was

obliged to change my travelling scheme, and to go there at first. Do you know that I have been on one inch of my vanishing for ever? A short while after our Dover steamer had left shore, a sailing large vessel came across. I followed the wonderful efforts made by both her and the steamer to avoid the fatal collision; and I saw at once that they were useless: things were to a point, that a frantic countryman of yours rushed out of the cabin and began to undress for the purpose of swimming to shore. The efforts of our steamer availed so much that the full sailed vessel came into contact only with the upper part of the steamer, just where the rudder is placed. She crushed down the upper part of one side of the steamer, and glided along. Had she struck a little lower, I do not think I could have finished my cigar. At all events, here I am, safe for the present, and I hope for the future. I am going, contrary to the first scheme, to Basle; but from there to the place where you have an address, and where I hope to hear of you, little Jos. and all that is dear to you and to me. I have not been able to sleep except three hours since I left you. But I am well; and the same in all respects as when I left you. My next will be addressed to Hastings, to Miss, etc. I shall write as soon as I have reached a comparatively safe place in Switzerland. God knows if this, left to the care of a waiter, will be posted. Blessings on you, and Joseph. My love to James.

Ever your

Jos.

To Emilie. Received by her April 21st, 1854.

18. eveg.

I fear for the note I gave to a waiter at Strasbourgh for you; and I write, therefore, a few words from Switzerland. It is evident that I am not to be taken: I cannot claim any great credit for prudence. I have been careless as much as possible. However, here I am: only I fear my journey to Geneva in a Diligence in which I am the eighth, by broad daylight to-morrow, through towns in which I am very well known. Tell me if you received my first from Strasbourgh. Do not send English papers. I do not know how long I shall remain in one place. But tell me what you know of the English press, about Italy and Greece, and Austria. I know nothing since I left. Recommend Campanella everywhere, in case we should do nothing. Paint at home, and do not overtire yourself. Remember me to Syd. Blessings from your Jos.

To Emilie. April 21st. Received by her April 24th, 1854.

Your letter has reached me: blessings for it: keep faithful to the promises you give concerning yourself; and be always such as

I can put my hand on your shoulder and find strength and calmness in the touch. As for me, I shall do my duty, though it seems from the very first steps, more and more difficult to accomplish. I received the very first day since my arrival here, extremely bad news of one of my *envoyés :* he, and all letters, plans of mine too, seized.* I must change scheme and point-de-vue. As yet, dear, I am reduced to read the microscopic *Journal de Genève.* I know nothing of the East, nothing of Austria, nothing of nothing. But I shall have, perhaps, the *Daily News.* I was very sorry at not meeting William at the station. Of course you must, when you write, tell me always about him and poor Bessie, about whom I felt rather uneasy. When does she go? What day does she decide? How are the parents? And your dear mother especially? Caroline, I suppose, is at Hastings. Send the little note for Cironi. Keep Taylor and Mrs. Taylor in active spirits. Tell the first that he must not give up collecting for me should occasions offer themselves; and to fight hard against Austria through the Society. Tell the latter that she must not forget Campanella if she can arrange anything for Sydenham. I am not at all astonished at his refusing to remove to you. Power of habits and a sort of cat-like independence are all-powerful with him. Does he come to you sometimes by night? Does he go to Bessie? Did you have Massarenti again? Will you ever go back to the spoiled painting? I travelled part of the way with two Scotch ladies, whom I led in the early morning to a coffee-room at Bern, and whom—after having left them a short time there—I found with two glasses of "parfait amour" before them. They are presbyterians: two sisters, middle-aged, not very much learned, travelling alone, scarcely knowing two words of French or of German, and betraying themselves Scotch by an accent ten times more pronounced than that of Masson. I was declared by them a very exceptional man, an author! Quadrio is well; very anxious that something should be done; but alas! very unable to help me towards the solution. The weather is cloudy and I have not yet seen my Alps. The country is blooming with life and beauty. Tell me how you are—and if you have seen your mother . . . Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Milner-Gibson. Tell me if you hear anything of Medici . . . Addio; I am going to see if by being very busy and

* This was evidently Mattia Gergics. Orsini had started from London in March, 1854, having once more undertaken to initiate and lead a movement which was to coincide with one in Sicily and another in the Valtellina. He journeyed via Brussels and Geneva, where he met Gergics, to whom he gave both money and instructions. The register of the prison in Mantua tells us (see Luzio's *Felice Orsini*) that Gergics fell into the clutches of Kraus, the Governor of Mantua, early in April. On the 16th he was taken to the Castello. Understanding only too well what his offences would mean to him, a military man, he hastened, in the sincerity of consternation, to confess with all possible amplitude. Kraus played upon the poor man's hopes of safety until he had learned all that he wished, then shot his victim in an inner courtyard of the Castello.

very earnest, I can conquer the spell. I do not know how many days I shall have to stop here; but I think at the beginning of next month I shall remove to a point nearer Italy.

Blessings and love from your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, April 25th, 1854. Received April 29th.

I have your letter of the 20–21, dear. It is cold and a horrible bise is blowing; and it is a great effort on my part to have not a fire. But it will soon pass away and then it will be warm and sunny. The spring is blooming everywhere. I am glad that you received my first letter which I feared would not be posted. As yet I have not been able to see a single paper; but I think that I shall have the *Times* this evening. I begin to work; but almost everything is hanging on something which ought to take place in a very few days, and which after so many delusions I cannot reckon upon before it has been done. That would smooth my way to other things, in which I would be personally concerned. Besides that, I feel cramped by the few means in my hands . . . —— is an ass, and amongst other things, I should like you very much to tell him so from me, if you see him. It is not allowed to anyone who can do good without violating another duty to not do it. Still, if you meet him, or if he comes to you, never mind his crotchet, and try to drive him gently on the medical ground with you. If you promise to be secret perhaps he will yield; and every little feeling of hurt dignity is to be sacrificed to an improvement [in your physical condition] which would be a source of happiness to your mother, to me, and to all those who love you. I understand nothing of poor Bessie; only, I wish fervently to hear that she is better. For three months at least, I want every dear person to be well. I fear continuously for your father too. I have received my *revolver;* but they have damaged it somewhere. Atlas [Pericles Mazzoleni] is in Switzerland, already at the Grenchen-bade. I have somehow left behind the addresses you gave me: will you give them again? Quadrio is very good and rather better in health than he was before. I think that something ought to be gently hinted to Mrs. Piper * about the house: even Campanella being there,† provided he keeps his room shut when he goes out, she ought to try and let the rooms. It is a sort of remorse for me that a woman who has been so thoroughly and unusually kind to me, should be a loser through me. Besides, even if everything

* His former landlady, who declared to us her intention to keep her rooms empty till he returned, giving as a further reason for this that Campanella might leave "dangerous" letters in his room.—E. A. V.

† Campanella evidently lodged in the same house, or shared Mazzini's rooms, when he arrived in England after having been arrested in Switzerland in mistake for Mazzini.

turned wrong and I should decide to come back within three months or so, my going to her would be very doubtful. As I should *then* want to be alone and to work for life [for a living]. I would take a room somewhere between you and Fulham, so as to be enabled to go one way or other by night, and I would try to live perfectly unknown to all living people except yourselves. Try, when you can to make her understand all this; and at least for the present, let her give her rooms, if she can, to some paying lodger. Will you ask her, too, if she has found any trace of the velvet dress [dressing gown] given me by Bessie. Is it at your house? I have lost sight of it this last time, and do not want to lose it. If I am doomed to write, I shall write my first book in it. Should you happen to know something of Medici, tell me. Paint, sleep, try to eat oftener, walk moderately, try to improve your health, and love and be loved. I shall write, still do not expect me to do so as often as last time. Your

Jos.

I shall write to Caroline at Hastings.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, or the Italian frontier, April 29th, 1854. Received May 2nd.

As soon as I shall have your address, dear, I shall write directly [direct], and that will solve the question with Campanella. I gave a general rule to him when leaving, without, of course, thinking of you or of the Monday incidents. Do not be offended with him: he is and always has been extremely Jansenitical, dead-letter man, but well-meaning. I have your dear note of the 24th; and the *Times*. Do not send it any more; I have it at last every evening, or nearly so. It is so cold that I am obliged to have a fire for the night. I have been rather unwell, from usual complaints, but am better now. By-the-bye, you do not condescend to say a single word about your health. My being on the Continent is known, earlier than I expected; there has been a search for me in Genoa; but the current opinion is that I am in Switzerland and precisely there where I want to go. I am still doubtful about everything of mine, depending mainly on something which shall be decided upon within three days. The man arrested [Mattia Gergics] is in danger . . .

You have been at the Concert [in aid of the Italian School]: has it been successful? How did Marras sing? Was there any characteristic Italian singing? The first who has denounced [announced] my having left and my being probably in the Ticino is Gallenga, who is the English correspondent of the "Parlamento," and signs "A": the initial of Antonio. Tell Arethusa. Did you see, of late, Mrs. Carlyle and Carlyle himself? Do you know

anything of Herzen? With the great men K[ossuth] and Ledru, I have as yet been silent; and I think I shall always be so unless I have *some fact* to announce. I am so sick of talked politics! I am generally dissatisfied with my Italians; a small bold minority, however, can break the spell, and awaken them to better feelings. . . .

Your Jos.

Mrs. Milner-Gibson had known Gallenga during his residence in England and seems to have formed a shrewd estimate of his character. Judging by his letters to her, until he perceived this, he paid assiduous court to the influential lady; then he wrote, under date December 7th (perhaps 1851), in a bitter strain, desiring to terminate their acquaintance. Mrs. Milner-Gibson had possibly discovered the bias of Gallenga towards the Piedmontese Government, and understood all it would entail of unfaith towards the men of "Young Italy." The disingenuousness, adroitness and vanity of the man are clearly shown in this final letter, which contains illuminating sentences:

"Madame,

"One word more—it will be the last on my part. You offered me your hand at Lady Morgans's which as a gentleman I could not refuse. . . .

"You have offended me deeply as it was in your power to do. You condemned me without trial or examination, and branded me as an apostate and a traitor upon the faith of a report that was spread amongst the Italians. . . . I can refer you to Mazzini himself, to whom I shall hold out the hand of friendship when he comes back, and who, I am sure, will accept it. I have travelled with him in 1848 as far as Paris. There we saw we did not agree, as we had never before agreed. We went different ways . . . There was no treachery on my part. I spoke no evil of him in print. I seldom alluded to him personally, and only opposed his political opinions."

The writer adds that if she, Mrs. Milner-Gibson, could not "find the means of having the friendship of both [himself and Mazzini] then have your choice between us," and he continues:

"I came to you with a heart aching with disappointment and distress: I came to you after having for the second time in my life given up all I held dearest, all my best prospects and hopes for a vain desire to serve my country to the best of my abilities, and

you set me down as an apostate and a traitor, and I found myself judged and sentenced."

He concludes by desiring that they shall meet henceforth as strangers.

It is in connection with Gallenga that the most plausible charge of complicity in, or incitement to, assassination as a political activity is occasionally levelled against Mazzini. But as Mr. Bolton King has truly asserted, Mazzini definitely held that political assassination is wrong, and, moreover, a blunder. One of the chief differences between the policy of the *carbonari* and that of "Young Italy" was that while the first countenanced and practised assassination the second did not, either directly or remotely. It is true that Mazzini believed that now and again there has arisen an exceptional man or woman whose mission appears to have been to free a people by this means from some intolerable tyranny; it is true that he would not blame a patriot like Harmodius or a woman like Charlotte Corday; but he believed that to suggest a mission of assassination to any person would be a crime and a folly. The death of an individual or of individuals in the military "surprises" of insurrectionary warfare, which might approximate to assassination, cannot be looked upon in the same light under which Mazzini viewed assassination in the usual acceptation of the word. There is no credible evidence whatever to connect Mazzini with any political murder, and the whole tenor of his writings, of his private letters and of his life, would weigh against such evidence were it possible to discover any. Mr. Bolton King, in an appendix to his *History of Italian Unity*, has devoted care to investigating the ground of every insinuation of this kind, and has dismissed it entirely in each case except in that of Gallenga. It is well, therefore, to pause a little upon the story of Mazzini's relations with this man.

The introduction of Gallenga to Mazzini, by means of a letter brought personally, took place in the autumn of 1833 just before the expedition to Savoy which, owing to the military leader's betrayal of faith, ended in disaster. Gallenga presented himself to the Founder of "Young Italy," of which he was a member, in an hotel in Geneva, having just arrived from Corsica. He assured Mazzini that he had resolved to avenge the blood of the victims of the Piedmontese Government of 1821, and that he felt called upon to destroy Charles Albert. "I objected," writes Mazzini in

relating the incident, "as I have always done in similar cases. I argued with him, putting before him everything likely to dissuade him. I said that I considered Charles Albert deserving of death, but that his death would not save Italy. I said that the man who assumed a mission of expiation must know himself pure from every thought of vengeance or of any other motive than the mission itself. He must know himself capable of folding his arms and giving himself up as a victim after the execution of the deed, and that anyhow the deed would cost him his life, and he must be prepared to die stigmatized by mankind as an assassin. And so on for a long while.

"He answered all I said, and his eyes flashed as he spoke. He cared nothing for life; when he had done the deed he would not stir a step, but would shout 'Viva l'Italia,' and await his fate. . . . He had kept a portrait of Charles Albert in his room and gazed upon it till he was more than ever dominated by the idea."

Recounting this incident in his *History of Piedmont*, Gallenga represents the anonymous "young enthusiast" of this interview as undertaking the desperate mission at the instance of Mazzini, and as having been worked upon through the tears of Madame Ruffini. So astonishing was Gallenga's printed version that Campanella felt it necessary to obtain from Mazzini a written account of what actually took place.

In this account Mazzini states that it was not till after Gallenga had rejected all his deterring counsel, that he, Gallenga, became aware of Madame Ruffini's presence in the hotel; and she never knew upon what errand he was bent when he left Geneva. "During the hours we passed together," wrote Mazzini, "I suspected that he was actuated by an excessive desire of renown rather than by any sense of an expiatory mission. He continually reminded me that since the days of Lorenzino de' Medici no such deed had been performed, and begged me to write a few words explanatory of his motives after his death."

The young man needed money apart from the mission on which he professed to be bent, and Mazzini furnished it, giving him, as he was a member of "Young Italy," the address of the Committee in Turin. Gallenga obtained a passport in the Ticino under the name of Mariotti, and made his way to the Piedmontese

capital. There he arranged to carry out his crime within the palace itself, on a Sunday morning, when a certain number of persons were habitually admitted to see the King as he passed down a corridor.

It has been said that Mazzini gave Gallenga a dagger wherewith to assassinate the King. This is not true, though the assertion has one root in fact that has sustained it. Gallenga, after having seen the King, sent a man to Mazzini to assert that he was more firmly resolved than ever upon the deed, but that he feared to buy or procure a weapon in Turin. Mazzini, to whom, unfortunately, professions like Gallenga's were not new, and who seems from the first to have read his character aright, shrugged his shoulders and silently indicated an object upon his writing-table, which the man picked up and carried away. The present writer was assured by Madame Venturi, from whom Mazzini reserved no secrets and who had made it her business to investigate every possibly important episode of his early life, that the "weapon" was nothing more than a paper-knife shaped like a dagger, with a handle of lapis-lazuli—a most brittle substance. The paper-knife had been given to Mazzini; he constantly used and greatly prized it. It was by no means calculated to penetrate clothing or to wound.

The true interpretation of this apparently strange act on the part of Mazzini seems, tested by his creed and his entire conduct, to be that he did not, from the first, believe in a heroic, providential "call from God" in the heart of Gallenga; that the young man's fear to obtain for himself a weapon, confirmed this unbelief, and that he silently, by means of the paper-knife, told him, "If God has indeed elected you to do this deed, here is a hint as to the means." To indicate the semblance of a dagger was almost certainly a symbolic act, for it was an article of Mazzini's faith that determined revolutionaries could, in an uprising, always arm themselves with improvised daggers in default of other means. Such was afterwards the case in Milan during the "Five Days" and again in 1853, when big nails used in ships and in other structures, were rapidly hammered into daggers and did considerable execution in the hands of otherwise unarmed artisans.

To the writer's mind, the fact of Gallenga's sending to obtain from the Chief of "Young Italy" a weapon, wherewith to murder the King of Piedmont, has always seemed to dovetail into

his subsequent *known* relations with the Piedmontese Government. By sending for instead of procuring it independently, he would secure a useful witness against Mazzini.

Gallenga seems to have waited about a month in Turin or the near neighbourhood without doing anything; then vanished—his confidants supposing that he believed his design to be suspected by the police. Mazzini saw him some time afterwards in Switzerland, when his suspicion that the whole thing had been merely a kind of self-advertisement appeared borne out by the traits of character Gallenga revealed. " . . . I discovered that his was a nature more than proud. He was vain, inclined to egotism, and scorning every political faith save only the one idea of independence from the foreigner. He, moreover, worked with us, was a member of the Central Committee, and affixed his name as Secretary to our appeal to the Swiss against their trade in mercenary soldiers.

"Afterwards he withdrew and occupied himself in writing books and reviews. He wrote for and against the Italians, his friends, and me."

Gallenga, or Mariotti as he now called himself, went to America, whence he returned to London in June, 1839, when he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Milner-Gibson.

"Some time before 1848," continues Mazzini, "he again joined us and formed part of a nucleus organized under our name.

"In the year 1848, when I left England for Italy, he asked permission to accompany me. In Milan he separated from me, telling me that he was a man of action and was going to the camp."

Instead, he went to Parma and took to addressing assemblies of people in the squares and streets, advocating that fusion of Lombardy with Piedmont which it was most important to resist, because likely to lead to a "settlement" that would postpone the unity of Italy. Gallenga soon became Secretary of a federal society under Gioberti—who had just previously been an object of his animosity; and afterwards Cavour conveyed to him the information that a "veil would be drawn over his past." Whatever inference this suggests, it is not possible to arrive at a definite conclusion: but Gallenga became in a short time Charles Albert's special envoy to Frankfort.

Mazzini returned to London at the end of May or the

beginning of June, 1850, going back in the early autumn to Switzerland, and he was not in London again till the end of February, 1851. Either during the summer of 1850 or in the spring of 1851, he found that Gallenga had published in London a libel upon the Milanese of the "Five Days," stigmatizing them as cowards, etc. From that time Mazzini neither saw nor had anything to do with him.

It is greatly to the credit of Mrs. Milner-Gibson's penetration that, on Gallenga's own showing, she never felt full confidence in him, though he must have represented himself as an ardent patriot of the "Young Italy" type to have gained admission to the circle of her correspondents.

That he was a man of address and of ingratiating manners is certain. Owing to the first quality he more than once obtained election to the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, and the second attribute probably helped him to his two marriages with English-women. Although he professed to withdraw from political life in 1856—some of his past actions and utterances having been made public at a moment when the tide was flowing in another direction—he managed to creep back into a seat, and, as Italian correspondent of the *Times*, vented a bi-weekly profusion of disparagement, or worse, against Garibaldi's Volunteers, the Italian working-men's Associations and Mazzini.

To Emilie. From Switzerland or the Italian frontier, May 5th, 1854. Received May 9th.

I have been delaying writing from day to day, dear, on account of both prudence and hope: hope that an answer that ought to have come three days before, should reach and reach favourable, and enable me to give some good decisive news. It has not come; and the delay itself is disheartening. Probabilities increase every day for its being unfavourable. It is almost the last anchor of hope for the present; it would give me a *point-d'appui*. I need it. The evil in Italy is far more powerfully and universally spread than I anticipated. The so-called "thinking" class is ruined by scepticism, false hopes, miscalculations, and by the obdurate inertness of Medici and of all the military men. The favour in which Austrian alliance * is held, and the combined action of France and England against Greece, are working very badly too. I have moments of absolute despair. I am not at all impatient,

* A definite alliance had been entered into between Austria and Prussia. Austria was *informally* allied with other Western Powers.

MRS. MILNER-GIBSON

frantic, as they believe, for action *quand même*. And should I find their reasonings good and the mass of the people unequal to the contest, I would feel certainly resigned and get at work writing, printing, educating. But the mass of the people is good, wishing and ready : so much that if I could walk through them freely or be everywhere at once, I would lead on and care nothing about the rest. But I am far, unable to act except through intermediates and through the very class which is absolutely reluctant. The position is far more unfavourable than it was in February. Triste, oh triste !

The cold has come back : the Alps have disappeared again. I *had* a fire by night : did I not tell you so ? I am better than I was when I wrote my first letters. I received yesterday your second *Times :* it came in time when, through neglect, mine had ceased to come. But I suppose I shall receive it again. Your Allied Powers seem to have failed before Odessa, which is a shame. Still, to have now Russia victorious is the only thing to be wished for : they would rouse up a little more the British lion ; and they would most likely drive Austria to unmask. How are you physically ? Honestly ? Have you been *able* to get a model ? Of course, if there is any practical result from the advertisement for a partner, you will tell me. I have had a note with £15— collected from Peter. What is Camp[anella] doing ? What Mrs. M[ilner]-G[ibson] ? I shall write a few words to her in my next. I hope that Bessie is well now, or nearly so. And Bem ? has he fits ? Blessings and love from your

Jos.

P.S.—I receive your dear letter of the 3rd. I am very glad that you have been working at the spoiled painting. What has become of the Masserenti's sketch ? Thank—if it is of any use, Mr. T. Taylor for his good intentions towards Camp[anella] and remind him from time to time. I still hope that he will have to leave ; but if things turned wrong for the present, it would be a real torment to have him without any means. I long for Bessie being quite well. Why did you not reproach Mrs. Piper, and, if you did, what did she say in self-defence ? I do not care much for myself ; but my sojourn being known in Switz. as it is, journeying from point to point will grow more and more difficult.* God and boldness will provide.

Ever your

Jos.

* The good woman at whose house he lodged in Chelsea had told all callers that he was in Switzerland.—E. A. V.

To Emilie. From Switzerland or the Italian frontier, May 9th, 1854. Received May 12th.

Most likely, dear, I shall have a word from you to-day; may God enable you to give one not altogether sad. I know that your mother has been ill again; that your father is far from flourishing; and that you were a few days ago at Tonbridge. I have never been sanguine throughout this late period of improvement about your mother; but I hope that the little strength she had visibly gathered will have helped her through the crisis better than before. I am anxious to hear. And I am anxious especially about their not removing, and keeping near Matilda. To go far out of the way, in such a condition of health, would be absurd almost to immorality. Give my love to them both and to Matilda. Do not make yourself ill more than you generally are. I wanted so much to have everybody I loved moderately well for a while! Dear, I am on thorns; it might be that this very evening something should be done; and if it proved successful, though not of a dazzling importance, it might still prove the spark; and it would facilitate in some measure other things which I want to do, and for which I *now* find insurmountable difficulties. But I scarcely dare hope: so many difficulties are on the way of anything secretly organized, so very few our means are. If the attempt is baffled, it will be a death-blow to me now; and every possibility of our own initiative will vanish for a long while. If it succeeds, it will be a mere beginning, but a change somewhat favourable to me will take place in the Italian opinon. In this case I will remove to other places; but you will go on writing as usual. Your news will be even more welcome than before; the more I shall plunge into work and action, the link with individual life and affections will be sacred and needed.

This letter refers to the attempt that was to be made in the Duchy of Modena, organized from Genoa, Massa and Carrara. Closely associated with Orsini and Ricci in the arrangements, was the Hungarian Gergics. Early in April, as previously noted, he fell into the clutches of the Austrian authorities, and made full confession; hence it is safe to assume that the movements of Orsini and Ricci in May were easily anticipated by the Piedmontese Government, for all the Continental Governments made common cause against anything that could upset them or force on any reconstruction.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, May 12th, 1854. Received May 15th.

I have, dear, your letter of the 7th, and am consequently comparatively at rest. But you are wrong in keeping silent about your mother. I fully and gratefully feel and appreciate your motives, but I am standing with you all on a higher ground than calmness or comfort: it is the necessity of communing in good and evil, in grief and joy, with you all. Besides, one way or other, I shall always know everything, and if not from you, I shall fancy more than reality. Let me rely on a faithful bulletin of each person's health, dear.

Alas! I am writing in despondency about our own affairs. I have—though not the certainty as yet—all possible grounds for believing that the scheme on which I grounded all successive operations has failed, owing to the imprudent conduct of one of the leaders [Orsini] and to the contrary winds. The last news left very little hope; and as I was to know, through telegraph, any *good* thing, the very silence is speaking ruin. Had it failed through impossibilities arisen before the moment of execution, it would have been little in comparison of a failure at the very decisive moment. The failure is an *éclat:* the men *must* be arrested or worse; like the 6th of February on a smaller scale, it will produce a concert of blame and curses on me from all that is adverse; and immense discouragement in my followers, and an indefinite postponement of all other promises on different points, given on condition of some initiative taking place elsewhere. I do really feel powerless and doomed.

Bessie is, I hear, gently recovering. How is William? And how is poor, good Arethusa of whom I hear nothing? I have no *Times;* but I do not care much about it.

I receive this very moment yours of the 9th, and with it Arethusa's news. You will tell me, if she really goes to Italy, the when and where. . . . I understand that Bem is starving and has not even enough strength for a fit. . . . Should there be a miraculous change in my affairs, you will have one word instantly. Blessings and love from your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Switzerland, May 16th, 1854. Received May 19th.

I have yours of the 12th, dear; and I had another the day before. I cannot write long; and I write only because I do not wish you to be uneasy on account of my silence. From day to day I expected to be able to say something like a solution to this problem which keeps me feverish and on a bed of thorns; from day to day I am deluded. It is beyond comprehension. The *men* are on sea, apparently, some nine days, without the least

information about them coming to me. The natural time for reaching was some thirty or thirty-six hours! Meanwhile, everybody knows and writes about it; and whatever happens, the delay has destroyed every possibility of fulfilling the scheme . . .

You are an angel to keep strong—if it is the case—with all these troubles surrounding us. I do so too, spite of all; and will. I do not give up my point at all; but this failure is a very sad blow; and it will raise a crusade against me.

Bless you. Ever your

Jos.

Remember me to Syd.

To Emilie. May 19th, 1854. Received May 22nd. From Switzerland.

I have your letter of the 16th, dear. The ray of hope has fled; and the thing is over. How? It is still a mystery to me. They were to land on the other side of the Magra where a certain force of ours was to meet them, and they did land on the *Piedmontese* side, where they had all to fear, nothing to hope for. Why? I do not know. Some are arrested; and one of the best too: others are scattered: where? I do not know. I scarcely know anything except that they landed *there*, that they were surprised whilst they were loading muskets, which they could have perfectly well loaded on board; that they were scattered, and all the muskets—so many drops of blood—taken. Ah me! The *Times* will have by this time spoken: only, as there are no proclamations or instructions of mine taken, the noise will be less: the damage in the ranks will not be less. Did you ever read the *Comte de la Maison Rouge* by Dumas? It is something like my own tale:—a series of baffled attempts, through the smallest circumstance possible. The man ends by killing himself: I shall not end so; but were I fighting as he did, for a queen, I would: "il y aurait de quoi." If I was a Rothschild, within a fortnight, I would have a second attempt, and I would end by crushing the snake: but I am not . . .

Some Piedmontese papers are amusing themselves with stating that I am plotting with the Tzar. I would if I could. He is true and straightforward: a mighty despotic fact, going through the world undisguised, to ruin or conquest. *They* are tyrants with a liberty-cap on their head: a new un-Holy Alliance worse than the first: crushing Right and pretending that they are fulfilling a work of Justice.

I am so glad that your mother is better, that I shall not answer one word, and will bear meekly all your reproaches against my want of knowing *everything*. I have no letter from Arethusa . . .

Be good, strong and loving. Never mind my own troubles: I shall try to go on, spite of all. Blessings and love from your

Jos.

What had actually happened was as follows:—

Orsini, starting from Genoa on May 6th, was to have landed a certain quantity of arms and ammunition near Spezia, but the weather—as so often happened—almost savagely opposed the plans of the revolutionaries and rendered his attempt practically abortive. Part of the ammunition had to be cast overboard and the rest was much delayed. Sardinian troops made their appearance on all sides and captured many of the insurgents. Orsini wandered, starving, in the mountains for over a week, finally escaping by sea back to Genoa, whence he wrote recriminatory letters to the *Italia e Popolo* and the *Parlamento*. From Genoa he contrived to make his escape to Geneva, where he interviewed Quadrio and exchanged letters with Mazzini.

Writing of his failure in the autumn of the previous year, Orsini himself says: "Habitual danger makes one too confident, and we neglect proper precautions; sometimes excess of confidence bears no evil fruit, but it generally causes the failure of great enterprises." The comment would hold good of every undertaking with which he had to do and is certainly the secret of his further ill-luck in the autumn of this year (1854).

On June 11th he arrived at Chur (Coira) on a fresh mission.

To Emilie. May 22nd, 1854. Received May 25th. From Switzerland.

I have your letter of the 19th, and had the preceding one, dear. I shall send back the slips to Mr. B[iggs] himself, or to you for him in my next one. He ought to have it inserted in the *D[aily] N[ews]*, [a noble and interesting analysis of England's position and policy]. Thanks to Arethusa I am writing to Rome, though I confess myself extremely puzzled with the name which I am to address.

I am sorry for *my* poor Mary [his former servant]. I would try to help and console her if I was near; but you will do it better than I would, and that I feel for her she knows. Remember me to her very kindly.

My life! ah me! it is an unfinished one; a title and no book at all. Of course you are welcome to write it more than any other writer; and if you will be persisting [if you persist in the

idea] I will one day or other throw down some notes concerning me.* But my life—if at all—ought to be written *impartially*; and you cannot, dear. The shadowy side will not be there. If I die without doing something more than I have, my life seems to be a wretched failure. If a watchword was *mine*, it was Action; and if I die without having engendered it, what is my life? A mere aspiration. No news since the last I gave. The men arrested were only nine; the others are scattered I do not know where: sought for, but as yet without result. I am well in health. I have received a very sweet letter from Matilda, which I have answered . . .

Blessing on you from your

Jos.

To Emilie. May 26th, 1854. From the Italian frontier. Received May 29th.

I have yours of the 22nd, dear. Generally, you must try to insert in Campanella's letters, so as not to multiply the arrivals too much. This time I feel grateful for your having sent independently; he did not write that day; but I would have felt uneasy about you had you not written. They have arrested some of my men in Turin, searched others in Genoa; the result I do not know; but I know that poor Constance, the Irish lady of whom you have heard me speaking, has had her house searched: unsuccessfully; still, a few days after, she received an order of leaving the Sardinian territory within five days, now prolonged to fifteen. A little encouraging note of [from] her has been found in the boot of one of the men arrested. What on earth suggested to a man who was going to embark in an insurrection to keep all his correspondence—for mine too was found there—in a boot, God knows: these things would drive me mad. However, such was the fact. She protested and appealed to the British Agent. I copy the answer:

"British Consulate, Genoa. May, 19th, 1854.

"MADAM,—In reply to your note of the 12th instant, addressed to H.B.M.'s Consul, I have been requested by him to inform you that as an agent of Mazzini—proved by a letter from you to one of the men seized who was organizing revolt and disturbance in the Italian States bordering Piedmont—you have forfeited your claim to the consideration of H.B.M.'s Consulate at Genoa. I am, Madam, Your ob. serv. WM. GOMERSALL."

* This he never did, but the idea of the autobiographical notes to the collection of the translations from his writings, published many years later by Smith, Elder, arose at this time.—E. A. V.

I feel sorry at this : she is rather poor and she could there live economically. Of the others I know nothing : they are still concealed somewhere . . . Every way I turn I swim in immeasurable sadness . . .

The lady mentioned above, Constance Wright, came of a Norfolk family, and was married at the age of sixteen to General Beart. On his death she went to Italy, whence she was twice expelled by the Government. At Mazzini's mother's house she met the Marchese Ernesto Pareto, whom she afterwards married. Both remained staunch friends to the great Exile, and were also deeply attached to his faithful admirer and helper, Mrs. Milner-Gibson. When Italian affairs deviated hopelessly from the Republican programme, the Marchese Pareto retired with his family into seclusion in the country ; his wife, however, never ceased her beneficent work in the interests of the persecuted patriots.

As she lay on her death-bed, the Provincial of the Jesuits tried, at the instance of some members of the family, to pay her a visit ; but as he entered her room she summoned all her remaining strength to raise herself and point to the door. She died as she had lived, true to the creed and the ideals of Mazzini.

To Emilie. June 4th, 1854. From the Italian frontier.

I have yours of the 1st, dear. No ; you are entirely mistaken about Orsini, and I feel bound to say so for truth's sake and for the case too of his going to England and eventually meeting you. Orsini is a weak man, nothing else : weak through vanity. He did all that he could or fancied he could in this last attempt : the faults were errors of the mind. Then at the end, he thought not of the Party, not of Italy, not of me : he thought of his own reputation : fancied himself lost unless he explained to the public, and in a moment of irritation against the cowardice of some people who had promised to meet him and did not, he wrote the foolish letter. He regretted it soon after. Depend upon me, there is nothing like plotted betrayal. The writing, I believe, has not been published ; but I suppose they intend to keep it as a sort of Damocles' sword on our head for the proper moment. Dear, I am very sorry at your mother's state. She will no doubt recover now ; but alas ! she will not be long amongst us. I wrote to you, I think, a very silly desponding note a few days ago ; and your own strong and strengthening words are such a

contrast! Still, never mind my feelings; and my giving way from time to time to what is within me: my actions are never influenced by my gloomy feelings. All that is to be done or at least that can be done by me, I do. I would be in London if I was not decidedly bent on struggle and duty. You are right in chiding me; and I do not mean to exculpate myself; for my words ought never add grief to grief; but I do not want you to exaggerate to yourself my own state of mind or to judge of it from transient ebullitions, which would consume themselves in silence, were it not that to you I say anything that I happen to feel whilst I write . . .

My note, dear, is, I know, as dull as possible; but I have nothing to tell you: I am in suspense for plenty of things and awaiting for many answers from different quarters: meanwhile, looking at the sky, watching the swallows and wondering. Blessings and fervent affection from your

Jos.

I enclose a short note for Arethusa. I do not remember if she has some boy amongst her children. If so, could she not take Quadrio as a tutor?

At Mazzini's earnest request bulletins were sent to him nearly every day during Mrs. Ashurst's last illness, informing him of every change in her condition. One of these, written on June 3rd, carried to him the news that the doctor had left the house saying that she could not live through the night. She had said farewell to all her children and had requested that her love should be sent to him "for the last time." She did, however, linger between life and death for three months longer.—E. A. V.

June 6th [1854].

I receive, dear Emilie, your sad lines of the 3rd; feared, foreseen, you know it from my notes, all these days; not the less sad for that. I felt something as if I would not see her, my poor second mother, any more, when I left her the last time. And I shall feel her loss almost as deep as my mother's Am I not one of yours? Are you not all my family, my chosen family, the only beings whom I can love now here down? For me, for you all, it will be a heavy, dark cloud on what remains of life, a new deep furrow on the soul, one smile vanished for ever, one touch of loneliness which through joys and griefs, will never leave us. But oh, for God's sake, and for her own sake, let it be only that. To you, to Caroline, to Matilda, to William, let it

be, not the withering, dry, atheistical despair which *she* would blame and which would make her sad above ; but the pious, loving, consecrating grief making us better, better loving, more devoted to the duties she taught, more bound to all those, and to all that which she loved. Let us do nothing, feel nothing which she would not approve. Let death be the christening to a renewed earnestness, to the high religious belief, to all the immortal hopes which nourished her angel-soul. Let you all feel, as I shall, her presence more now than ever. Let you all believe, as you believe in my undying affection, that death is the cradle of a new, purer, happier life. It is so. God knows that I would not give in such a moment, a mere poetical instinct as a consolation. I know it is so. Every departure of loved beings—and, except you, all have departed—has made me feel so more and more. Your mother is living, loving, wanting love, longing for your rising once calmly and trustfully to her, and rewarded for the love she had, for the good she did or wished to do, with some new power to help you on, to influence you with the holy, virtuous thoughts. For her, this earthly life had now become a burden, an almost unendurable suffering. It was time she should be summoned to a new youth and meet Eliza. For us, she must be a new Saint in our soul's Heaven. For me, she will ; let her be such for you too. Surround your poor father with redoubled love so that he does not feel too bitter the blank left in his suffering days from the disappearance of his faithful companion. Strange that I should have seen her in dream last night, lying calm on a bed, living, and surrounded silently by us all. Alas ! I am not with you : I am feeling, praying, kneeling from afar, without even the power of wiping a tear, or grasping a hand ; but you all do not forget me, do not punish me for being far, by losing sight of me, by not drawing a single spark of strength and consolation from one who loves her, reveres her, mourns for her, but with a faith and a hope. I write as if what we feared was accomplished ; but I do feel it so. Should it not be, I shall be blessed again with you all. Take care of your own health, dear Emilie, as she was continuously bidding you to do ; and write only one word as soon as you can.

Ever your Jos.

To Caroline. From Switzerland, June, 1854. (Before June 19.)

I am so glad that you speak irritated at the behaviour of your Government towards Greece. I wanted it from you. The fact is that this Anglo-French war is a Holy Alliance war : that what you feared in the East was as much the rising up of

nationality there—an example to others—as the Russian encroachments. The occupation of Greece is a true crime, like the occupation of Rome. And you may depend upon it that should I succeed in awakening life amongst my countrymen I would have first to fight Austria, France and England together. It is this feeling that keeps down Italy just now. As for me, I feel so sick of all that is going on, so wishful to protest with action, that the thought of acting, for a while at least, against everybody and everything is an exciting one and just that which keeps me at work. I am sick of the peoples too. Hungary ought to have risen when the first hostilities broke out on the Danube and Austria had not concentrated her forces. Italy ought to have risen as soon as the news of the Greek insurrection reached. All the French patriots, fully aware that they can do nothing now in France, ought to concentrate means from everywhere and help us to move. The Greek merchants who are willing to work for their country, ought to see that it is lost unless the basis of the movement is widened and Austria, their first enemy, is attacked in Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina. They ought to help an Italian movement as if it was their own. The fact is that we are no party at all: we are a miserable set of boasters and hypocrites, living on a certain number of commonplaces about fraternity, regeneration, *amour du peuple*, and so on; but full of vanity, selfism, envy, revenge, sophisms and pedantry, like our enemies: therefore we do not conquer: why should we? The few who, as in England, are inclined to be good, are wanting logics, information, straight-forwardness, and above all, consciousness of what *man* is or ought to be: they follow Power blindly, merely because it is power. Ah me! Was I not linked to life by affection I should take fifty men with me and walk straight on to the Austrians, for the mere sake of being enabled to leave behind me a few pages addressed to our Party and telling them "You are a set of selfish cowards; one thing is left to a man: to protest against both you and the enemy and to leave you with contempt. I do that thing. Farewell."

Do not believe, from this outburst of mine that I am in despair; I am not. It may be that I succeed in what I am about; but all esteem, all sympathy, all communing between me and the educated fraction of our Party is dead within me. I could [might] triumph to-morrow: I would feel no joy. Is not joy communing? I cannot any more. I am sorry to copy, but "I am with them, not of them." Well, I am with you, and of you —your letter too is sad. Tell me always candidly (as you do) everything concerning the crisis [family troubles, just then heavy]. Powerless as I am, let me at least feel with you in everything good and bad. You tell me, dear, of the excitement of little

Joseph about his letter; but did he really seem to understand that it was something from me to him? Did you read it to him? Did he listen? Does he venture to utter some words more, and which? I want to know everything about him. I am visited every night by two or three little St. John's birds,* who really seem to me sometimes to be either souls of the dead, or you and little Joseph. Two nights ago I gently caressed one who had placed himself on my paper, for two minutes, after which he came deliberately within my sleeve. I read any book at night, dear, Tacitus, French Revolution, anything. I am attended to—you know I want very little attention—by a very ugly, very good woman. I go to bed earlier and rise earlier, the main cause being the loneliness of my days and the aching of my eyes. . . .

To Emilie. From Switzerland, July 26th, 1854.

Dear, I have your good dear note of the 22nd. I answer only a few lines; I have a long letter to write in cypher; and must write it whilst it is daylight; but I know that you will not misinterpret the shortness of my note. Another failure. The telegraph brings news that an *émeute* at Parma has been suppressed by the Austrians: of course there are no particulars, and from there I have no letters. This does not change my plans at all; it makes me more obstinate. But of course it damages them. Another deception too: I proposed to Nino [Bixio] to be near me at the moment: he refuses; with grief amounting to despair, still he refuses, on account of individual ties and affections. It grieves me very much; but do not write or mention the thing to anybody especially in Genoa: it would only strengthen the dissenters; and besides, he is with us *au fond* better than many others and must not be lost. I cannot find one or two officers I want. The Spanish movement, though evidently incomplete and irrational, will, through tradition, influence the South [of Italy] in the action sense. . . .

Did you ever see Mr. Barker any more? My sweet sister do not take this scrap, written between two cyphered letters and by one frantic for action, as a fair index of my feelings: they are, though silent, breathing all that is good and affectionate, and half-and-going-to-be-wholly-calm, strong and comforted. Ever your devoted

Jos.

Mazzini here refers to a movement in the Duchy of Parma

* Certain large white moths called by that name in Italy.—E. A. V.

which had nothing whatever to do with him. The two Duchies of Modena and Parma were entirely creatures of Austria, existing on her sufferance rather than by any *raison d'être* of their own. While Francis V. of Modena was more ill-judging than cruel, Charles III. of Parma embodied all the qualities of a ruthless, capricious tyrant. He placed Parma in a state of siege, closed the Universities, fined heavily members of the Provisional Government and indulged in a condition which Mr. Bolton King rightly describes as "oriental wantonness." Men of certain grades were, for instance, compelled to shave in a particular way and to wear short hair; others to go about in absurd uniforms. Lawyers and doctors had to procure certificates of satisfactory political conduct or lose their chances of practice. Farmers with patriotic leanings could not dismiss labourers without an official licence. In the early part of Charles's reign three hundred men were publicly flogged for trivial offences. Incredibly small things brought the lash upon a subject. One of Charles's servants was actually whipped to death for a mere jest. Charles himself indulged in lashing the faces of men in the streets for any supposed lack of respect in their attitude towards him. The exactions of the Government went beyond endurance; and all minerals were impounded by the State. Trade had been almost ruined by a military rule which forbade it to recover, because fear that commercial proceedings might be the disguise for political combinations, caused the Government to impede the formation of companies, etc. To add to the general material depression, the phylloxera and the silkworm disease was consummating the ruin of landowners, already taxed to nearly the half of their income.

Such was the state of things that led to the assassination of the Duke in the March of this year (1854). His widow soon found herself confronted with an attempt at insurrection, partly aroused by a rumour that Garibaldi was coming.

It is not surprising, however regrettable, to find that assassination became, for a time, the resource of the suffering Parmesans, for the reluctance to act of those men who had power to organize effective rebellion deprived them of every other.

The next letter relates to the attempt in the Valtellina which Orsini, after having recanted his outpourings in the press, undertook to organize.

His first care was to inspect the passes that divide the basins of

the Rhine, the Danube and the Po. Then he arranged that part of the insurgent forces should go by the Moretto.

The beauty of the country seems to have appealed to the sentimental side of his nature and to have induced a morbid condition, for as he gazed upon the clouds rolling beneath him, he says, "I had more than once almost decided to cast myself over a precipice and die."

Instead, he remained a month at Coira, fraternizing at the Feber Inn with Deputies, members of the Cantonal Council, ex-officers of the Pope, etc.—men whose bare proximity demanded from him the utmost circumspection. We are told, however, in Orsini's "Memoirs" that "there were large parties"; that "it was a comedy"; and that "more than once, to speak the truth, we left the company rather merry." He then came to the conclusion that there was no inclination towards rebellion in the district. But the signal had been arranged to come from Como, where the Austrian steamers were to be seized on August 20th. As usual, all was discovered through clues dropped by undisciplined tongues.

Quadrio, doubtless ignorant of the convivial life led at the Feber Inn, travelled to St. Moritz a few days before Mazzini, who at once attended a sort of conference. Mazzini quickly perceived the state of things. Men expected failed to arrive; and a change of date was announced from Como.

Suddenly, on the morning of August 20th, Orsini was arrested by Swiss gendarmes, "because," as he naïvely confesses, "my preparations had been so long about that the police could not help perceiving that something extraordinary was going on."

A Swiss girl apprised Mazzini and contrived means for Orsini's escape. After a terrible three hours the latter reached a little inn on Mount Bernina where he impetuously revealed himself to a chamois hunter who befriended him. He finally attained Zurich and the house of Madame Herwegh, a woman who saved him both then and afterwards. Mazzini's own evasion from the noose in which he found himself is little short of miraculous.

To Emilie, after a dangerous journey. No place named. August 15th, 1854

Dear, one word from here; as I am obliged to stop for a few hours. So far so good; this evening I go on. I expect to find letters of yours where I shall be to-morrow morning.

x

I left Geneva without any letters from you or Caroline; but I had the *Daily News* up to the 11th. I fear I shall not be able to write now before three, perhaps four days. Remember me to your mother, to Matilda, Bessie and William if they are back.

Did I tell you that Garibaldi's letter against action has been written in Medici's counting-house, taken to Buffa* for approval before sending to the papers, and solicited by Madame Salasco Martini?

Ever your
Jos.

In April of this year Garibaldi had returned from America, and at Newcastle had received a great ovation, besides a beautiful sword and a telescope. On leaving England he sailed for Genoa, then withdrew to Nice, to the retirement that was so dear to him. It is small wonder that the news of his arrival, coupled with what happened at Newcastle, put a match to the fuel of rebellion. The young men of Parma rose, expecting his immediate support.

Garibaldi was angered, for, as Jessie White Mario has implied, he was already cherishing an admiration for the King of Piedmont. If E. A. V.—who was not one to make irresponsible statements—is correct in saying that from 1851 Garibaldi accepted an allowance from Victor Emmanuel, he was no longer a free agent.

Choosing to suppose that use had been made of his name without his knowledge, he rushed into print with a violent letter which led to a furious indictment from the pen of Roselli upon the mistakes of Garibaldi at Valletri in 1849. Garibaldi sent his seconds to Roselli and to the editor of the *Italia e Popolo*, but, fortunately, friends of both succeeded in composing the quarrel. They never, however, eradicated from Garibaldi's mind the belief that Mazzini had instigated Roselli's accusations; and from that moment, drawing further away from Mazzini, he came ever more under the influence of the monarchical idea for Italy.

To Caroline. From a copy by Emilie. Received August 25th, 1854. [Evidently written after the arrest of Orsini on August 20th.]

DEAR,

I am in a hut, nearly six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Government has discovered something:

* Governor of Genoa.

people of mine have been arrested ; and they are looking for me in every direction ; a friend of mine has been arrested yesterday, crossing a mountain, because he is physically like me. They have distributed [instructions] to all the *landjägers*, in which I am described, from "the pale earthen colour" to my "smoking in a very gentlemanly way." There ! Is it not flattering ? In this condition of things an English letter, sent from a hut to some village on the Alps from where one letter a week is an event, would undoubtedly betray me. You must be calm and quiet and resign yourself to silence for a few days from now. I am awaiting for events which may or may not take place, but which *may* take place soon ; and it is enough for my trying to keep my ground. Do not feel alarmed, I pray you. First of all, I shall not be taken ; and even in the worst case, it is on this side of the Alps I would be taken, and from the Swiss Government I can expect all sorts of annoyances, not any serious risk.

Yours of the—there is no date—but the one acknowledging mine of the 9th and 10th has reached ; a true blessing from heaven. I am here absolutely alone ; without a book, and writing on this paper because I had brought it with me.

The Alps are truly sublime, dear ; this is a part hitherto new to me. The landscape around, with a series of little calm lakes at the bottom and glaciers around and over, is fascinating.

It is cold but sunny, and the air is pure beyond expression. It is only in the night that the cold is really felt. Tell everybody, dear, and Emilie especially, that I am well, and give my love, saying that I shall not write for a few days unless I have a chance occasion. My love to your mother. Campanella has not yet reached ; I shall not, I fear, be able to see him now, but I shall try to manage contact through some of the mountaineers, a fine and brave, sympathizing race, only unable to keep a secret when they are arrested or threatened by the police. I am physically well, dear, and though I have walked for almost three hours across a mountain, I feel strong. Kiss little Joe for me and give my love to James.

Love and blessings from your

Jos.

To Emilie. August 22nd, 1854. Received August 29th.

I am well, dear, and Campanella has reached, and wishes you to send this little letter to Matilda. This is all that I can say about my things ; neither good nor bad : three or four days of suspense. I am not sanguine. As for me individually, I am looked for ; but very foolishly and "I wish you may get it." Do not feel in the least unquiet, and tell Caroline and your mother my

news. I have removed from the "cavern" where I was, and am in a habitable room. Is William back? If so my love to him and to Bessie. I am very uneasy about you all on account of the cholera. I have yours of the 11th . . .

I cannot write now, because from where I am I cannot write and post without danger, and I avail myself of somebody who is passing and going to post elsewhere. A blessing from your

Jos.

To Emilie. Seems from Switzerland. August 27th, 1854.

Aug. 27.

Dear, it is all over for the moment. I cannot go through the lamentable history now; but, on our side of the Alps, they have been seizing all the arms; there has been a denunciation from a Swiss armourer. The little peaceful valley has been filled with gendarmes: a procureur-général sent from Coire: men arrested; all my friends with guards at the door. In the meantime the Piedmontese Government have arrested men who were starting to join me. I was seeing gendarmes from the place where I was; but was not seen by them. I awaited until the news which I was to receive from Italy came: had they come good, I would still have surmounted every obstacle and gone in with a few. But a telegraphic dispatch came on the 24th, telling me that owing to causes that are as yet unknown to me, the movement which was to be the beginning of all other operations, was unavoidably and indefinitely postponed. There was then nothing to be done there where I was; and really the place could not be kept any more by me without madness. I left and came back. Retracing my steps through the very places from which all the persecuting orders were coming was a rather difficult matter! However, I have succeeded. I was travelling with Campanella. He has been arrested, evidently mistaken for me. He is at Chur [Coire] under guard in an hotel: there is no danger for him except the annoyance of two or three days of secluded life; and I am almost sure that he will be sent away from the Canton; the worst that one can imagine—but I do not deem it possible—is that they order him back to England, on account of the passport which I fear his not feeling equal to maintain as his true one. I was arrested in another place, but succeeded in convincing the gendarmes that they were wrong. The friends who were under guard in the valley, have succeeded in escaping. I am now comparatively safe, and awaiting for explanations of the indefinite postponing in the province where the beginning was to take place. Until then I am in the dark; and do not know anything about myself or others.

Be therefore quiet and at rest about myself personally ; all the rest is sad, but it may brighten up again.

I have your note of the 21.

Q[uadrio] is safe. Aur[elio Saffi] is at Zürich.

If you have found out the address of Pianc., etc., be so good as to send the enclosed word. I do not like to have persons starting when perhaps there may be nothing to be done.

Med[ici] has been attacked by cholera ; but he has been saved, and is well now.

Dear, never mind your notes ; there was nothing wrong in them ; and if there could ever be, I would not take it as such. But there cannot be any wrong ; and such as they are, they are always dear to me. I wish the cholera was away from London. Try to keep as well as you can ; more than ever, I want all those I love to be well if possible. Aur. and Q. send their love. Give mine with a blessing to your dear mother : remember me to your father ; and to Syd, whom I suppose back from his excursion now. Of course Matilda and Bessie and William will know from you. As soon as I shall know about Camp. you will know too. I shall not write frequently for a while ; but do never feel uneasy ; and remember that the silence of the papers is a sure sign that all is right with me.

Ever and ever, in haste, your

Jos.

To Emilie. From some hiding place in Switzerland. September 1st, 1854.

First of all, forgive my hand-writing, sweet sister, should it be unusually bad : I write with a steel pen. Then, forgive the shortness and the insignificance of the epistle : I have nothing to write. I am sequestered, thanks to the glorious Swiss Republic, in the most lonely place you can imagine ; I see the landscape, beautiful as an Italian one ; but nothing else, except from time to time a girl who stares at me, mutters some questions in an unknown language, the Swiss German, gets an equally unintelligible answer from me, and does, or brings, in consequence, some thing which very often is not the one I want. I see no friends ; no papers, for the present, not anything. Hurrying away from a place to another, I have not been able to take anything except cigars and a book. All this will find its remedy to-morrow or the day after. Meanwhile, I have asked for "papier" and I write. These republicans are beginning to grow troublesome. They are in a state of frantic madness on our account. They had established a gensdarme at the door of O[rsini] He vanished from the room. They had another in a diligence leading [bringing] another whom you don't know at [to] Coire : he vanished from

the diligence. I was all the while travelling with them, and I was not suspected. They arrested poor, very good, Campanella, believing that he was me: it turned out that it was *him*. And so on; so that they have sworn that they will have me. Of course I have sworn they would not. So do not be at all uneasy. Only, they harass me; but that is nothing. The difficulties of writing, sending, and receiving are something; and they will account with you for all delays and unusually prolonged silence. I said once that I could not be arrested without your knowing of it through the papers. I must now say that you must not even believe the papers, unless confirmed. It might be that they arrested Campanella mistaking him again for me, and that the rumour should spread of my being arrested. I could take a decision and fly to the harbour. But it would be *now* unwise to travel; and secondly, I have promised to stop and await the whole month. I must, if I can, keep my promise.

All this is trifling. What is not trifling is the inconceivable, shameful conduct of our middle class, baffling as yet all my attempts. It fills me with sadness and bitterness; it casts a gloom on everything. Medici did persuade Garibaldi [in the violent letter above alluded to] to alter the declaration, which was an open appeal to rally around the Piedmontese Monarchy; on all the rest, it seems, he assented. But assenting or not, what is he doing? How is he alive to the state and wants of his country? To his own duties? Why does he not feel that the hour has come? And that one word from him and the military nucleus strengthening mine, their names coupled with mine, would be more than sufficient to rouse the people?

I hope I shall somehow receive to-day a few lines from you. The last I had were, I think, of the 23rd or 24th. And I begin to feel uneasy about you all. I am told that the cholera is on the increase in London. But, as I am to keep my letters ready for the messenger, I shall only have time to add "received yours, etc.," if it comes. Sydney, I suppose, has come back to London.

Give a kiss to your mother for me when you see her. And remember me to your father. I shall write to Matilda one of these days. Try to settle, and to paint something grand as soon as you can. I cannot now; but I shall, if everything turned wrong, *endeavour* to write a book, as soon as I come back: I must too, for other considerations. Do not speak one word to strangers about the possibility of my coming back in one month or so: if I do I must decidedly conceal myself from everybody: physically, morally, and financially, the old life would be impossible. Blessings and everything good from your

Jos.

Federico Campanella, of whom frequent mention has been made, was one of the disciples who never, to the end of his life, wavered in his adherence to the application of Mazzini's principles. After the disaster of 1833, which cost the young reformers so dearly, he was one of the last to leave Genoa; and with Mazzini and others he took part in forming the Society of "Young Europe." Until the approach of the revolutionary year, 1848, he supported himself in Paris by teaching, but with the prospect of action he returned to Genoa, joined the National Guard and fought there against the Austrians. On the subjugation of the town he and several companions were condemned to death in contumacy; but he reached Rome, fought in her defence, then, the Eternal City defeated, he emigrated to Greece. In 1850 he joined the revolutionary Committee in Paris, but the attentions of the police drove him to London. Here, as we know, he met a cordial welcome from the English "Friends of Italy," and in Mazzini's absence held the threads of his work, exercising even excessive vigilance and caution.

It is difficult, from his photograph, to understand how he can have been mistaken for Mazzini; but the Ashursts evidently perceived a likeness, and the remarkable incident referred to in the above letter shows that he resembled the portraits of Mazzini circulating among the Continental police. E. A. V. states in a short note that Campanella "was travelling in a diligence with Mazzini when it was stopped by the Swiss police, who had received information that Mazzini was in it. Deceived by the real or simulated agitation of Campanella and the indifferent composure of Mazzini's manner, they arrested the former and allowed the latter to pursue his journey."

To Emilie. September 3rd, 1854.

I send a few words, dear, to you both, fearing that the report of my being arrested in a Basle paper might reach you. I am not, as you see. It cannot even be Campanella. He is not there. They do strange things to find me out; but with no great chances of success. I received, after having sent mine, yours of the 30th, and felt relieved. I was really beginning to fear anything. You must not, for a little while, write often, nor expect that I do; but six days are too much, especially whilst the cholera is in London. I had not, and have only since three or four hours yours of the 29th with the enclosed. I send the one to

Campanella. He is in another Canton. Do not believe in any gazette-rumour concerning me; I do not read the papers and cannot vouchsafe for my doing as I do now. I am well: and can, like Cicero, say, "si vales, *bene*: ego quidem valeo," ask Sydney, to whom you will give my love, to explain it to you, if needed. I wish that you could be out of London just now. I am asked here for your portrait of me, in a commercial way, which I like; I shall write more precisely in my next. Do not be uneasy about me personally; and about the rest, await a little while now. It will be full time at the end of the month to sink in despair about us. Try to be well in health. Remember me to your mother, and have deep and loving blessings from your

Jos.

To Emilie. September 8th, received September 12th, 1854.

Emilie, dear, your silence is long, and I was beginning to feel rather uneasy when, yesterday, a note from Caroline came giving me your news and those of all the family: those of your mother, alas, unsatisfactory. I hope I shall receive a note of yours to-day, but as usual I must write before and be ready to hand my letter over to the man. I am well in health, of course. All the rest being annoying. A very important man of mine, Manoini, has been arrested in Rome; his arrest will prove fatal for the present to all hopes from that quarter. I do not believe anything will take place in Italy. Everybody is ready to follow; none to begin. The only men who could break this fatal inertness are silent and unmovable. I have written a "last appeal" to Cosenz, just for Consciences' sake; most likely he will not answer, or he will answer unfavourably; and then I have done. I cannot awaken the dead. It is sad, sad, sad. Here, the persecution, the Circulars, the botherings, are going on as usual. A great search for me, with eighteen *landjägers*, has taken place at Grillenzoni's house in Lugano: another from Federal orders, at Constance Beart's at Genoa. I have written a rather severe letter to the Gentlemen of the Federal Council, which I have sent to Caroline because I should like it inserted, if possible, in the *Daily News*, and James, through Masson, can try. Here, it will be, I hope, published in the *Democratie Genèvoise*. Some of my friends will call it imprudent in the actual state of things; but I could not help protesting against the cowardice of these republican people: nobody does. You, I am sure, will tell me that I was right. I am alone, seeing neither Q[uadrio] nor Camp[anella] nor S[affi]—the first perfectly well for the present, and with *real* prospects, as I said, of being situated [placed] if not driven away by the authorities: the second ready to share all my fortunes, sojourn

and travelling; the last, the "enfant gâté du bonheur," circulating freely with "carte de séjour," etc. Cir[oni] I saw twice or three times. I am reading books and writing letters; I could find time for writing; but I do not feel fit for it. I am in a very good room, with a beautiful sight; attended to—rather too much—by two persons, husband and wife: the husband speaking French, the wife only German: both rather advanced in age, both "aux petits soins" with me, bringing to me footstools, wanting me to eat continuously something, and complaining of my not stuffing myself enough.

I receive now, and am happy for it, your note of the 5th. Thank very affectionately your mother for the little rose; ah, if I could give health as I give love! God knows what her impending crisis can bring on this time. I shall, dear, fear the cholera, whatever you may say, and feel uneasy until I can hear it has vanished from London altogether. Caroline *has not* written during all the time you were silent; and it really was too long a silence; but it is all past now. Kossuth writes to me, dear, and ends the letter "que Dieu vous aït en sa sainte garde"—had he written *grâce* instead of *garde*, it would be true royal style; he says that he and his family will perhaps starve next week! Did you—certainly not—read "Adriana" or something like, recently published, of G. Sand? Did anybody who can give a judgment? I cannot now: German books are the only I could have. And I am still always hoping that some hint, some ever so far distant allusion to the actual state of France, comes out to make us feel that she is still one of ours: *ours*, by the bye, means four or five persons. I have never spoken about the women of the people in the place where I was of late, near the "hut"; one of them, a rather old woman, speaking a broken German mixed up with a few Italian words, as all people near the frontier do, was uttering beautiful things like the old woman in G. Sand who cannot read and who is styled by the writer "Sainte Ignorante"—I forget the name; the other a young woman in the establishment of baths who has instinctively understood what we were about and helped us effectually, concealing letters, carrying secret notes, facilitating the escaping of one of ours who had a gensdarme at his door, [Orsini] and refusing indignantly, money: her name Martina Muller; the old woman's Christina Robbi: there are many Italian names there. But I shall tell you all if and when I come back. Did you decide about your house . . .

Let not, for God's sake, the night nursing be pushed too far. Blessings from heart and love from your

Jos.

Will you forward the little enclosed note to Josephine Dillon?

And am I in time? I know you had asked me to write it long before; and I was wrong in not doing it immediately; still . . . I am really unanswerable, and writing—except to you and Caroline—is a true effort for me now.

To Emilie. From German Switzerland, September 14th, 1854. Received September 19th.

I have, dear, your letter of the 7th: very late, but there is an unavoidable delay in the forwarding of the letters. Nothing new: the Federal Council raging as usual, searching as usual, baffled as usual as far as I am concerned; but some of my men are arrested in the Ticino, others at Coire; and every movement is watched and a sort of little crusade is going on against all Italians. Oh! to be strong! To have a firm foot somewhere! But it is a useless thought. . . .

There is nothing exceptional, nothing that exhibits itself or can be seen in my actual state of being; but I am walking, living, in the "empty"—in a sort of dormant condition which is worse than reaction. I want very much to be alone; even —— whom I now see, grows, spite of all his affection, a burden to me. I feel obliged to speak from time to time, and to look for something to say is a very heavy task.

The American Ambassador at Bern being asked by some friend of mine what he would do if I was arrested, has answered, "If Mazzini were arrested I should immediately interpose all my influence with the Federal Council, and that in the name of my Government, which most certainly would not repudiate me, to prevent him being given up to France, Austria or Piedmont. I should take him under my protection, and though he is not an American, it would be in the name of the great American Republic, in the name of humanity, and in the name of all the public sympathy that surrounds Mazzini, that I should make it my duty to protect him." * The name of the Ambassador is Fey. Are you not pleased with him? The proofs of sympathy that you have received from the poor people are very touching. All that you say of your father is very touching too. I fear the crisis for your mother; and either now or not long after, I feel, alas, the presentiment that she will vanish from us. . . .

To Emilie. Said by her to be from Italy, September 30th, 1854.

I write a few lines, dear. How and what can I write, whilst things are so, and your poor beloved mother is struggling between life and death? I cannot have a letter of mine containing trifles about me or others reaching you, perhaps, whilst you are suffering

* French in the original.

near a sacred corpse. I have yours of the 26th, dear. Of course, though even a spark of dear life is sacred and dear, none who loves your mother can wish that spark to be prolonged at the cost of such sufferings. Let her actual form pass, and let her live in our hearts, until we meet her somewhere else. To you all, what can I say that I have not already said? The departure of a good, loving, loved being is a sacred thing, sacred as birth: it *is*, trust me all, a second Birth. Do not desecrate it by that dry, despairing, misanthropic grief which kills the soul. Your soul is hers. Be strong and calm in sorrow as she would bid you to be. Cluster around your father. Take within yourselves, each of you, the love she had for you all; grow better through all the good she had in her: your heart must be the tomb in which her best part must lie as in a dear place of rest. Let none of you say that life is barren and a waste, whilst you have before you all that she loved, all those who love her, some good to do, some work to be achieved in sadness or joy, in soul-communion or self-sacrifice. And remember you all the absent friend, who mourns with you, and to whom you are the only existing family, the only beings with whom and through whom he can still work out for good the little that the remnant of Life may afford. It may be that she rallies still, as you say, dear; but it will be only for a short while: if not the last, it is visibly the before the last crisis.

Dear, I would if I could, break all delays at once and come and see her once more or share near you all, your grief. I cannot now. One reason which keeps me here still, is one of imperative Italian duty and formal engagement, which will either—and almost certainly—vanish, or summon me elsewhere within some ten days. Besides, I have no support now. And with this accursed police-hunt organized against me, I cannot venture without caution and inflict on you all whom I love, and who love, an additional bitter grief in my being taken. Measures are every day quietly taken by these men who have nothing to answer me with except revenge. The *Police Indicator* of Dresden has just now published—a new method—my *signalement*. All that will be nothing if I can take cares; only, I cannot be imprudent. Thanks from heart to Matilda; I shall write to her soon; and I shall send a few words to Miss Glascott too, who remembers me so kindly. Yes, say the truth to Nichol: [Professor Nichol of Glasgow, concerning the denial of the proclamation by Kossuth] to go on so is really bad; still, I am sure that the worst part is played by Pulsky not by Kossuth. And we may still, as at Rome, fight a defensive war more than an attacking merciless one.

God bless you, dear; I do with all my powers.

Your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Brussels, on the way to England. Seems October 16th, 1854.

My writing from here, dearest Emilie, shows to you that I am on my way to you. Still, it will not be directly, but in one week that I shall reach : on Monday or Tuesday, I fancy. I must go to Holland, and come back here. If, calculating, you believe that a few words of yours can reach me on the Saturday or on the Sunday morning, you may enclose them to Arethusa—to the true name of course—here, Hôtel de Suisse, where she is. Do not stir from Forest Hill, if you are there and wanted. I shall come there. Alas ! God knows what your letter may say. You describe her as so increasingly weak that I doubt her being still living. I had a letter from you before leaving ; I cannot now remember the date ; but it was the second angellically good ; and it has comforted and strengthened me much more than I can say. All that I can I have told you in the interval. And we shall have, I trust, nothing to add, but only to put one hand each on each other's shoulder and help one another to calmness, resignation and duties to fulfil. I think I shall receive here, on coming back, another letter too, which will have come from Zürich. I left three days ago. I think C. will come with me. I know that Bessie and William are in Brighton ; and unless on Sat. or Sunday I hear to the contrary, I shall not go to them but to an hotel whatever ; afterwards, I shall see. I must be left entirely to my "free will." Dear, I have nothing to tell you ; I feel unsettled and almost "tipsy" by the journey. I have spent these last six months almost always in a room. But now we are near *seeing* one another. God bless you ! Ever your

Jos.

To Emilie. From Brussels. Dated only Wednesday. Must be October 18th, 1854.

Emilie, my dear, good, unhappy sister, I come to London to-morrow, I hope. I wrote yesterday. I was leaving to-day for Holland, when the *Times* tells me all. I give up the journey. I can do nothing, I cannot call back the dear departed ; but it may do a little good to you all and to myself to grieve together. Keep strong and trusting in God and in Life's immortality. Ever your

Jos.

My love to poor William and to B. and to Mr. Ashurst.

The passing away of Mrs. Ashurst made a great difference in the life of her daughter Emilie, who was henceforth to live for

Italy and for all that made for the emancipation of man from the tyranny of bad governments and bad laws.

Mazzini's return to England undoubtedly helped to hold together the sisters, James and William, who all looked to him in their troubles as to one in whom wisdom and affection—*l'intellette d'amore*—were an ever-deepening quantity. A winter of peculiar difficulty to them all supervened upon the break-up of the not long established home at Forest Hill; and perhaps only one member of the now broken circle came near to estimating or understanding the immense load of personal care and responsibility carried so unfalteringly by the friend to whom they turned. Emilie alone, of all the Ashurst family, came finally to enter into Mazzini's religion, and therefore to comprehend the very groundwork of his politics and life. But not until, in widowhood, she herself wore the "sorrow's crown of sorrow," did she accord to him without fail that full understanding of the heart that would have been to him so precious. In the letters of the next few years this fact remains evident. But it is to be remembered that, like other moral and spiritual giants, Mazzini is better appraised by us who look at him down the vista of time, than by the men and women who lived near him—yet, from his suffering soul, far, indeed, apart.

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